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WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

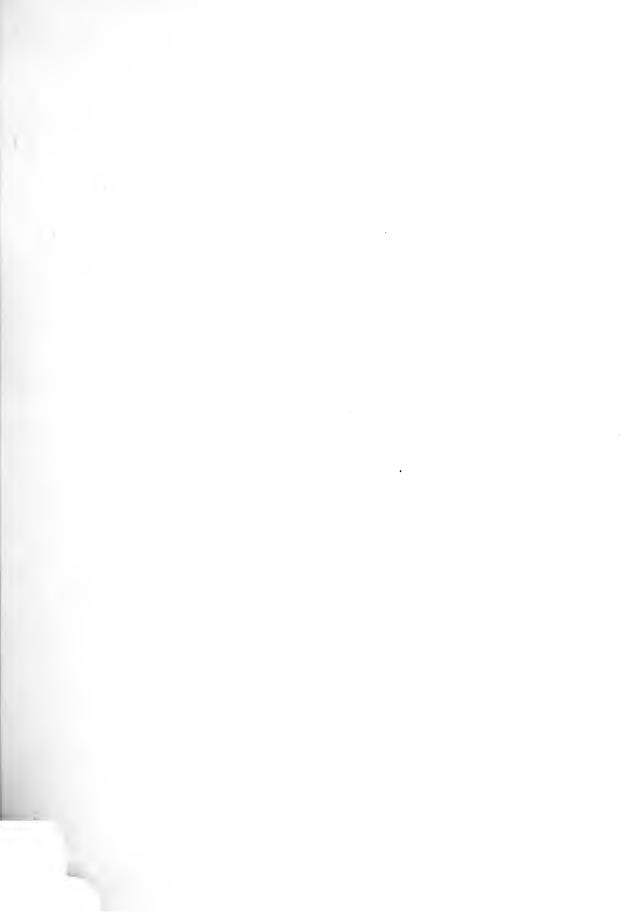
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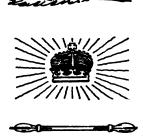
THE

HOME-MAKER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED BY

MARION HARLAND.

VOL. 3: OCTOBER 1889 to MARCH 1890



THE HOME~MAKER COMPANY®

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORKS

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050 H76 v.3



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OCTOPER.

THE HOME-MAKER.

Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

UPON THE THRESHOLD OF THE SECOND YEAR.



HE Publishers of
THE HOMEMAKER have
exchanged congratulations
through the advertising columns, with their
best friends—
the host of readers, who are also subscribers—

upon the successful term of months that has raised the Magazine above the plane of experimental literature.

The Editors join their thanks with those of the Business Management for the steady, substantial support accorded to the young enterprise. For proof of their appreciative gratitude, they refer to the Prospectus, which is the fair seal set upon the new lease of life begun with the October Number. verdict of the reading public as to the rapid growth in excellence of each succeeding Number of THE HOME-MAKER, will be amply justified in the year upon which it is entering. Definite contracts have been made with the best writers this country offers for filling the various departments with useful and attractive articles. The few changes

made in these departments will, it is believed, eonduce to the value and symmetry of the whole. There is a quickening of life all along the line, born of confidence in the future. The strain and stress of initial processes have become steadiness of purpose and hopeful endeavor.

Next to the "best friends," alluded to above, warmest thanks are due and paid full-heartedly, to THE PRESS throughout the Careful inspection of the hundreds of notices of the Magazine. clipped from periodicals of every shade of political and religious belief, published in every State in the Union and in Canada, shows but two which are even slightly depreciatory of the aim and methods of The Home-Maker. With these insignificant exceptions, every hand has been extended in helpful encouragement. There was no weary period of probation, and the hearty "Welcome!" was speedily exchanged for the generous "Well done!"

Stimulus, such as this, may well lend nerve and heart to those who are striving, in the fear of God and for the love of their kind, to accomplish a noble end—even the conservation and uplifting of all that is worthiest and dearest in The Home.

FESTINA LENTE.

That gloomily-ending road popularly declared to be paved with good intentions must receive numerous additions during the late Summer and early Fall days. For these are among the favorite periods for replenishing one's stock of good resolutions.

The inclination for active exertion, dormant during the heated term, is awakened to sentient life by the first cool breaths that herald the Autumn. The physical energy comes back with a bound, and close at its heels follows mental vigor. Both are eager

for fresh worlds to conquer.

If "The thoughtful soul to solitude retires," and recalls, with a twinge, similar impulses to activity that made themselves felt a year ago at this time, she rarely finds in them cause for discouragement as to the possible outcome of her present plans. may, if she takes the time and trouble for such unprofitable musings, remember that then, too, she formed large designs for the work she would accomplish during the months that lay before her. She reflects how she had counted upon the long evenings as golden opportunities for reading and study, how she had resolved to renounce frivo ous occupations and have something solid to show as the result of her Winter instead of a mere record of idle pleasureseeking.

Generally, however, the sensible woman does not endeavor to dishearten herself at the very beginning by any such sombre meditations. Rather does she forget those things that are behind and press forward in the congenial occupation of laying plans for work to come. She is exceptionally moderate if she does not design two or three "courses" of reading, more or less solid, resolve to become perfect in at least one of the foreign tongues she now holds but loosely, promise herself great accomplishment in the line of music or art-work, and mentally devote at least a tithe of her time to such weightier matters of the law as charity, church-objects, etc. She will not, unless she be very young in judgment or very old in years, leave out of account social relaxation and enjoyments, but these, in the first austerity of her new autumnal resolutions, she relegates to a position of comparative unimportance. Thus mentally prepared for the winter campaign, she goes back from her country rest, anxious to begin the record of triumphs over the ease of the flesh and the difficulties of the tasks she has so hopefully marshaled before her mental vision.

Of course such Utopian schemes must always fall short of satisfactory achievement. Generally they are so extensive that they would demand for their fulfilment twice the entire amount of the time at the disposal of the ordinary mortal. Even when one's designs have been so moderate that their carrying out seems quite within reason, unforeseen obstacles rear themselves in the path, unexpected duties present themselves, and the fair fabric of accomplishment that had arisen before the mind's eye, by degrees melts into nothingness.

As a natural sequence, depression usually attacks the untrained or unphilosophical mind. To guard against such an effect too large plans should not be made, or too strenuous vigor expended at their inception. The woman who plunges into her Winter duties as though she were taking a dive—head foremost, and all at once—is apt to come up gasping and be forced to stop and

rest before she can proceed further.

The haste that is slowly made is almost always the most satisfying in the end. In mental, as in physical labor, moderate beginnings bring the best results. She who takes up her accustomed duties systematically and by degrees, lessens the probability that she will be a total wreck before Lent gives her a reprieve from the social occupations that will naturally absorb much of the time of every one not totally out of society.

The power of judicious selection is a great gift for a busy woman to possess, and should be diligently cultivated. This talent will teach her what to do and what to leave undone—will guide her in deciding what proportion of her time should be given to mental toil and what bestowed upon recreation, and will assist her in shaping her life into a rounded, consistent whole, instead of leaving it an amorphous mass of loose ends, of no value except to the owner.



WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER I.



RIDAL tours are so often failures—concealed or confessed—that Mrs. Emmett Morgan's testimony to the contrary in her case deserves honorable record.

"Three weeks of unalloyed happiness! And three more in prospect! I did not think mortals could be so entirely blissful!"

It was much for her to say. She was seldom demonstrative, and never effusive. At the voluntary admission her husband drew a step nearer and passed his arm about her.

Quietly and promptly she put it aside, her glance warning him that they were within possible view of others.

""Wemmick and Miss Skiffins!" commented the bridegroom, good humoredly.

"I beg pardon?"

"Don't you recollect how his arm would steal around her waist, and how

she as regularly undid it and laid it back on his lap?"
"I never heard of them. Was it in a book?"

"In 'Great Expectations!' Dickens again! You will think, after a while, that I have read nothing else."

"O, no! but, as I have told you before, I cannot enjoy either of your pet authors. Are

you vexed?"

He met her arch smile with one that answered her sufficiently.

"Vexed, my love! because you are a woman of independent thought instead of a slavish echo of myself? Variety of taste and sentiment gives spice to talk and life. We shall hardly quarrel over novels—even my favorites."

Emmett was a sensible fellow, who had not failed to discover, in a two years' betrothal, that his chosen wife was intelligent rather than intellectual. She was a native of the flourishing town of Lisbon, New Jersey, and twenty-one years old when he met her abroad, traveling with her parents and sister. A coalition of parties threw the young people into intimate companionship for four months. The equable temperament, sound good sense and filial devotion of the girl, who was never tired, cross or exacting, commended her first to his admiration, then to his affection. They returned home plighted lovers.

They had been married three weeks to a day on the afternoon when they stood together upon a balcony overlooking the noble veranda of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island — the finest inland water-view upon the

continent spread out beneath them. the hotel-terrace a grove of arbor-vitæ and balsam-firs divided drive and tennis-courts from the Strait. Beyond this-the watery highway from Huron on the left to Lake Michigan on the right—a dark blue, undulating line marked other islands and the mainland. For the rest, the land-locked seas had all the lower world to themselves. From eastern to western horizon they rolled —an expanse of varying glory, but always sublime; day unto day uttering and hinting prodigality and reserves of beauty inconceivable by those who have never looked upon the divine panorama indescribable by the tongue or pen of those whose eyes have feasted upon the sight. From height above height, robed in fir and cedar, poured down the elixir of life, filling lungs to their depths and hurrying the reddening pulses until the re-created wanderers from the lowlands walked as upon air, and in spirit heard the recall to youth, strength and hopeful endeavor.

Emmett Morgan squared his broad shoulders as he drew in the fragrant breeze.

"It is like iced Tokay!"

"I beg your pardon?" said his wife, again.
The startled look often came to her face in their talks. Hers was a clear mind, but shrewd and logical, rather than quick.

"Excuse me! I am slightly intoxicated, I believe. Did you ever breathe and taste

such air?"

"It is very pure and bracing. It reminds

me of the Engadine."

"But without the chill of everlasting snows. The atmosphere of the Engadine and Chamounix has been cooled in a refrigerator. This is made new every day. I have kept Mackinac for the beautiful climax of our honeymoon, sweet!"

"Thank you! How good you are to

me always!"

She did not shake off the hand laid lightly upon the two crossed upon the balcony-railing, or shrink now from the encircling arm. A sensitive flame wavered over her face, heightening her blush into bloom. She was not a pretty woman at her best, but always of a goodly presence. "Comely" and "wholesome" were words that arose first in the mind of an impartial critic. Six inches shorter than her husband, she bore herself so well as to seem almost as tall. The poise of her head, the straight, full figure, the spring and steadiness of her step were her chief recommendations to casual eyes. She called her luxuriant locks red,

and while leading off in ridicule of them, was secretly mortified at what she considered a personal blemish. In reality, it was a rich anburn that would darken with years, into the rust-brown beloved by artists for the sombre shades and ruddy lights rarely seen in human hair. Emmett had given her an Irish setter last winter, because, as he insisted, the burnished silk of his coat exactly matched the waves and braids that crowned her head. Her eyes were full and well-opened, honest and direct, with no shifting shadows to warn or confuse the observer, but in color they were neither gray, blue, black or brown. She described them as "light-green," and, when kindled by sudden or strong emotion, they showed glints that justified the unflattering epithet.

In costume, her taste was irreproachable, and she had none more becoming than the gown of cream-white cashmere she now

wore.



A burst of laughter from below, floating above the hum of voices and rhythmic beat of feet upon the floor of the veranda, diverted Emmett's eyes from the contentful contemplation of the figure beside him, and his wife's from the low sweep of the opposite shore.

In the wider area of the curve described by the upper end of the veranda, peopled at this hour with pleasure-seekers and graded invalids, was the group from which the blended peal of merriment had arisen. central figure was the loveliest old lady imaginable. She leaned back in an easy-chair as if infirm, but the dark eyes, smooth skin, and regular features were less the traces of former beauty than the assurance of charms she would never lose. Her hair, waving naturally under a lace cap, showed the merest glimmer of silver, her hands were exquisite in shape and delicacy of tint against her black silk gown. Behind her stood a handsome man of forty-five, or thereabouts, in the uniform of a U. S. A. Captain. At her right and near her feet, sat a young fellow in regulation tennis-suit, cane-head at lip; behind him stood another, somewhat older and in graver garb. Close beside the old lady's chair sat a brilliant brunette, her sparkling face uplifted toward the officer. Standing directly above the party, the Morgans could see the gleam of her perfect teeth, the dancing light in her eyes as she talked. She held and swayed, in accentuating her speech, a cluster of ferns and harebells, now and then brushing playfully the cheek of a girl who sat at her knee, looking up admiringly into the animated face.

"It is like a stage-tableau," pronounced Mrs. Morgan, in critical admiration. "What a beautiful old lady! She looks like a bit of Dresden china. I suppose her daughters do not suspect how effectively they are posed!".

Emmett's fingers tightened upon hers, his ejaculation struck sharply across her cool, measured sentences.

"I know that woman!"

He could hardly have been heard on the piazza, but the brunette looked up at that instant and saw him.

Clara Morgan was, as I have said, rather shrewd than quick of apprehension, but she was observant and retentive. She recollected distinctly in after days what she was scarcely conscious at the moment that she saw,—the mingling of recognition, surprise, pain, pleasure and something that may have been warning or entreaty, in the eloquent

look that leaped to meet Emmett's,—a glance so vivid and rapid that she was positively dizzy as she turned to her husband for explanation. He had changed color—she recollected that, too, in that after-time,—but he smiled gayly in leaning over the rail to wave a salute. The woman below had started to her feet with impetuosity that directed the attention of her companions to the upper balcony. She advanced a few paces and smiled radiantly.

"Will you come down?" Her voice "carried" so well over the heads of the promenaders that none of them halted to stare, yet the couple above heard the words.

Emmet bowed acquiescence, and drew his wife within the room behind them.

"If you don't mind, dear,"—he said. in deferential appeal. "It is Mrs. Gillette and her daughter—old and dear friends of mine. I shall be glad to have you know them. Is this your shaw!?"

Involuntarily Clara spoke and moved more deliberately than usual because he talked fast and seemed excited. She had long ago established to her satisfaction the fact that she must be his balance-wheel, and held herself ever ready to report for duty.

"It will always gratify me to meet your friends,"—with precisely the right inflection and emphasis. "That is my ulster, my dear! I will get a shawl."

She selected, leisurely, one from several in the tray of her trunk, and, with it over her arm, led the way down the corridor. On the stairway she observed, with a slight smile:—

"Am I to infer from your agitation that this is an early flame of yours?"

She put it plainly, and in less refined phrase than he would have expected had he had time to think. He glanced at her quickly.

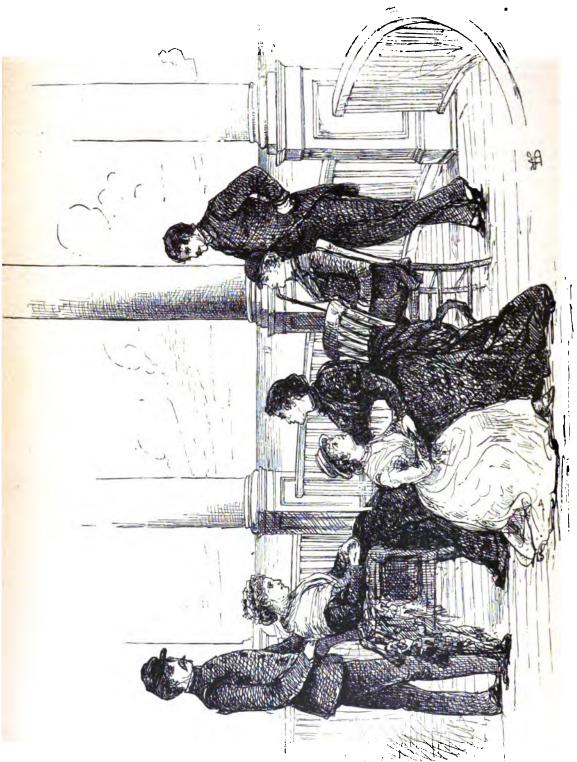
"Never, I assure you! Except that all of us fellows considered adoration of Karen Gillette a part of our curriculum. Her father was one of our professors. I must have mentioned the family to you?"

"No. I should not have forgotten the daughter's name. What do you call her?"

"She was actually christened 'Karenhappuch' for her grandmother, who left her fifty thousand dollars as the consequence."

"The money was dearly earned." Clara's short upper lip curled. "Yet her mother looks refined and sensible."

"She is the sweetest saint out of heaven! I can never forget her goodness to me—a green country boy. She gave me the run of



"IT IS LIKE A STAGE TABLEAU, pronounced Mrs. Morgan." Pages "With The Best Intentions." Pages

her house,—a liberal education in itself."
"With permission to adore her handsome

daughter?"

The shortening upper lip, more than tone and words, provoked the young husband to the first hasty word she had ever heard from him.

"Don't be absurd, Clara! I have kept

nothing in my past back from you!"

They were in the thick of the swim below by now, threading their way through the brilliant, shifting throng filling rotunda, halls and veranda. The band was playing in the gallery of the dining-room, the doors of which were opened as they passed. There was no opportunity for further discussion.

Nobody—much less a right-hearted, rightmannered young woman, brought up to reverence age,—could be stiff with the gracious old lady who held Clara's hand in hers while she thanked Emmett for bringing his bride down to them.

"He was one of my best-beloved boys," said the gentle voice. "I can promise that he will be a good husband. Not that you need the guarantee, but the testimony of an

old friend is worth something."

"Don't monopolize her, Mater!" interposed the daughter. "She grows more discriminating and more greedy of the best things every year, Emmett. And you know that she was never generous to us lesser beauties."

"I recollect her weakness—and ours!"
Emmett promptly followed suit. "Clara,
I must have you know my old friend—

Karen !"

There was a perceptible halt before he brought out the word laughingly and apologetically. Mrs. Gillette came to his

help.

"My daughter, Mrs. Dumaresque, my dear Mrs. Morgan—, whom you must allow your husband to call by the old boy-and-girl name. Let me introduce my young friend, Miss Manly. Captain Dale, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Gates! Mr. Romeyn!"

The stately grace of the little ceremony put all at their ease. Recovering from the bow bestowed upon the last-named personage, Clara found herself face to face with Mrs. Dumaresque, whose eyes were fixed

upon her with new interest.

"Ah! I was sure we had met before, and that I owed you something. As usual, instinct is wiser than reason. Mother, do you not recognize your benefactress of ten days ago? Do you forget that but for her

self-denying kindness, you would have faced the fashionable world of Niagara with the grime of a night's travel upon you, without the chance to rub out a single wrinkle of the dozens left by the pillows of a Wagner car berth?"

"I do recollect the face;" Mrs. Gillettc regarded it affectionately,—"and am glad to owe the benefit to the wife of my old favorite. You must know"—turning to Em-

ite. You must know"—turning to Emmett—"that. while the inconvenience and fatigue of night-journeying are reduced to a minimum upon the New York Central, I am seventy-three years old, and, as this rattle-pate intimates, looked at least eighty that morning, when four healthy young girls persisted in keeping possession of the dressing-room, one at a time, for nearly an hour. Mrs. Morgan stood next in the queue outside, and generously yielded her place to me. It was one of the little kindnesses that circumstance converts into signal favors."

Clara colored deeply at the discovery that made her the conspicuous figure of the group, yet there was pleasure in the distinction.

"It was not worth mentioning, or recollecting," she said, with simple courtesy that became her well. "I had plenty of time for even such an elaborate toilette as the quartette of young ladies considered necessary, for we were going on to Detroit, and I overheard you speak of stopping at Niagara."

The little party broke up presently. Captain Dale was "due at the Fort," and made his courtly adieux after asking permission to call upon the newly-arrived pair. Mr. Romeyn accompanied him down the veranda; Mr. Gates walked away with Miss Manly. The tide of life was setting strongly in the direction of the salle-à-manger.

"And seeing and breathing are not dining—even at Mackinac," remarked Mrs. Dumaresque, plaintively. "A balsamic zephyr is not a bad first course, but, as a piece de resistance, a choice sunset is not a success. It is philosophical to submit to necessity. Mater, shall we go in to dinner?"

Clara had her temper in such control as to be but remotely conscious that she had one. It was not, therefore, that plebeian and unrighteous element which gave her the sense of a reversal of currents when Emmett inquired innocently, on the way to the dining-hall, if it were possible to secure two seats at the same table with the mother and daughter.

This meeting with her husband's former friends was the first break upon the delicious solitude à deux which (when a bridal tour is not a failure) is the lobby leading direct through an ajar and widening gate, into The opening narrowed to a tantalizing crack at her bridegroom's disposition to admit others into the sacred enclosure. She liked society and eligible acquaintances as much as any one, but it might give rise to inconvenience and annoyance-it would certainly hamper their movements were they to attach themselves to any party It was unlike Emmett's habitual consideration for her comfort to make it impossible for her to object to a proposition that might well be obnoxious to her.

Mrs. Dumaresque sent a quick interrogative look at the impassive face behind which this train of reasoning went on, before an-

swering. —

"I dare say it might be contrived. That

is, if you really wish it."

"Certainly we do! It will be a charming arrangement—at least to us. There is no drearier desert than the eating-room of a monster hotel, where one has not an acquaintance among the hundreds who flock in empty and go away full. Eh, Clara?"

Was the man carried out of himself by the thrilling excitement of an encounter with a couple of women who brought back his college days? The balance-wheel turned

steadily upon its pivotal centre.

"It would, as you say, be a charming arrangement for us, always providing it does not inconvenience your friends. We must not trespass upon their kindness."

The neatly-trimmed conventionality fitted exactly into place, and the masculine wit

detected no friction.

Mrs. Dumaresque paused in the door of the banqueting-hall to speak to the princely

functionary stationed there.

"Have I sufficient interest at court to get places at our table for our friends, Mr. Van Deursen?" was her way of wording the request.

"Assuredly, Madame, if you desire it. I

will see to it myself."

He led the way down the long room, filled now with the incense of savory food, the tinkle of silver upon china, the tramp of waiters and babble of a thousand voices, and seated the party with dignity and dispatch.

The phrase was Mrs. Dumaresque's. One of her countless individualisms was the use of such. Apt epithet and telling turns of speech slipped from her tongue as common-

places from the lips of the average woman. Another of what Clara already began to note as her "ways," was the bestowal upon all who served her, in whatever capacity, acknowledgment which was gracious, and seemed grateful. Her bow and smile to the accomplished official who had granted her request might have sent a cabinet minister away happy. Unsuspecting (and obtuse) Emmett, throwing himself zestfully into the bright rapids of reminiscence and persiflage that beguiled the tedium of changing courses, would have been stricken into dumbness of amazement had he read the verdict gradually formulated in the mind that, like most deliberate and conscientious intellects, seldom changed an opinion.

Clara, appearing to listen with a fixed half-smile which denoted the precise degree of indulgent amusement at graceful nonsense she could not, if she would, and would not, if she could, emulate, listening appreciatively with white lids down-dropped over honest eyes she could not quite trust, had never looked prettier, thought her proud husband. The soft dazzle from moonlike globes brought out red-gold reflections in her wealth of tresses; the heat of the room enriched her complexion; the ample folds of her creamy draperies were still and statuesque; her demeanor was calm and dignified beyond her years.

"What a contrast to these chattering dolls!" thought the happy fellow, losing the point of Mrs. Dumaresque's best epigram in a comprehensive survey of the five hundred-and-odd inferior women near and distant. "And Mrs. Gillette and Karen are just the

people to understand her."

His divinity lost not a glance or syllable of her vivacious vis-a-vis, least of all those directed at Emmett and Messrs. Gates and Romeyn, who made up the party of six at the round table. Before the meal was nearly over, her judgment and the evidence supporting it were epitomized and committed to the keeping of her tenacious memory.

"A brilliant, flippant—probably a design-

ing-Man's Woman!"

CHAPTER II.

The supreme beauty of that first evening upon The Fairy Isle was something the wash of years could not efface from the memories of the four who reassembled upon the veranda after dinner.

The pure white sickle of the new moon, her delicately-pointed tips defined to the

uttermost taper in the crystalline atmosphere, was poised over a band of tinted vapor, dusky crimson above, and shading into warm gray that met and melted into the colder gray of the water-line. another cloud was abroad in all the vast dome shutting down closely and lovingly about the paradise of lake and island. Against the horizon arose straight streaks of smoke, graceful and tenuous, from scores of steam-craft and remoter forest fires. broad breast of the encompassing waters palpitated with light. There was a nameless and mysterious look of glad expectation in the smile it returned to the bending sky. Strange radiance, not to be traced to the paling West, brought near the mainland towns of Cheboygan and St. Ignace; defined every twig and deepened every hollow of the arbor-vitæ grove, washed into gorgeousness of color the red roofs and gamboge walls of the houses in the lower village, and set panes of ruby and topaz in the summer cottages on the cliff-shoulders beyond the caravanserai buildings.

"Pearl and princess of islands!" Mrs. Dumaresque's voice, so thrilling-sweet and low, that Clara did not recognize it, ended the rapt silence. "Who will help me to

words worthy of her?"

"The Holy Jerusalem, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband, having the glory of God, her light like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal."'

At the accents, hardly louder than a sigh of ecstatic anticipation, the tears sprang to Clara's eyes. Instinctively, her hand moved to touch that which lay on the arm of the speaker's chair, and met, instead, the daughter's nervous fingers clasping her mother's,

in a simultaneous impulse.
"Don't, darling!" said her rapid under-"You will be one of the twelve white angels, I know, but don't break my heart by reminding us of it. The Mater gets the best of us all—every time!" she continued, in her wonted key. "Nobody else can be so confidently depended upon for bringing forth treasures, new and old, in the exact nick of opportunity. Not that we would not have thought of that passage from the sacred classic in the course of an hour or sogiven leisure for reflection. That we did not is mere accident. But the fact remains that we did not."

Clara had withdrawn her hand with a motion that made it uncertain whether or not her intention had been to settle the folds of her gown, and altered the position of her chair to command a wider view. At the same moment she changed the conversation,

civilly, but decidedly.

"It is singular that Mackinac is so little known at the East as a summer resort," she remarked, in her neatest style. "I suppose because it has so few historical associations, -nothing, indeed, to commend it to the tourist except the air, the scenery and the fishing. Every new place must win its way into popular favor. And there is a feeling at the East that everything west of Niagara is crude and rough."

An uncomfortable pause ensued. Emmett was mortified, the others surprised at crass ignorance that was yet pardonable in the product of a system which educates by means of text-books, and deifies precedent.

Mrs. Dumaresque arose to the occasion. "Thank you, Mrs. Morgan! I have been, within eight days, so crushed by the shields and bracelets of superior information,—have so groveled and groaned in the humiliation of positive know-nothingism as to this, the centre and pride of national historic grounds, that I embrace you in spirit as a sister in misfortune. Not that the people who ban us are much wiser than we, I dare say, if the truth were known "-turning severely upon Emmett-"that this man who took a college-first, twelve years ago-could not tell us for his life the name of the first white man who set eye and foot upon Mackinac Island—or the date of the discovery?"

He did know—having "read up" on the subject during a former visit. Appreciating the generous ruse of his whilome comrade, he made an embarrassed laugh do for reply.

"I knew it!" triumphantly. in case somebody more erudite should catechize you-please make a note to the effect that John Nicolet, a French explorer, circumnavigated the Island in 1634. was fourteen years after your Pilgrim forbears moored their bark where, by the way, there is not, and wasn't then more than one rock, and that not big enough for the narrowest possible binding for the stern Thirty-one years after Nicolet's shore. voyage—in 1665—Perrot, another Frenchman (the French were always busybodies) was interpreter and trader between his countrymen and the Indians, on what a church writer of 1670 calls, 'the famous Island of Missilimackinac.' The Indians, being a leisurely and lazy race off the warpath, could indulge their taste for polysyllables. Four years later, Claude Allouez, a Jesuit priest, founded the first Christian parish in this heathen region. Had you ever heard that ?" menacingly.

"Don't you mean Marquette?"

"Distinctly, I do not mean Marquette! He never saw Missilimackinac (with your permission we will drop the 'missile') until 1671—some say, 1673. They found his grave over there at St. Ignace"—pointing—"more than two hundred years afterward."

Leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes upon the spires and chimneys of St. Ignace, now fading into gray indistinctness, she resumed, presently, as in a reverie:

"The Jesuit missionaries held the Cross high and bravely for the next thirty years. The French supplied the Aborigines with firearms, the English with fire-water. Iroquois, Hurons and Ottawas made a slaughter-pen of the little island. The soil is planted as thick with bones and skulls as a potato-patch with "eyes." More than one plan of massacre was discovered and thwarted by the Christian Fathers—such a handful of pale heroes among red demons!"

"We do not, as a rule, speak of the propagators of a false faith as heroes!" commented Clara, in dryness shot with pietism. "The Christian Fathers referred to were, I

take it, Roman Catholics."

"Probably." —In the same breath, but with an abrupt return to her former tone of saucy banter, —"Confess, Sir Ignoramus! haven't I confounded you with my array of statistical, historical and ecclesiastical lore? Entre nous, I shall have forgotten it all by tomorrow. Our cicerone, an intelligent Frenchman, and for over thirty years a resident of the island, primed me with it only this morning, and I entered the dates in my notebook. Hence this display of facts and authorities. We go to St. Ignace to-morrow in the afternoon-boat to be further imbued."

Clara hearkened as to a foreign tongue. The chronological summary she rated as cheap display of superficial knowledge; the disclaimer succeeding it was, to her notion, in worse taste still. The fluent, rolling periods bewildered her. She could not decide if the rhodomontades which amused Emmett to an irrational degree, were affectation, or a trick that had became second Mrs. Gillette belonged to a different school. She would be an ornament to the choicest society, even to the innermost ring of the "best people" in Lisbon, New Jersey. Her daughter resembled her as a blue-jay a dove, or a nasturtium a lily.

"To St. Ignace! May we join the

party?" cried Emmett, with the fatal facility of his sex in multiplying blunder by blunder, with a product of irrevocable feminine "We should then begin the discomfiture. history of the Island and vicinity at the right end, with the added advantage of your familiarity with legend and fact. You see, we know next to nothing. That is"—struck by something unsympathetic in the set of his wife's head upon the shaft-like neck, and the steadiness of her scrutiny of the sand-bars Round Island holds out as if praying for mercy from the incoming waves, showing at this hour and in the fantastic light like faintly-illuminated exclamation points-"I make confession for myself without implicating my wife."

Clara's head turned slowly. The patented semi-smile was obedient to her summons.

"My confession of abject ignorance preceded yours. But does it occur to you, my dear Emmett, that it would be criminally selfish to inflict such a combination upon better-informed people? We have agreed, you know, not to oblige others to readjust plans of travel and pleasure on our account. And, excuse me—but this proposition of yours does seem to me like such an imposition!"

It was all she dared say. She felt that it ought to be enough. Her voice was somewhat high-pitched, and only held from shrillness by careful management; her enunciation was punctilious. The only effect of emotion upon her tone was to thin it slightly. In entering the civil deprecation, she laughed just enough to mark her appreciation of the humor of the situation in which her husband's thoughtlessness had placed themselves and their friends.

To the sweet old gentlewoman at her side, amusement and demur were fit and pretty.

"My love!" she said, passing her hand lightly and caressingly down the arm of her favorite's wife. "You must not deny us the privilege of being of a little service to you. My worldly-minded child here has been pining for a new sensation for three days. Fate is propitious in supplying such an addition to our party. You cannot impose upon us by giving us as much of your time and company as you can spare from each other. We do not want to be de trop, but come to us when you will. The more we see of you, the better for us."

Clara's little laugh, modified by deferential gratitude, was offered as a prelude to her reply.

"You are only too kind. But you must

not let us interfere with the least of your arrangements.—"

"Dear Mrs. Dumaresque! We are a committee!"

"Ambassadors on a mission!"
"Petitioners to her Majesty!"

Onslaught and chorus came from a party led by Miss Manly and Mr. Gates. Two other couples were close upon their heels. The six explained, first in concert, then in successive disjointedness, that a drawing-room full of admirers had deputed them to entreat Mrs. Dumaresque to favor them with a recitation.

"Mr. Waller will sing and Mr. Bagley play, if you will set them the example of gracious compliance with our request," said the breathless girl. "They will have the best wine first, they say. They demand payment in advance."

"Am I coin of the realm?" queried Mrs. Dumaresque, but yielding to the gentle violence with which her young votary urged her to rise. "Or, do you offer me as a negotiable note to the Shylocks who will

give you no credit?"

It was certainly not wit, decided Clara, which the Embassy applauded, Mr. Romeyn offering his arm with the suggestion that she should "at once be put into circulation." They carried her off, after respectful apology to her mother who, to Clara's surprise, ap-

peared to enjoy the scene.

"It is a preconcerted affair," she said to the Morgans. "I suspected something of the sort when I noticed how fast the crowd of promenaders was thinning. This is not a "hop-night," and pleasure-topers must devise some entertainment. You must go, too. No—"as they lingered—"I do not mind being left here alone, and the crowd and heat would be too much for me. I want you to hear Karen again, Emmett. You recollect her talent for recitation? She has improved it carefully of late years."

She was in mid-recitation when husband and wife had worked their way to the threshold of the door nearest her. Mrs. Emmett Morgan was a graduate of a celebrated Seminary for Young Ladies, situated in Lisbon, and therefore a judge of elocution and other appurtenances of Higher Education for Women, Her frame of mind, on this occasion, was judicial, her temper braced and clamped to patient endurance of "the usual hotel reading." She admitted mentally, at the end of two minutes listening, that the exhibition was "as nearly ladylike as such a public affair could be." There was

no mouthing, no contortion of feature, and as little gesticulation as was compatible with an intense, forceful rendering of Gabriel Dante Rossetti's weird poem, "Sister Helen,"

—given by request.

In response to the importunate "encore" she accorded a selection Clara had never heard before. As the regal figure stepped again upon the improvised dais at the head of the great room, silence that could be felt, descended upon the crowd. Before she uttered a word, she had passed in spirit away from sight and sound of her audience. The wistful eyes looked over and beyond the sea of heads to snowy-browed sierras, her nostrils dilated slightly and lips parted to inhale breezes wild with the sweep across a hundred leagues of treeless prairie.

"I want free life, and I want free air!
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shot in a
battle.

The melee of horns and hoofs and heads, That wars and mangles and scatters and spreads,

The green beneath and the blue above, And dash and danger——"

Thus far, passionately impatient of enclosing walls; of the glare of electric lights and stifling atmosphere; disdainful of the throng that hemmed her about, and the eyes focussed upon the pale exaltation of her face. Midway in the impetuous alliteratives she paused, the dark fringes of her lids fell over dewy eyes, every facial line unbent; in her voice resonance flowed into liquid sweetness in slow, lingering enunciation:

And life and love—And—Lasca!"

There was stillness while one might count twenty before the rich voice took up the tale, recounting it as if it were her own, smile chasing shadow over her face, until a deeper silence dropped like a cloud upon the listeners with:

"Lasca was dead!"

Then, without the lift of a finger, with scarcely a rise or fall of the rich monotone fraught with sorrow, longing and dull despair,—the rest was told:

"I gouged out a grave a few feet deep, And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep; And there she is lying, and no one knows, And the summer shines and the winter

For many a day the flowers have spread A pall of petals over her head; And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the

And the shy coyoté trots here and there, And the black snake glides and glitters and slides

Into a rift in a cottonwood tree; And the buzzard sails on,

And comes and is gone, Stately and still, like a ship at sea,—

And I wonder why I do not care For the things that are like the things that were, --

Does half my heart lie buried there, In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

In the sway and stir that followed the concluding line, a voice asked, almost in Clara's

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Demarest, from New York. A rich widow and a belle. Fine—wasn't it?"

"Demarest—did you say?"

The Morgans moved to escape from the crowd as he spoke, and Clara confronted the speaker. He was tall, his hair and moustache were slightly grizzled; his port was unmistakably military, and there was a scar, like that left by a sabre-gash, across the left lower jaw. She noted these particulars in one passing glance, then both men were ab-

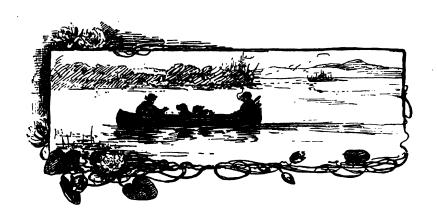
sorbed by the crowd.

"I heard some one call your friend, Mrs. Dumaresque, 'a rich widow and a belle' this evening," Clara said to her husband this evening," Clara said to not much that night. "I suppose, then, that her shad wears black affliction is not recent? She wears black lace, too, and that doesn't follow very close upon weeds. Did you know her husband? Who was he? How long has he been dead?"

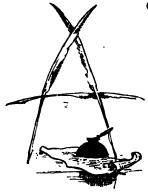
Emmett stooped to kiss her—unreproved, there being no spectators—with an amused

"So black lace ought not to tread upon the heels of widow's weeds! Live and learn! I never saw Karen Gillette's husband. He was an army man, a captain, I believe, and, I have heard, was strikingly handsome. What was Query No. 4? Oh! I do not "In point of fact," as know when he died. Cousin Feenix would say,—I did not know that she was a widow until to-night—poor girl! Nor did I know that she is a belle. She deserves to be, for she is something much better-a noble, true, genuine woman, and as such, capable of appreciating my wife!" Marion Harland.

(To be continued.)



MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.



CENTURY ago. August 25th, 1789, died the mother of General George Washington. Mary Ball was born in 1706, at the family seat, on the banks of the Rappahannock River, in Lancaster county, Virginia. Her father, Col-

onel Joseph Ball, was a well-to-do farmer, a vestryman of Christ Church, Lancaster, a Colonel of Virginia Colonial Militia, appointed by Governor Spotts-He is described as of fair complexion, tall stature and manly proportions. When Mary was but a little girl her father died, leaving his children and his property to the care of the widowed mother. An elder son, Joseph, became a lawyer in London, while two little girls—Susan and Mary -were the mother's companions and charge. Half a century before, Governor Berkeley "thanked God there were no free schools, nor a printing press, in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years."

Here and there a family of wealth employed a private teacher, very often the clergyman of the neighborhood. When Mary Ball was about seventeen years of age she wrote to her brother in England: "We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly five years. We have now a young minister living with us who was educated at Oxford, took orders and came over as assistant to Rev. Kemp, at Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both, and he teaches school for his board. He teaches sister Susie and me, and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast."

The education of Mary was not extensive, but was quite equal to the girls of her class and her day. Her orthography was defective to the end of her days, while her writing was a plain, round, excellent hand. Book learning is very far from being the chief thing in a true education, and a reliable fitting for a worthy life. In a sparsely-settled country, with family traditions that elevated and restrained, her home of domestic order, of

self-respect and independence, and of high moral tone and sincere piety, was the best of schools for the young woman who was to be the mother of the great First President.

A letter written from Williamsburg, in 1722, says: "Madam Ball, of Lancaster, and her sweet Molly, have gone home. Mamma thinks Molly the comliest maiden she knows. She is about sixteen years old, is taller than me, is very sensible, modest and loving. Her hair is like unto flax; her eyes are the color of yours, and her cheeks are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her."

The fragment of another letter, of May 1728, says: "Mary Ball is going home with her brother, a lawyer, who lives in England. Her mother is dead three months ago."

She had grown to a beautiful womanhood in the healthful seclusion of a country home of the old Virginia kind. There was the quiet social life of primitive times and considerable distances. There were the visits to families of the highest standing in the Northern Neck, and certainly once to old Williamsburg, the Capital; and visitors from the gentry, colonial officers, clergy and highbred matrons who came in old-time yellow carriages on high springs.

Mary Ball was married to Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland Co., March 6th, 1730. He was a widower of 36 years, whose home was in the neighboring county, and she about 26 years of age. It is neither impossible, nor improbable, that the marriage took place in England, as no record remains of the marriage in this country—and there is reason to believe that both had gone to England some time before the date of the marriage.

When George Washington was about seventeen years of age, he wrote the following sentence in his mother's Bible: "George Washington, son to Augustine, and Mary his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 1732, about 10 in the morning, and was baptized on the 3rd of April following, Mr. Beverley Whiting and Capt. Christopher Brooks, godfather, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, godmother." In 1792 he wrote to a gentleman of England, who asked for his genealogy. "George, eldest son of Augustine, by the second marriage, was born in Westmoreland Co., etc."

The home of Augustine Washington was a plain old Virginia homestead, between

Popir and Bridger Creeks, on the south bank of the Potomac, in Westmoreland Co., Virginia. The life upon which Mary now entered was one for which she was fitted by her girlhood in Lancaster in a similar farm home, and the years of wider opportunity spent in England. Two boys of the first marriage of her husband then were Laurence and Augus-There were born to her four sons, George, Samuel, John Augustine and Charles and two daughters, Elizabeth, or Betty, and Mildred, who died in Virginia. The place is now called Wakefield, and while the house is long since gone, the magnificent view over many miles of the broad Potomac, and along the green Maryland shore, must always remain the same.

Not long after the birth of the third child, the home of the Washingtons took fire from a spark blown from a fire made in a yard when Mrs. Washington and her servant were cleaning up the grounds, and in the absence of her husband was burned to the ground. Mr. Augustine Washington then removed his family to an estate on the Rappahannock River, opposite the town of Fredericksburg and here died, April 12th, 1743, when about forty-nine years old. George, the eldest child, was about eleven years of age, and he, with the younger children, was left to the care of the widowed mother; and to her was left the administration of a very large and varied estate, inherited and acquired by her husband. Mrs. Washington was now about thirty-seven years of age, a woman of strong physical health and constitution, full of energy, of excellent good-sense and judgment, plain in taste, strong in will, and thoroughly conscientious. Her husband's estate was large and scattered, and of a kind difficult of management in a woman's To the administration of the varied property, and the care and training of her children, she devoted herself with a resolution and a vigor almost masculine. Strict in ruling her household for their good, she was yet just and affectionate, exacting deference from the children and servants, while she inspired reverence and affection. home she made in these days, when her children were about her, was one of great plainness of fitting and surrounding, of abundant supply, of unquestionable order, and of the highest moral tone. There was an out-door life than which nothing could be more wholesome or charming for the manly boys. There were fine horses to ride. There was plenty of game in the forest on the hills of Stafford. And at the foot of the

hill was the Rappahannock, and the boat, and the fishing-rod. In the home was the mother's Bible, and not many other books. By the slow post came the Williamsburg Gazette. From the counties below came Balls and Washingtons and Carters and Lees and Lewises, and many others on their way to market, or to court, or to muster in old Falmouth or Fredericksburg.

One old book the General remembered with reverence, and kept with care at Mount Vernon—his mother's companion, "Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations." Think of the restless boys called in from their sport to sit in silence, while the mother read and commended to them the grave words of England's learned and pious judge, "on remembering our Creator in the days of our youth," "of self-denial," "of the vanity and vexation which ariseth from worldly hope and expectation," "of moderation and anger," "of the chief end of man," as unfolded in the terms of the Westminster Shorter Catechism. No light literature was this. No weak dilution of sentiment; no sear of fiction. The mother fed and satisfied her own mind and heart with such strong and bracing thought, and she faithfully gave her children the same strong When some modern mother has produced another Washington, without an open, well read Bible, and with the multitudinous books of empty men and vanity of modern fiction, she may afford to deride the instruction which the old-time Virginia mother gave to the manly boy who was all her hope on earth.

From the fair beauty with flaxen hair, "the belle of the Northern Neck," Mrs. Washington had come to her widowhood at thirty-seven, of middle size, well proportioned, her features pleasing, but strongly marked. Her character had grown in strength, with the constant pressure of the routine of her life. Her mind was clear, prompt and decided. The will, accustomed to obedience, had become more firm, and over affairs of property, over business agent and overseer, over servant and children, she ruled with an authority as unquestioned and exacting as it was wise and just. A mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real and unaffected greatness to her child than she whose life we are endeavoring to illustrate.

To the school of Hobby, the sexton, on the hills near by, and then to a school at Falmouth, George rode up the side of the Rappahannock about ten miles, and then, later on, rowed himself across the river to the old academy at Fredericksburg, in which afterwards sat James Madison and James Monroe. To him now came the letter and the visit of his older half-brother, Lawrence, the gentleman of foreign education and travel, of wealth and elegance; and then his own visit to Mount Vernon, the home which Lawrence had built on the Potomac, and named for the British Admiral Vernon. There opened to him a wider world than the plain and orderly home of his mother. There was an introduction to the home of Lord Fairfax, the proprietor of many counties of Northern Virginia, and acquaintance with English officers of army and navy, and tales of adventure by land and by sea, and stories of the Virginia cavaliers.

"The kindliest of the kindly band Who rarely hated ease, Who rode with Spottswood round the land And Raleigh round the seas."

And thrilling stories of Indian invasion were told, and of pioneer daring towards the mountains. How the young blood stirred in the strong, brave boy, and fretted him to get away from all restraint to the activity and adventure with which the world seemed so full! How hard it was for the anxious mother to curb and yet surely retain; to bind to herself the steadfast affection of her big boy, and yet restrain the exuberance of the restless, wilful nature she had herself given him!

Our boys read with unwearying interest of the fiery sorrel colt, which no one had mounted, the pride of the feminine farmer. to mount and conquer which George could not stand the banter of his comrades; which leaped and plunged without unseating the powerful boy, until, in a frenzy of rage, he made a last and more terrible plunge, and, bursting the heart vessels, rolled with its rider on the grass and died. The story tells that when the mother called the boys to supper, she asked whether they had seen her fiery colt, and spoke with pride of her splendid sorrel. And when the other boys were overwhelmed with embarrassment and alarm. that George promptly and calmly told his mother of the death of the colt. "It is well," said the noble woman, after a mo-"But while I regret the loss ment's flush. of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

After the death of the father, as her eldest



son grew rapidly in stature and strength and in manly character, the struggle on the part of the mother becomes very evident. George's visit to Mt. Vernon and his brother Lawrence-the sight of British ships of war on the Potomac—the acquaintance with naval officers, soon brought a great desire to enter the navy and be off upon the seas. A midshipman's warrant was actually obtained, and at cne time his mother's reluctant consent secured and his baggage taken aboard a British man of war. But the widowed mother, at the last moment, withdrew her consent, and the dutiful son, so like his mother in will, submitted without complaint. But not long could he be kept at home. In 1747, when but fifteen years of age, George became a surveyor for his brother Lawrence's friend and neighbor, Lord Fairfax, and, superbly mounted, was off with a few attendants into the mountain wilds. In 1748 he was appointed a Public Surveyor, and henceforth he had scarcely a home with his mother. She would have liked to keep her big, fine boy at home to lean upon, to take the management of the estate which was to be his, and be a stay and comfort to her. But instead of this she was to be sorely tried by his long absences in the far off mountains of Virginia, almost without communication and in the midst of many In 1751 George had a visit to Barbadoes with his brother Lawrence, and came back with the marks of an attack of small-Her anxieties were further increased pox. when her son, at nineteen, became a major of Virginia troops; rode into the far western regions on errands of state to the French, and led armed bands against the French and Indians. When Gen. Braddock came to Alexandria in 1755, and asked the young Colonel, now of Mt. Vernon, to accompany him on his expedition, the mother drove from her home near Fredericksburg to Mt. Vernon to entreat him to decline. And such was his beautiful veneration for her and respect for her wishes, that not until he had respectfully and affectionately won her approval did he consent to go.

It was an unspeakable gratification to Mrs. Washington when her son retired from the military office, married the charming Mrs. Custis and withdrew to his home on the Potomac. In her home in Stafford, looking across the river to Fredericksburg, she continued to dwell in independence, managing her property, carrying her keys, ruling her household firmly. One after the other her younger children had gone out to make homes for themselves, until the mother

was left alone. The daughter, Betiie, had married Col. Fielding Lewis of Fredericksburg, a gentleman of character and wealth, who built the large mansion house now called Kenmore, in the northern end of the town. But the house in Stafford was Mrs. Mary Washington's home for forty years. She came to it at twenty-nine, in her early married life, but for the latter thirty-two years it was the home of a widow.

When she was sixty-nine, in July, 1775, her son, seeing the cloud of war that was settling over the country, removed his mother, aiding with his own hands, from her country residence, to a house in Fredericksburg, near to her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. There she remained during the trying period of the Revolution. Fredericksburg was directly on the way of riding from North to South. And again and again the couriers and passing



KENMORE (BUILT 1739.

officers brought tidings of the varying fortunes of that struggle. The exposure of her noble son, and other relatives and friends, the sad tidings of loss, and then the village cheers when better news came, the coming and going of so many loved and esteemed, would keep her otherwise quiet home in much alarm and agitation. Yet here she remained, calm, patient, diligent in her domestic affairs, and devout in seeking the blessing of God upon her son, and the great cause that rested so largely in his hands.

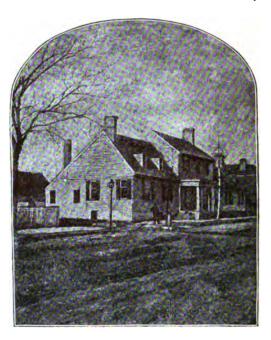
That he rose, more and more, in the confidence and affection of the people, that success attended his campaigns, that he was brave in battle, and wise in counsel, and calm in victory and defeat, and equal to any call his countrymen made upon him; all this was no surprise to her. To this great mother, the victorious General, the deliverer of the Colonies, the Father of his Country, was

only the same good son, obedient to her and worthy to command and lead.

At the invitation of Virginia in 1781, she was removed for a brief period by the thoughtful care of her son, to the county of Frederick, in the valley of Virginia. Hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis, she raised her hands to heaven and exclaimed, "Thank God, the war will now be ended, and peace, independence and happiness bless our country."

On the return of General Washington from Yorktown, a halt was made in old Fredericksburg, where an ovation from the loyal people of town and country awaited the General and the French and Continental officers who attended him. Dismounted and alone, the dutiful son made his way to his mother's home, and once again in the very acme of his career, the great, strong man, the loving son, folded his venerable mother in his arms. She was seventy-five now, and he was forty-nine. Whatever he was to the country and the world, he was only "George" to her; and whatever mgiht now come to the Colonies, it was her boy's safety and honor that filled her eyes with tears, and her heart with great pride.

The Yorktown ball in Fredericksburg in the upper room of the old tavern, "the Indian Queen," was an era in the story of the old town. It was crowded with the gentry of town and country, overflowing with enthusiasm and rejoicing, and with admiration and gratitude to these French gentlemen in their gay uniforms. Now a hush falls upon the throng, the music stops, the dancers pause, and the tall, majestic form of Washington in his Continental uniform enters the door, and upon his arm is the venerable mother. She is still erect and active, and the same calm majesty is in her bearing, as one fitted to grace any position. She is plainly dressed, as becomes a matron of the Revolution, without lace or pearls, and yet a more queenly woman is not in the land. Generals and officers of every rank, French and American, crowd about her to be presented in turn to the mother of the Com-"She is too old," she mander-in-Chief. says, pleasantly, "for such gay scenes, but she is not willing to withhold her greetings on so important an occasion, and she has vielded to George's wishes for a little while." And while the General leads Mrs. Willis, the first lady of the town, down the stately minuet, the mother receives the congratulation and courteous attention of the admiring throng. And soon, on the arm of her son,



HOME OF MARY WASHINGTON. (EREDERICKSBURG, VA)

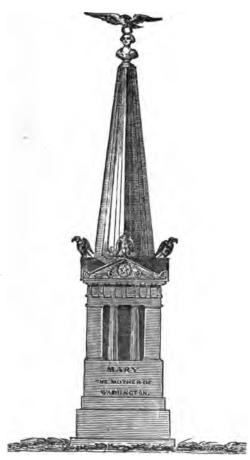
she retires from her last appearance in a public place.

It was in 1784 that the Marquis Lafayette visited Mrs. Washington in her plain home in Fredericksburg; and tradition tells, was received by her with dignity and grace, in her garden, with a garden tool in her hand, in homespun dress, with a broad straw hat over her face. From the garden she led him to her parlor, and then, without a change of dress or any apology, she heard his words of unaffected admiration for her son, and his wishes for her health and happiness, and there, at his request, gave her blessing to the friend of her son and the ally of her country.

At this period of her life, though advancing in years, she was still active, managing and independent, declining the earnest entreaties of her son and her daughter to reside with them at Mt. Vernon or at Kenmore. She was accustomed to drive in her chaise or phæton across the river and there spend some hours each day giving her orders and seeing that they were obeyed, riding over her fields and writing her farm accounts. was remembered by some, not long since passed away, in her mob-cap, short gown her of red and skirt of home-made linsey. She retained her plain mode of living and her quaint ways of dressing to the end. In her there was an abhorrence of affectation, or anything that savored of ostentation, and scarcely any compliance with conventional taste in dress or manners.

In 1789 General Washington was apprised of his election as the President of the United Colonies, and rode from Mount Vernon to Fredericksburg, to take leave of his honored mother. She was far advanced in years, and wasted by a painful disease, and the apprehension was unavoidable that he would not be permitted to see her again.

The interview was deeply affecting to both mother and son. The great man, about to enter the highest office and wear the highest honors his grateful country could bestow upon him, wept as he wrapt the dear old mother to his heart. She clasped his neck with her feeble arms, and her tears mingled with his. He spoke of hastening to see her again, when his public duties would permit; but she interrupted him,



ORIGINAL DESIGN OF MONUMENT.

saying, "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destiny to which Heaven appears to have designed you! go, my son, and may Heaven and your mother's blessing be with you always!"

So they parted, never again to meet on earth. This visit was on the 14th of April,

1789.

After his inauguration, General Washington was greatly prostrated by a malignant carbuncle which confined him to his bed for several weeks. He was just getting out from his sickness when he learned of the death of his mother, August 25, 1789. Although the announcement was not unex-The two pected, he was deeply affected. strong and noble natures—the mother and her son-were bound together by ties that had not been weakened by separation, but had grown and strengthened with the growth and deepening of character in both.

The death of Mrs. Washington affected most deeply the community in which she was so well known and so much respected; and, indeed, the people of all the States, for to her they had now learned to look with gratitude for the splendid gift of her son.

Whatever she derived from an upright, brave ancestry,—her physical strength, her mental force, and her vigorous moral instincts, her girlish bringing up in the country home of an old-time Virginia gentleman, her young womanhood in the home of the Washingtons, her faithful management of affairs as a widowed mother, with large and varied properties to control,—had developed in her a rare capacity for administration.

It was Mary Washington who gave her first son that magnificent physical form, with its extraordinary powers of action and endurance; that self-poised mental force; that power to command; that calm dignity and gentle grace, which so robed the uncrowned king of the American people with majesty, and a mien perhaps unequalled in any character the world has ever seen.

It was Mary Washington who gave her son that supreme regard for right, and taught him in confessed weakness, to look to God for strength and guidance.

"Who can find a capable woman?" a queen-mother once wrote for the young

King Lemuel, "for her price is above rubics.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind,
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high

Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall.

He shall not blind his soul with clay."

The grateful reverence of the American people has reared the loftiest and most enduring monument of the world to the memory of the son, on the banks of his own loved Potomac river, high above the dome of the Capitol. Let it stand for ever! Let it be greeted by the first flashes

of the morning and let the dying day linger and play around its summit:

"Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human
story,

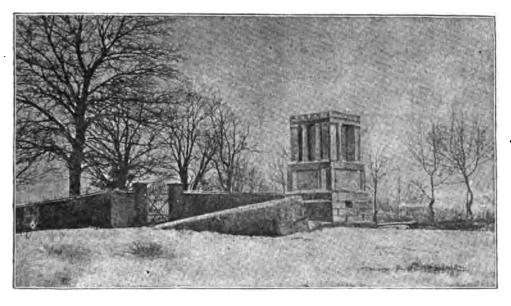
The path of duty be the way of glory."

Will not the loving, reverent hands of the mothers and daughters of America take up the scattered, moss-covered stones that lie around the broken column above the mother's grave and build some modest, yet enduring memorial on the banks of her loved Rappahannock, to tel la nation's gratitude and perpetuate the virtues of

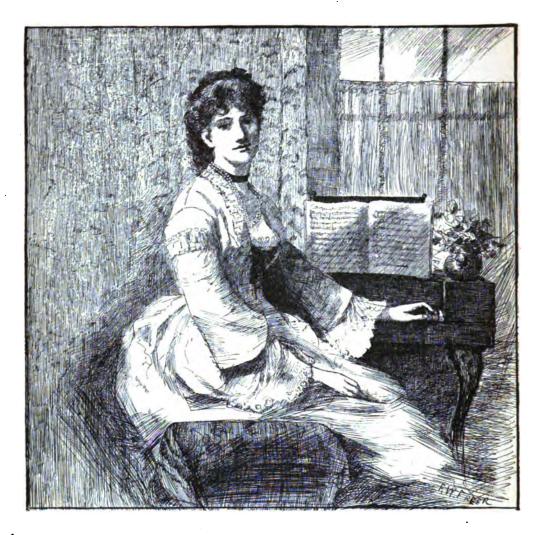
Mary, the Mother of Washington?

James Power Smith.

Fredericksburg, Va.



UNFINISHED MONUMENT. (Corner-stone laid by President Andrew Jackson, May 7, 1833.)



A STUDY AFTER REYNOLDS.

She sits before the harpsichord, Her fingers straying o'er the keys, Sure pleasant food her thoughts afford, Perchance her heart is over seas. "Oh, come from dreamland's misty haze, And give a word, a smile to me! I pray in spirit as I gaze
Upon my cousin Dorothy.

Sir Joshua and all his ilk Had gladly painted such a face, And dainty figure, robed in silk Ablaze with jewels, soft with lace! Would that time's wheel were backward A century or so, and we— The lesson of to-day unlearned,—

Our great grandparents, Dorothy!

A measure we to tread would choose, Like squire and dame in ancient tale, I, in my wig and buckled shoes, And you in ruff and farthingale; And would I, as I touched your hand, Look down into your eyes to see, A light I only could command,— And know you were my Dorothy?

Alack, that hour can never be! It only dreams in fancy's day, For even while she smiles on me, I know her mind is far away. But as I watch her there apart, In dreams,—alas! not "fancy free," I know that I have lost my heart To my sweet cousin Dorothy. May Lennox,

DRIVEN BY THE WIND.



E appeared suddenly one day, in mid-winter of the year 1861, in our quiet little town. It was a thawing January day, the air delightfully soft, almostSpring like, and the walking soft too, though not delightful. I was crossing

the street to go to Mr. Butman's, the bookseller's, and as I paused before a treacherous expanse of half-melted snow that lay between me and the sidewalk, a voice said,

"Will you allow me?" and a hand was

extended to my aid.

The next moment, I had landed safely on terra firma, and was looking into the face of the handsomest man I had ever seen in mv life. I had not seen many men, it is true, at that time, being only just out of school, but I could say the same to-day, as I remember that cameo-like head, the deep blue eyes, with tinge of melancholy, and the clustering brown curls. He raised his hat in answer to my thanks, sprang over the slushy gutter and went his way.

I seem to see him now. He had on a talma that swayed gracefully from his shoulders as he walked. I call it a talma, because it resembled a cape of that name which, some years before had been in fashion for women, only his was longer and well be-

frogged down the front.

On entering the bookstore, I found the vision had been there before me. Old Mr. Butman, with knitted brows, was studying a document which he passed to me across the counter, observing that a gentlemen had just been in who said he was a Pole and would like to give French lessons, and perhaps I could make something out of that paper. It was in French, and my school-

girl knowledge of that tongue enabled me to make of it that M. Paul Wolowski was eminently fitted to teach the French language, in the opinion of various persons who signed themselves respectively as members of the *Institut de France*, of the *Comedie Francaise*, and of the *Conservatoire de Parix*. And following this was a statement in English, that Mr. Wolowski was prepared to take classes or single pupils on the most moderate terms.

The first thing he taught, however, and gratis, was the pronunciation of his own name, and, in case any one should be deceived by appearances, as we were, I will mention that we eventually accepted on trust that it contained no w's and called him Volofski.

It soon appeared that he had done well in passing by larger places and choosing for the scene of his labors our small and select town, where there were no rivals in the field. One began to hear of this person and that taking lessons of him, and then five or six of us girls discovered that we were likely to forget all the French we had acquired at school, and forming ourselves into a class which was to meet at my home, Mr. Wolowski was notified of our desire for instruction.

Upon that he called, and of all evenings to select it must be one when we had company! That was my first thought as I caught a glimpse of him divesting himself, in the hall, of his worn-looking talma, for that garment, which was now a familiar feature in our streets, no longer made the same impression as at first; there could be no doubt it had seen its best days, and his other habiliments were not much fresher. I felt pity for him, therefore, launched unexpectedly into a company of well-dressed people.

Probably, I had never seen a "man of the world" at that time. to recognize him at least, for my astonishment was as great as my relief to observe how he bore himself under the afflicting circumstances—how he approached my mother with a graceful salutation, and bowed in a thoroughly foreign, but perfectly easy way to one and another, as he was presented, how absolutely unconscious he appeared of being poorly clothed, a stranger, an alien.

He spoke English well, though with a slight accent, which, however, only made his speech more charming, and gave a certain distinction to the merest commonplaces of conversation. But he did not stay long, and as he took leave, it was arranged in a few quiet words between my mother and him about the class. Then, when he was fairly gone, every one began to talk of him and

say—just what I felt.

I have met Poles since, and heard people talk about them, too, and they have not always expressed the same sort of opinion which was current in our drawing-room that evening. Those who pretend to know the nation best, some of those who have profited by its dismemberment, for instance, may epitomize its characteristics after this fashion, —they may say that Poles are sometimes very handsome, often very fascinating, always-very unprincipled. But there are few things so untrue as such generalizations, and, at all events, our Pole was not like As handsome and fascinating as you please, but no one had the slightest reason to suppose that his principles were not in good working order. The term "man of the world," as applied to him, should be understood in its simplest meaning. I say our Pole, however, the expression may be taken in a very extended sense, for I really believe the whole town adopted him. know it was told how, in the house where he boarded, they were all deeply concerned about his appetite, and how the good landlady, after trying him with everything from buckwheat-cakes to mince-pie, wished pathetically that she knew what his mother used to get for him. Even the naughty little boys in the street, who began by jeering, in their contempt for anything which appeared to them outlandish, and calling after him "Roly-Poly!"—a ridiculous nickname for his slenderness—learned to regard him when they found he took a snowball in good part, and knew how to make a return in kind; they came to like the quick, bright look he threw at them as he passed, and gave up their nonsense. And then, finally, he was taken up by society.

It was noticed that he always declined with thanks any invitation which would call for a dress suit. It was easy to guess why, and the greater pity that one could see from his light step and graceful gait what a splendid dancer he must be; but wherever a well-brushed, every-day coat would pass muster, he went, and made himself agreeable, which he evidently regarded as the first of social duties, and accomplished in such a manner as to give not the slightest cause for gossip. I could not even perceive that in

our class he looked much oftener at the beauty than at the rest of us He distributed his attentions as impartially as his excellent instruction.

The truth was, his heart was elsewhere. He had an unhappy attachment, and we, his class, used to hear a great deal about it. She was beautiful and unfortunate, and there seemed to be no prospect of their coming together. It may appear strange that he should so have bestowed his confidence upon us, but it must be considered that he spoke "Ah ma pauvre patrie! Elle est French. bien malheureuse!" We used to converse during a part of our lesson, and as we modestly left most of the conversation to him, we heard not a little about Poland. And when some parlor-lectures were arranged for him, with a kindly view to his profit as well as that of the audience, we heard still more. knew, at that time, all about the dynasties of Piast and Jaquello, and that Poland once stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. and from the Dnieper to the Vistula, and if I did not discover why she was called a republic, yet governed by kings, perhaps nobody knows that.

Wolowski naturally liked to dwell on the glories of his country, but I believe we found her sufferings more interesting, and though he proposed to avoid, as far as possible, distressing details of executions and Siberia, and the way in which women and children were made to share in the woes of the vanquished, we had horrors enough.

Some of those stories I have seen since in sober history, but there was one he told of a Polish Countess, which I have not met with again. It was at the time of the Insurrection of 1830 and '31. The fighting was over, and the confiscations had not yet begun; so the lady, a young widow whose husband had fallen at Gracow, was still mistress of his ancestral home. Some of the patriots who had held command in the insurrection assembled secretly at her castle, one night, to form some plans for the future before they went their several ways.

The conference was interrupted by a breathless outpost announcing that the gens-

d' armerie was coming.

The Countess urged her guests to flight, and it was as necessary for her safety as for their own, for if they were found there she would be involved in a conspiracy. There was a secret, underground passage leading from a cellar out into the fields, and to this they betook themselves, so that when the gens-d' armerie arrived, it was only to find the

Countess alone, and prepared to receive them with apparent composure.

Where were Prince this and Count that, and Baron so-and-so?

"They are not here."

"But we know they are! It is useless to deny it. The castle is surrounded. Give them up! It will be the better for you."

"Search," she said, calmly. "If you find any men here but my servants, I have told

you a lie."

That was precisely what they believed she had done, and they stormed over the place from attic to cellar, where, finally, they discovered the secret passage, insufficiently masked after the hasty flight, and lying close by, a man's riding-glove with a great gauntlet. The intended prey had escaped for that time, but the sport was not yet quite over. The officer took the glove and returned to the Countess, holding his hand behind him.

"Madam," he said, "you are right, there are no men here. All we have found is a secret passage and this—one of your gloves, apparently." And then he stretched it out before her, and looked at her little hands and gazed in her pale face with horrid exultation.

They took her with them that night. She was found guilty of something by somebody; her child, born in prison, was dispossessed of his inheritance, and she exiled to Siberia. But God was merciful. Somewhere on the journey into the awful solitude, at one of the wretched stations where the prisoners snatch a few moments of repose, she died.

After the lecture, a warm-hearted soul ex-

claimed:

"O, Mr. Wolowski, what did become of

the poor baby? I hope it died too?

"You may well say hope," he returned, "for if the child had lived, his relatives would have had all they could do to educate him, and then he must have roamed the world in search of a living."

I saw another question suddenly flash into her face, and he did, too, for he turned away. But when he came to the class next time, and I told him I had been thinking of that poor young widow ever since—

"That is kind," he answered softly, quite thrown off his guard. "It was my mother."

Wolowski was quite devoted to a certain dear, young-old lady, who had been chiefly instrumental in getting up the lectures. He would go and sit with her for hours, and as I was accustomed to pass an evening occasionally with her, it happened that we once met at her house.

Our hostess declared that she had been feeling her age miserably all day; she was depressed, and Mr. Wolowski must tell her something to entertain her. But none of his sad stories!

"Polish stories are all sad," he observed.

She pronounced that to be impossible.

"Yes, all," he persisted, obstinately. "A Pole never has any luck; and if he did have, trust him for getting rid of it!"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "You are thinking of something not at all sad at this very moment." And, in fact, there was a sparkle in his eyes; he had a very expressive face.

So, presently, he began a story about a friend of his named Gazinski. He had the facts, he said, as well as some of the minor incidents from this friend himself, but in telling them in the form of a story, he should perhaps "embroider the theme a little." In any case it was an example of Polish luck.

Like most Polish nobles who had anything worth taking, Gazinski had lost his estate; a tolerable education was all he had to live on, when, very unexpectedly, a distant relative, who had married into a foreign country, left him some money. He stood quite alone in the world by that time, and had nobody to think of but himself.

"He might have thought of his country," "He has told me since said Wolowski. that he ought to have done so, and lived prudently in view of future possibilities; but he was young and selfish, as some young people unfortunately are, and his first concern was for his own pleasure. He went to Vienna, one of the most charming European capitals, and plunged into gaiety. His idea of pleasure just then was to shine in society, and in that he achieved success. Nobody was more elegantly attired than Gazinski, nobody rode a finer horse or gave more exquisite little suppers than Gazinski, and perhaps, for the amount of display he made, nobody had a smaller fortune than Gazinski. Naturally, the end of it was that one fine day he had just enough left to pay his debts and betake himself elsewhere. He had no mind to stay there and be poor. He went to Paris.

"A Pole can always teach something, and my friend knew a little about drawing and could play the piano tolerably, and so he proceeded to courir le cachet as a music-teacher and drawing-master. 'Courir le cachet r' O that is teaching from house to house, and no lesson, no pay.

"Newly arrived, he was without acquaintances in Paris who could have been serviceable to him, and was not himself very apt in pushing his affairs, so his pupils belonged mostly to families of very moderate means,

and the prices were in proportion.

"It came about, however, in course of time, that he obtained for a pupil the daughter of a very wealthy banker, and as she would not have thought his lessons worth having unless he charged a good price for them, he considered himself in luck. Moreover, this young lady never sent to say that she did not wish to take her lesson. She was much interested in drawing, for which she had a certain talent, and at last Gazinski used to go to her nearly every day, so great was her zeal.

"She was extremely pretty, and had, apparently, no objection to people's letting her see that they thought her so. She found it rather amusing, perhaps, when they sighed or cast expressive glances, or picked up a

flower that she dropped.

"As to her companion, who watched over her and was always present at the lessons, she too must have been amused by what went on, for she seems never to have interfered in the least. Possibly she was of a sentimental disposition, and not overburdened with brains, so that her charge was able to persuade her that the folly was all on the young man's part, and that, after all, he was more to be pitied than blamed.

"As to folly, it might be difficult to decide which was the most feather-headed or those three who used to pass long, sunny hours together in a luxurious little salon from which a conservatory opened conveniently for the flower-exercise, but probably Gazinski was as little to blame as any one. He simply thought if his pupil was enjoying herself, why should not he also get a little enjoyment out of a game which is so eminently fitted for two to play at? At most it could be only a drawn game, where the daughter of a millionaire was on the one side and a poor teacher on the other; still it was amusing while it lasted, and he followed the inspiration of the moment without concern.

"Matters were going on in this fashion, when one day he received a note in a feminine hand unknown to him, and which contained only these words: 'Be at your lodging to-night at six o'clock; some one wishes to visit you.'

"He was greatly mystified, but six o'clock found him in his little room au cinquième of an old house in the Latin Quarter, listening for every sound. It got to be past the hour, and once or twice he thought there was a rustling outside, but then all was still again, until finally there came a faint but unmistakable tap on the door, and when he opened it, there stood his charming pupil, the banker's daughter.

"You will call her a bold girl, per-

haps "—

"I should think so," murmured the old ladv.

O, madam, she had no mother!" said Wolowski, reproachfully. But then it was in answer to some look of his that she replied:

"Yes, you can go on. I must see the end of this. My young friend reads novels, and, I dare say, has heard of bold girls before now. For, mother or no mother, bold

I still call her."

"Very well, madam," he returned, with meekness, but chivalrously determined to defend the young lady. "All I can say is that my friend did not think her so. He believed that up to that moment he had never known her, and that instead of the little coquette he had imagined her to be, she was simply a generous, romantic, impulsive child, who was not even half so bold as she herself had thought. She stepped into the room, and stood, turning red and white with alarming rapidity, and it was not until she had burst into tears, that he made out between the sobs something about his never being able to ask her, and so she had come, herself, to be his wife—if he would have her!

"He was amazed—he stammered, 'Made-moiselle!'—he was confounded! But—if he would have her? To that there was really but one reply possible. He might be overwhelmed by her generosity and crushed by the sense of his own unworthiness, and yet, when all was said—if he would have her! Was there any answer conceivable but one?

"When the first effervescence of feeling was past and her composure in some degree restored, she unfolded her plan. The sum and substance of it was that they were to go to England to be married. Seeing that she had a little travelling-bag with her, he was not surprised to hear of a journey, and she had made her combinations with as much forethought as her father might have employed at the *Bourse*. He was away, it appeared, for twenty-four hours; she was supposed to be dining with her grandmother, and would not be expected home before

nine or ten o'clock; then a good deal of time would be spent in sending back and forth, and finally she believed that neither her grandmother nor Madame X, her companion, would venture to take any steps in the matter until her father's return, the next day, and by that time his daughter would be in England—and married.

"It may have been the mere thought of the marriage ceremony which reminded her that there had been no other—no formal betrothal, to give them the freedom of fiancer towards each other; at all events, from that moment she withdrew again into herself; she became as he was used to seeing her, or, at least, she did her best to become that—to be as easy and amiable and natural in her manners as if they were in her little salon, instead of in his little attic. He seconded her, but it was an awkward time for them both. Their train did not start till eight o'clock, and what to do with the intervening hour?

"She began a tour of inspection.

"'Your books, monsieur; oh, how learned! And music,—but where is the piano?'

"'I have none, mademoiselle."

"'Oh!-Why, what is the matter with your window, monsieur? How odd it looks!

"'It is broken, mademoiselle, and I have

pasted paper over it.'

"'Ah!' Then the next moment. there is your samovar; let me make some tea.

"And that was a good idea; only when, in her eagerness to begin, she would have seized a little table and drawn it forward, he had to exclaim hastily:

"'Take care, mademoiselle! that will only stand against the wall.' And one cup had no handle and the other no saucer, and

there was nothing to eat.

"Gazinski, himself, took a cup of tea sometimes instead of a meal when it was convenient, but she, poor child, was not used to going without her dinner, and had

a journey before her besides.

"'Excuse me if I leave you for a moment, mademoiselle; I want to send for something,' and he dashed out of the room and down stairs four steps at a time. 'Sending for something was a euphemism, the concerge was not likely to do his errands, and he meant to run to the little confectioner's-shop at the corner.

"As he went, a tumult of thought coursed through his brain. He had not had time yet to think at all, to realize what

a revolution was about to take place in his Surely, he was a peculiar favorite of Fortune, for hardly had he succeeded in ruining himself before she came to him again with her hands full! He never doubted that her father would forgive her—his only child and his darling, what else could he do? After a proper amount of storming and sulking, he would come round and find he had gained a son instead of losing a daughter. For Gazinski was very favorably disposed to his prospective father-in-law, intending to behave towards him with all forbearance, and believing that eventually they should be the best of friends. He even hoped the banker might discover some advantages in the alliance. For one thing, Gazinski had a title, which he used when his circumstances accorded therewith, and he could quite fancy the millionaire liking a title for his daughter. He might, of course, have preferred a French title with some broad acres attached to it, but then one can't have all one wants,—not even the wealthiest of bankers can expect that.

"In short, Gazinski arranged everything to suit himself and, as the the saying is, the sky hung full of fiddles, as he ran to the confectioner's. On the way back, however, he was pained to discover that to this aerial concert there was an accompaniment somewhere of a bass-viol which grumbled out to a disagreeable tune, 'Gazinski, you are a scamp! A miserable scamp, Gazinski!' In vain he protested that he was not to blame, that he had done nothing intentionally to bring the situation about, and that it was impossible to get out of it, now the provoking instrument kept it up; 'Scamp-scamp!' until at last he said he would give her every opportunity to change her mind. To begin with, he would not hurry back; perhaps, left to herself, she would think better of it and he should not

find her there.

"So he loitered, Nevertheless, when he opened the door, there she was. She started a little, and she was putting her cloak around her, which she had laid aside to make the tea, but then that might be only because she was cold; his attic was, in fact, not very warm.

"He excused himself for 'the unvoidable delay and hastened to place the cakes upon the table, tearing the paper bag so that they fell about in magnificent profusion, for, of course, there was no plate. Nor was that, by any means, all that was lacking. Presently he saw her at a loss for something.

"'The sugar-tongs, monsieur?"

"' In your hand, mademoiselle,' he suggested, apologetically.

"Great astonishment! Then she colored, smiled, said 'Ah!' again, and put the sugar in his cup with her pretty little fingers.

"Such preliminaries over, they had only to address themselves to the banquet, but that part of the affair rather resembled the hearty meals which are eaten on the stage, for though they broke their cakes energetically and she was anxious to give him a second cup of tea, the actual progress was small. He had a good deal to say to her, and was thinking it over. What she was thinking, who would venture to imagine?

"At last, he began.

"" Mademoiselle, when I see you condescend to this poor place and to my wretched hospitality, I am indeed over-powered.

"O, monsieur, everything is very nice, she expostulated, and hastily took a sip of tea.

"'For once, perhaps, mademoiselle,but for always! I tremble when I think of You, bred in the lap of ease—you, suddenly transported into the sordid atmosphere of poverty! I hardly know how to picture it to myself.'

"Her pretty eyes opened wide.

"' Why, monsieur, you surely do not suppose my father would let me suffer! I fear, indeed I — I know that this may cause him some pain, just at first — dear papa! But he will forgive me. Yes, yes, he will! I assure you he could not do without me.'

"But perhaps he could do without me, mademoiselle,' replied Gazinski, modestly, 'for it will then be both or neither. We

shall be one.

" 'When he knows you, monsieur, all his prejudices will vanish, she pronounced, with

a fine color in her cheeks.

"'You are too kind, mademoiselle. But even assuming that I might persuade him of the respect with which his character would certainly inspire me, and of the affectionate devotion which I should so gladly render him as a son — still, as you yourself observe, he must know me first, and that is precisely what he will refuse to do."

"She glanced upward as if appealing against such cruelty. Still all this did not apply to her. Her father could never be so

stony-hearted.

"' He loves me, monsieur. He has told me times without number that my dear mother's place is mine, and that I must still remain the mistress of his house, even after '-she paused.

"'Even after your marriage,' he concluded. 'But that was when he expected you to marry some one whom he would consider worthy of you, mademoiselle, some one whose fortune entitled him to your He was not thinking, then, of a poor drawing-master as your husband.'

"O monsieur, you do him wrong! It is my happiness that he will consider."

"She was looking at him with her sweet, innocent face like a child's but even if she saw him blush, she could not hear the bass-

viol going.

"'Precisely, mademoiselle!' he exclaimed, hardly knowing what he said, yet still with the idea of giving her another chance. "Could I live upon your father's bounty? Think of passing the long, cold winter, in little cheerless, miserable apartments-no balls, no theatres, no concerts—and then, when summer comes, no pretty toilettes, no going to the seaside?'

As he waved his hand around the attic to indicate the general appearance of her future home, her eyes followed the motion with an awe-struck air, yet when he had

done, she only murmured gently.

"'And even should it be so, I suppose one can do without those things.

He looked at his watch.

"'It is time, mademoiselle. Shall I call a fiacre " His voice shook.

She said 'yes,' but turned as pale as death. She began to realize the momentousness of the step. Then, suddenly, remembering, she slipped her hand furtively into her pocket.

"'If you would be so very kind as to

take charge of this, monsieur.

"It was a *purse* she held towards him!

The effect of this action was as if she had pointed a pistol at him. He stepped back till he found himself against the door, and stammering, 'Keep it, keep it, mademoiselle!' burst out of the room and plunged down stairs again.

"This time no entrancing visions went with him; all he saw was that purse, and when he heard 'Scamp! scamp!' he joined in and tried to find something worse to say; he called himself a low-minded rascal, un-

worthy of the name he bore.

"Meanwhile, as he had some little distance to go for a fiacre, this was another opturnity for her to escape, and in spite of the fact that the die was cast and his determination irrevocably taken, he heartily wished she might.

"But no! When he returned with the

vehicle she was waiting, wrapped in the veil that was to serve as a disguise. They descended to the street with all precaution, and were fortunate enough to meet no one, but even when safe in the *facre* they were still silent, overcome by emotion. Only, after a while, as she noticed the street they were passing through, she asked timidly:

"'Does the driver know where to go,

monsieur:

"'Yes, mademoiselle, I told him."

"After that not a word was spoken until, glancing again out of the window, she exclaimed.

"' 'Why, surely, this is not the way!'

"'Yes, mademoiselle—it is your way, though alas! not mine. When I saw how you trembled and turned pale, I knew that —that you regretted the step you had taken, and I—I gave the coachman orders accordingly."

"They were trundling up the *Champs Elysées* and, every now and then the light from the gas-lamps, flashing through the carriage, revealed a little figure with bowed head and turned quite away from him.

"Again and again he tried to say something which might make her position less intolerable and alleviate his own distress, but before her inexorable silence his voice died away; it was like speaking in an empty room.

"Only, at last, as they approached the palatial mansion which was her home, he made one final effort and simply said aloud what he was thinking, no more, no less.

"'Mademoiselle, if I had accepted the great honor and happiness you offered me I should have been indeed unworthy of you. As it is, when you look back on this, some day, with wonder and a smile, I trust you may remember too that at least it was a man of honor on whom you bestowed a passing fancy."

"The carriage stopped. She let him touch her hand to help her down. It seemed almost as if she would have spoken, for she paused an instant, but all he heard was a quick-drawn breath, then the great doors opened to receive her. and he went back to his lodging, where there was only a table in disorder to remind him that it was not all a dream, that Fortune had really been there in all her splendor, that she had fluttered about his little room with her many-colored wings, and then had bidden him farewell forever."

That was all. He was looking at us with a smile.

"No, no, not forever!" cried the dear old lady, quite impetuously. "The story must end well. Fortune came back to him one day, only under another form."

He shook his head slightly, and now his.

face was grave.

"By and by, Gazinski did as his heart told him, but fortune had nothing to say to that. It was something else, then, that made the attic splendid." He was silent for a moment.

He had undertaken too much; he could hardly steady his voice to the end, and when the old lady leaned forward to lay her hand on his, the other hearer slipped into the next.

room and left them together.

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. Any one who likes can finish it, and imagine the banker's daughter married in splendor and having her balls and her bains-de-mer, while Wolowski and his sweet Polish wife were starving. Any one can draw the moral, too, that Polish luck is very much like all otherluck in being home-made.

Looking back, I can hardly believe that he was with us for so short a time, but it was that same year and in the early Springthat he departed, almost as suddenly as he came. He was called away, he said, and it was not difficult to guess who called.

He had told in one of his lectures how the Emperor Alexander, on his accession, visited Poland and made a speech setting forth his amiable disposition toward his Polish subjects, and the happiness which they might expect from his reign, but ending with the significant words, "Only, nodreams, gentlemen!" It looked that Spring, as if even the autocrat of all the Russias could not control dreams. The newspapers brought accounts of disorder in the streets of Warsaw. Poland was stirring in her sleep.

Everybody went to see him off—this. stranger who had come among us so modestly and all unheralded. Our local paper called it an ovation and I suppose we girls, his class, might have stood for the over very fairly, though with all our silliness, I do believe it was a half-motherly feeling we had for him, too, when we saw that handsome face at the car-window for the last time, and the slender hand waving farewell.

Wolowski had promised to write to his old friend, and, after some months had passed, a letter came. He was in Warsaw, and he said not a syllable about Poland, which meanwhile appeared to have subsided into quietude, but he wrote very sympathetically about our struggle, and mentioned the

old peaceful days pleasantly. It was a charming letter, and it passed around from hand to hand until it was nearly worn out. We reckoned afterwards that he would have received the reply not long before the Polish outbreak of 1863.

Our own war news was, on the whole, so "reliable" that it was a great surprise to find when once it was "all quiet at Warsaw," that Polish victories had existed only on paper, that Polish troops had been nothing but little bands of half-armed and wholly undisciplined men against a hundred thousand Russians; that the insurrection had been a mistake from first to last; that the wisest heads had known it could never succeed; notwithstanding which, at the first signal, Poland's sons, drawn as by a magnet from the four quarters of the globe, had

stolen silently back to their country, many and many of them to leave it no more.

We never heard from Wolowski again. Of course that is not conclusive; he may be living yet—in Siberia, possibly even roaming the world in search of a maintenance on moderate terms. Nevertheless I have always believed that his luck, such as it was, ended there; that in that last desperate struggle for home and country, in one of those encounters, before the tide of battle turned against them, as it always did, and while yet it seemed that valor might accomplish something, he, cheering on his men, pressing forward, as he hoped, to victory, was struck to the heart and fell with triumph in his face.

Grace H. Peirce.



A MOTHER'S SIGH.

So fair my Rose had grown ere summer's close

That in the fresh young life I seemed a sharer;

Daily I watched it, then, and still my rose Grew daily fairer.

One, passing by, was fain the flower to wear, And vain my strife with younger hands, and stronger—

Tears dim my eyes—the Rose is still so fair, But mine no longer!

S. H. L.

A HOME ON A MOOR.



LIKE to fancy that characters are influenced, if not developed, by natural surroundings: that there is, for example, a deal of granite in the New England character, and of sunshine among the Southern people; that the inspiration of their crags and peaks gave liberty to the

Swiss; that the exhilaration, energy and recklessness of our West come from the might and vastness of plains and mountains; and I believe that the loneliness and silence of the Yorkshire moors had no less a part in shaping the mind of Charlotte Brontë than did her domestic restraints, disappointments and afflictions.

It was in oblation to her genius that in a tour through Great Britain, I left the beaten paths and tramped across these moors. Her birthplace is reckoned among the literary shrines of England, and is usually reached by a detour from the main lines of travel, but the setting and sentiment of Haworth can hardly be appreciated by those who enter it by railroad, and restrict themselves to the customary survey of objects of immediate As the church and home that were interest. so intimately associated with the lives of the Brontë family have been virtually re-modeled out of existence, the village contains little to delay the traveler; but in the moors about it he will find visible expression of the weird and melancholy spirit that animated the delicate yet strong and self-poised nature of the author of "Jane Eyre." know this rude, bleak country it is unnecessary to explore it in detail, for its aspects are pervaded by a dreary similarity, but comprehensive ideas of it are obtained in a walk over any characteristic portion.

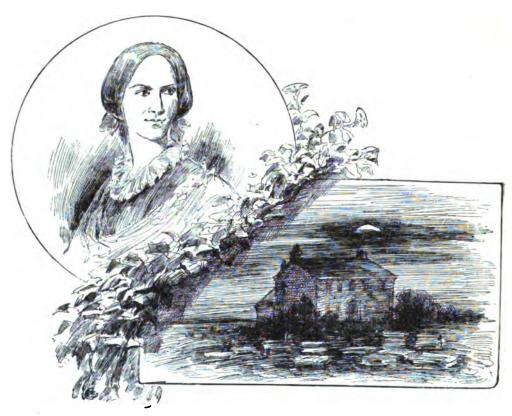
A tramp to be especially recommended is that along the road from the Hebden Bridge (twenty odd miles, north-east from Manchester), to Haworth, a matter of three leagues northward. It is a walk to be remembered, and one whose impression of rural England is that of a well-kept park where nature has been tamed to human service and companionship, has a surprise waiting

him in the moors, that will affect him like a shock. Hebden Bridge, approached through mining and manufacturing towns that fitly preface the desolation of the moors, is a hard gray, ungenial-looking place, thick set with houses and mills of stone—a place to turn from without regret. About it are hills of heavy form, mostly bare, and one to the south is topped by Cross-Stone Chapel, around whose walls a village clusters that is in view for miles. It is natural to wonder why it should be perched on that windy tor when there are preferable sites in wooded and watered vales below.

Leaving Hebden Bridge, passing monster drays laden with factory produce and tugged along by monster horses, we ascend the road with a sense of disappointment at its smoothness and its bordering fringe of trees, for they savor little of the wildness that is expected. The hillside farms are in good heart, and in their drain-like hollows, the grass is lush and coarse, and men are mowing it with tools so nearly obsolete that an American farmer, who shears even a twoacre patch by machinery, would smile at them. But, as the road ascends in long, slow stretches, the foliage thins at the wayside, and at last dwindles to a few dwarfed, storm-shaken trunks, scantily furnished with Hedges, too, have disappeared, and rough stone walls, with unthrift entering at their gaps, define the fields. A herd of cattle rambles down the road without other keepers than two bulls of sinister aspect.

The road, now rutted and irregular, almost leaks away into dust and grass, like a Nevada river disappearing in a "sink," and, uncertain if it be the highway, we ask a being in corduroy, who stands before a ruined, fire-blackened house, and who gruffly answers that we are rightly faced for Haworth. He is a type of the moor-man, a descendant of the demi-savages who were driven to the parish church with whips, and whose funeral feasts and fights were kept up after civilization had pushed into their domain, and planted factories and railroads there.

To the American nothing is more surprising than the retention of tribal traits in England. He who crosses North America finds, in San Francisco, people whose appearance, manner, speech, dress and mode of life are identical with those in New York, though the cities are 3,000 miles apart; but



let him ride for a couple of hours north, south, or east of Manchester, and he finds himself among people who show marked differences in speech and clothes and ways of living. The moor man of Yorkshire is rude of dress, rude of tongue, lumbering in gait, indifferent and stolid in deportment. His barelegged offspring, paddling in the dust ahead of us, have something of his habit of silence -an uncanny trait in children-and peer at us through frowzy locks with eerie glances. His very dogs are wolfish in look, snappish and sullen in behavior, and a stout stick in the hand is a good thing when they come trotting by.

We pass through a hamlet of stone houses, built against the edge of the road, without the grace of an intervening hedge, fence, blade of grass, or vine or flower such as most English cotters love. The one sign of hospitality, perched before a tavern, is a figure of Robin Hood bending his bow as if to pierce the body of the wayfarer. Now the farm-house becomes an infrequent object in the rolling landscape, retiring into glens and hollows with the recluse and surly air of those who live in it. It is such a

house as the Brontë sisters often have described, and unless it is made cosy with creature comforts, or its people have the saving graces of love and hospitality, the home life there must be hard and cold.

Dark gray stone composes it, and its windows are so narrow that they suggest loopholes for musketry. A tree or two, faring hardly in the cold, sour soil, bends toward the house as if for warmth. is about the place a lack of picturesque farm-yard litter that makes it seem as if everything were stowed snug for a gale. Surely enough, the gale is coming, for now we are fairly on the height, Wadsworth Moor stretching to the left, Oxenhope Moor to the right, with only the ill-marked road between, and neither house, nor tree, nor moving object to be seen, unless we turn about and take a last look at Cross-Stone Chapel, miles away, but dark in silhouette against a strip of smoky brightness in the sky. A ragged pall of vapor is blowing from the north, bringing a gloom that turns the very air to gray, and that intensifies the melancholy of the scene. The wind is cold and damp, and sings with high and ominous note, whistling among the reeds and grass and ruffling the pools of peaty water that stagnate in level places. The road appears to terminate on a crest half-a-mile ahead, and nothing is visible but a windy sky beyond it. Evidently we have been climbing all this time. The crest is gained. Lo! a picture of desolation.

Can this be the heart of England—this vast expanse of earth-waves, dun and empty? The billowy moor has swept to a height of 1,400 feet above the sea, and we stand, just under the clouds, in the centre of a country whose hills roll heavily from a southward impulse, the ridges extending east and west like the swell of ocean after tempest. For here the storm has ceased, and the rise and fall of the waves foretell disastrous calm. Death is marching over them, and they doff their caps of verdure as he passes. He has leveled every tree, blighted every bush; the spiky grass looks old and brown.

The Colorado plains have an invigorating dryness of air, the rock color is cheerful, the cactus flowers are brilliant, and where the sage brush grows in masses, its gray-green is soft and tender. Even the alkaline wastes of Nevada and Wyoming are bright with red and yellow buttes and purple mountains, and they are overhung by skies as rich as sapphire. But the expression of the Yorkshire moors is more forbidding than that of our Western deserts, so often cited as paragons of dreariness, for here, in the most verdant country of the temperate zone, nature seems mori-If a place were chosen to exhibit the first encroachments of that dread final decay that is to reduce the earth to the barrenness of the moon, these blasted hills, with death-mold green upon them, would be more fitting than the stony Sierras. sign of life is seen on them save coarse grass that makes their color dismal, nor is aught heard but the passing of the wind.

Rumbles Moor, a mountain of equal height to that whereon we stand, glowers across a gulf before us, equally bare, and beyond it and on either side, the desolation seems to stretch into infinitude. an inward sense of pain, almost of fear, born of the stern indifference of these hills that, it might seem, would take weeks of living or of wandering among them to dispel. Hamerton says of them, that while they lack the energetic character of true mountain form, they have "a certain calm beauty and sublime expression of power in repose that we do not find in loftier ranges;" but the beauty is sphinx-like, and the calmness that of death. They are impressive, oppressive and gloomy. Advancing to the crest of the steep northern edge, Haworth is revealed, straggling through the gap below, stony and hard, yet softened by tufts of fo-

The Brontë parsonage was the highest house in the village, and looked out on the moors with an acre of gravestones in the immediate foreground. On the remarkable women who lived in this lonely house such wild surroundings were of palpable effect. Their home, troubled with a hot-tempered, selfish father and a weak and selfish brother, was not the cheerful refuge that it should have been; therefore, sent to nature for occupation and enjoyment, they absorbed into their minds the sadness and largeness of their surroundings. In the church near the parsonage the Brontës, all but Anne, lie buried; but I gave way to the fancy that on starry nights, when the moors hang threatening above the valley in black masses, when the wind is heard booming over their crests, the sisters wander on the heights they often climbed, survey the tragic landscape, and thrill with inspiration to people it with figures fitting to such romances as they gave to the world in life.

Charles M. Skinner.



AN INHERITED VICE.



ID you wipe off the cider barsaid a voice from the head of the cellar stairs.

"Did Iwipe off the what?" asked the person spoken to, with a puzzled air.

He was a young man, handsome and well-He stood dressed, with a frank jolly face. a second, waiting for an answer, the pitcher of foaming cider in his hand. He turned to his companion, a pretty, delicate looking girl, who seemed amused at his perplexity.

A sort of cool twilight reigned in the orderly and spotlessly neat cellar. The light struggled in through square windows, each covered with wire netting, and some of them overgrown with vines. The cellar was ceiled overhead and water-lined underneath, and the ceiling and walls shone with fresh, clean white-wash.

Around one side on a slightly raised platform, stood a row of barrels. Each barrel was in cleanliness what Cæsar's wife should have been in character, above suspicion. Under the faucet of each barrel was a small stone jar, to catch any possible "drip," and they were all so alike in appearance and so regular in arrangement, that they reminded one of a class drawn up for recitation. One half expected that the first barrel would start off with "twice one is two," or some such simple statement, and the rest follow in regular order.

At the other end of the cellar was a swinging shelf, perforated with holes, in which dozens of very clear, dustless bottles were standing on their heads in slightly tipsy attitudes, doing penance apparently for the evil that their former contents might have done. It was a remarkable cellar, remarkable for its exquisite cleanness and order. Even the stairs leading down to it, were white and shining as though scrubbed with sand.

"What did your mother say?" asked the young man of the girl beside him, after wait-

ing a minute.

"She asked if you'd wiped off the cider barrel," she replied, half laughing. "Here, Harry," and she led the way to where, in a row, under the stairs, as many cloths were hanging as there were barrels, and taking one down, she handed it to him, saying,

"This is the cider barrel cloth."

He looked at it curiously and then at

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that your mother wipes the noses,-I beg your pardon, I mean the faucets, of every one of those barrels every time they are used?"

"Why, yes," she said, with dignity,

"why shouldn't she?"

He took the cloth meekly, and tenderly wiped off the damp faucet with it, and then hung it back on its own especial nail.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that beats me! I've heard of neatness and order before, but I never saw anything like this! I don't believe your mother will half enjoy her halo, she'll be so busy scrubbing it all the time.'

The young girl didn't laugh. She went up the stairs, saying as she went, you like to have things clean? I can't bear

dirt."

"Can't you?" he said lightly, "now I revel in it! All the most picturesque things in life are the dirtiest, you know."

They came together into the dining-room, where a tall, thin woman was putting the finishing touches to a well-spread supper table.

She looked at them and smiled grimly.

"Seems to me," she said, "you was a long time getting that cider." The girl blushed furiously, but the young fellow putting the pitcher down on the table, answered cheerfully,

"Well, if we were, Mrs. Putnam, it's all To tell the truth I was so dazzled when I saw that cellar of yours, that I went into a trance, and Jennie had an

awful time bringing me to."

"Humph," said Mrs. Putnam, "a likely story!" but she looked pleased, nevertheless, for her cellar was to her what some favorite chapel is to a devotee, and praise of it was sweet.

Her face was wrinkled and worn, but her eyes had a singular alert expression—the look of one who wages a continual warfare. And this was just what she had done. A farmer's daughter, and a farmer's wife, she had spent all her life in one ceaseless struggle after perfect neatness and rule. Cleanliness was not next to Godliness with her. It was Godliness, and she worshipped it ac-



cordingly. She had been known once to say, in passing through a cemetery, that she "wouldn't mind dying so much, if only there was something cleaner to be buried in." The final triumph of earth, which was only another name for her life-long enemy—

dirt, worried her greatly.

Her husband was a rich well-to-do-farmer, but while his money had given her increased ability for keeping every thing in spotless condition that she loved, it had not brought her one single hour of leisure. She never relaxed her vigilance. She scrubbed and scoured and dusted, she swept and shook and polished, until it seemed as if the very flies were intimidated and kept at a respectful distance from her home.

Her one daughter Jennie, was engaged to Harry Jackson. He was going to take her away from her old home to the city, and one would have thought that the approaching separation from her only child, would have weighed heavily on Mrs. Putnam. But it didn't. To tell the truth she was so very busy keeping things clean that she had never had much time for emotions of any kind.

Harry Jackson was not rich, though he had a good position in a railroad company, with those "prospects of rising" so dear to every young man's heart. He was slightly the superior of the Putnams socially, but the rugged stock of their family had produced its fairest flower in Jennie, who was sweet and lovable in every way. Altogether he considered himself a very fortunate fellow, and went back to the city full of dreams of happiness for the future.

It was in March that he was married, and after a little trip, which somehow was not as rapturous as he had anticipated, he brought Jennie back with him, and they went to housekeeping. He had almost furnished their little home, but she was to

add the last touches and make all the final arrangements that women love. She was delighted with everything,—the pretty little house, with its picturesque piazzas, its hardwood floors, and rugs and portières. It was very different from the old home, but all very attractive, and she took genuine delight in arranging her household gods.

One morning after they had been home about a week, she said to her husband:

"Harry, do you know, those portières are going to be very hard to keep clean? They are so heavy. I wish you would send a man up to beat them this week."

"Why, Jennie," he answered, haven't been up a month. They "they They surely

can't need cleaning already."
"Yes, they do," she answered firmly; "they're all dust in the folds. I was looking at them yesterday; and while the man is here he might as well beat the rugs too."

Her husband kissed her.

"What a little housewife it is, to be "Well, dear, I'll sure!" he said, lovingly. try and snare a man and send him up today," and he went down the street whistling.

He did not suspect it, but the Inherited

Vice had shown its cloven hoof.

It was not long after this that Jennie came to him with a little drawing on a piece of

"Harry," she said, "can you get me a sharp piece of iron or steel this shape?"

She seated herself on the side of his chair, and he put his arm around her and drew her close, as he went to examine the paper.

"What's it for, dearie?"

"I want to clean out the cracks of the kitchen floor," she said. "I've tried hairpins and an old pen-holder, but they don't work. Mother had a sharp-pointed thing, like this."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"The cracks of the kitchen floor!" he said; "why in the world don't you leave them alone?"

Her face was very serious.

"Oh, Harry!" she said, "I can't! I lie awake nights and think of the dirt that's in them."

"That is absurd, Jennie," he said. "No one else digs up the cracks of her kitchen floor, as if they were the ruins of Pompeii!"

"I can't help what other people do," she answered, solemnly. "I should be miserable if I couldn't have things clean. Mother always did!"

He laughed again, but this time a little

uneasily. It began to strike him that this sort of thing might be carried too far.

He was sure of it, when Jennie proposed

to clean house in May.

"Why, Jennie," he expostulated, "this house was put in thorough order not two months ago!"

"I know it," she said, "and it isn't very dirty, to be sure, but it will be so long to let it go till Fall, and the Spring always seems such a good time to clean in, and I feel so well now."

Her arguments carried the day, and for over a week she revelled in scrub-women

and soap-suds.

Every closet was ransacked, every bureau drawer turned upside down. All the bedslats were washed, and the rugs and curtains beaten, and the furniture taken out and whipped and brushed.

"As long as it's going to be done, it might as well be done thoroughly," said Jennie, and her only regret seemed to be

that there was not more to do.

Harry, coming home one evening, was surprised to see his entire wardrobe hanging upon the clothes-line. The legs of his trowsers flapped with the wind, and seemed to be kicking viciously, as if they resented the insults to which they were subjected, and even his coats shrugged their shoulders at him, in an offended and injured way.

He found two women on the piazza, who were cleaning the little balustrade around it. This was a sort of open lattice work, and they had little sticks wound around with cloths, in their hands, which they seemed to

be inserting into every opening.

Coming in, he found Jennie, on the highest step of the step-ladder, apparently prodding the wall, with some shining instrument.

She was so intensely in earnest, and her whole occupation seemed so absurd, that it struck him, for one awful moment, that she had gone insane.

"Jennie!" he shouted, "Jennie! what are

you doing?"

She started and almost lost her balance.

"Oh," she cried, "how you frightened me! Why, Harry, do you know, this frieze is covered with fly specks, and I can't wash them off without spoiling the paper, but I find I can take a knitting needle and sort of scratch or prick each speck off with it."

He took her by the hand and led her up-They went into the room together,

and he shut the door.

"Lie down, Jennie," he said earnestly, "lie down."

She looked at him half frightened.

"What is the matter, Harry? You act

so strangely!"

"Strangely!" he echoed with a short laugh; "Strangely, Jennie!" he said desperately; "either you or I must be crazy, that's all!"

"Why, Harry, "what do you mean? I,

at least, am perfectly sane."

"Well," he said, "perhaps it is I, then, who have lost my wits. But when I come home and find all my garments gyrating in unseemly attitudes upon the line; when I find two women poking sticks with clothes on them through every hole in the latticework on the front piazza; when I find my wife picking off fly-specks with a knittingneedle, I can't quite tell whether it's my own house or a private asylum."

"You must expect such things, Harry," said his wife with dignity, "don't you know

I'm cleaning house?"

"Yes," he answered, "you haven't done anything else since I married you!"

The color came to her face, and she be-

gan to cry.

"Very well," she said brokenly, "if you feel like that, I think I had better go home to my mother. It was always clean there."

"Don't talk about your mother," he

cried excitedly.

He was walking up and down the room rapidly. Presently he stopped and sat down

on the edge of the bed beside her.

"Jennie," he said gently, "don't cry. Can't you—can't we manage in some way so that you won't have so much of this eternal fussing?"

"Don't you want to be clean?" she asked

tragically, through her tears.

"Why, of course, Jennie, but can't we be clean without being so wretchedly, so abominably clean? Why, we fairly have to fight for our lives!"

"I don't know," she said, tearfully, "a thing is clean, or it isn't. That's all there is

about it."

She began to cry again.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "I wish I were at home! I wish I were at home!"

He kissed her wet cheeks and stroked her disheveled hair.

"Don't cry, darling," he said, "don't cry. You shall scrub and clean all you want to. I'll never say a word about it again. Only love me and don't cry."

After a time he comforted her, and they went down stairs together, and he never realized that the inherited vice had conquered him, and was now firmly established in his

They lived through the summer very pleasantly. Jennie had put down mattings and covered the furniture with linen slips. So the house was easier to take care of. Her mother came to see her in the early Fall, and they had what Harry called "a cleaning orgie" together. Harry was learning to submit to the inevitable, and Jennie tried to conduct her perpetual scourings as unobtrusively as possible.

She had expected to go home for Christmas, but she was not very well, and they had not a great deal of spare money. Harry was finding out that too much cleanliness is as expensive as any other extravagance. So Jennie decided to stay at home, and they were very well satisfied, after all, to spend their first Christmas in their own home.

On Christmas Eve, when Harry came in,

she ran to meet him, saying:

"There is a box from mother in the hall. I wish you would open it. I've been wait-

ing for you.'

He got the hammer and chisel and set to work, cheerfully. Presently the cover flew off, and he bent to examine the contents, and gave a long, low whistle.

There were four dozen cakes of Sapolio

in the box, and that was all.

But Jennie did not understand his whistle, nor the laugh that followed it. She took out one of the cakes and held it almost lovingly.

"Dear mother," she said tenderly, "how

good she always is to me!"

It was absurd, preposterous, it was pitiful, but her husband realized that nothing—not a diamond tiara, nor a grand piano,—would have been so acceptable a gift, or had repsented so much happiness to her, as that box of Sapolio.

It was in April that the baby was born, a sweet, plump, pretty baby, who didn't seem to appreciate its advantages, in being born into "the best scrubbed family in the State," as Harry called it. He hoped that the advent of this young stranger would make a change in the frightful neatness of his home. It seemed to him it would be impossible to keep a house with a baby in it so clean.

But he soon discovered that he was mistaken. The baby was not expected to produce any disorder; it was simply another ob-

ject to be scrubbed.

Harry stopped a moment one morning, as it was having its bath. He was just going to his business, and he stood by the side of

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table. It's simply fiendish. Beside, we can't afford it. It's more expensive than smoking. It costs more than poker-playing. It's a vice—that's what it is, a positive vice!"

He laughed, but Jennie's eyes grew strangely bright. There were no tears in them. She sat up very straight and tall,

and said in a low voice,

"When I married you, Harry, I knew you weren't rich. I knew I should have to go without many things. I expected to live quietly, and I have. I expected to dress plainly, and keep house economically, but I did think—I did think, Harry—" and here her voice broke, "that we should have enough—to—be—clean!"

It seemed to him that he was a brute, a man who wouldn't let his wife be clean! He wanted to laugh, but it was too pitiful,

and she was too much in earnest.

"Oh, Jennie!" he said, sorrowfully, "it is all too absurd! We might be so happy. Can't you change, Jennie,—can't you look at things differently?"

"No," she said, in a stifled voice, "I can't. I don't want to. It is born and bred

in me."

He realized suddenly the painful truthfulness of her answer. She couldn't help it, it was born and bred in her, His mind went back to Mrs. Putnam, and her immaculate cellar. He recognized the Inherited Vice and gave way before it.

"Never mind," he said, slowly, "I suppose we will get along some way. I've hoped they would raise my salary. They promised to, and they ought to do it."

They talked no more then, but Harry began to think where he could appeal for help in case his situation became more desper-He had an aunt, a rich, childless wo man, who had formerly been very kind to him. But she had quarrelled with him over his marriage, and they had never spoken since. She had not approved of Jennie, and she had openly spoken of the Putnams as "common." He felt that there was no help to be expected from her. Then he concluded there was but one other thing to do. He must break up his home and send Jennie back to her mother's for a time until he got upon his feet again. It was a humiliating, dreadful thing to do, but there seemed no other way.

He decided not to do it until March, when his lease expired, and not to worry about it beforehand. So they passed through their second winter, which was happy, in spite of the cloud that rested on the house.

Harry used to wonder, whimsically, sometimes, if the "unclean spirits" mentioned in the Bible were any more difficult to live with than the clean spirit that shared his bed and board. But he never told this fancy to Jennie. She would not have thought it funny.

But one day in February a letter came which changed all their plans and altered the current of their lives. It was from Boston, from the attorney of the offended aunt. She had died suddenly, and had left all her property to "her dear nephew," and appointed him sole executor. Harry became perfectly beside himself at this news. He sang, he shouted, he seized Jennie around the waist and made her dance the wildest kind of a galop, He tossed the baby up in the air and made a futile effort to stand on his head.

"Oh, dear Aunt Sarah! oh, rare Aunt Sarah!" he cried; "nothing in your life became you like the leaving of it! Jennie, I'll buy a Turkish bath, and you can lie in it all day! You shall be so clean—so clean, dear—that you'll beg for mercy! Oh, Jennie, isn't it too good, too'splendid? Oh, dear me, I must calm myself, and remember that I'm a mourner!"

He understood how great the strain was under which he had labored by the exultant relief that he felt now that it was over.

After the first surprise and delight had passed, they began to plan what they should do.

"Let's go abroad," said Harry. "I'll resign my position, and we'll just go and have a whole year of enjoyment. I'm tired to death, and you look worn to the bone, Jennie. We'll take a good nurse for the baby, and just have a glorious time!"

Jennie murmured a little at first, but was finally persuaded to look favorably upon the plan, and they sailed in May.

Harry was like a boy let out of school. His jollity and fun knew no bounds. He became a great favorite on board and made many friends. Jennie was sick most of the way over and kept her state-room, but the baby was as well and nearly as jolly as its father. Harry was almost thankful that its mother was too sick to see how very dirty it got on deck. He felt it would have been an added pang,

They reached London in the midst of one of its worst fogs, which certainly was depressing. Jennie could speak of nothing but the grimy, dirty appearance of everything. It seemed to really hurt her, and it

was plain to her husband that she regarded all the "show places" as just so much waste of the public money, which might have been

used in cleaning the city.

The fog lifted after a day or two, and they went to Westminster Abbey. Jennie thought it "smelt damp," and that the monuments were "very dusty." She further informed her husband that she was sure some of the banners "had moths in them." Beyond this she did not seem impressed.

The fog came back again, and one day Harry, who had been out alone, returned to

find his wife in tears.

"Oh, let us go away!" she cried. "I cannot stand it here. It is too horribly dirty! I've tried and tried not to mind, but I can't help it. I told Mary to change the baby's dress whenever it got soiled, and he's had five clean ones on to-day, and now I've put him to bed, because he's only got three more! Oh, it is too dreadful. The very air seems full of dirt. I cannot stand it. Let's go away!"

They went to Paris, which seemed bright and cheerful after murky London, and their spirits rose, and they were both much more contented there. They meant to have stayed a long time there, but one day in looking from her window Jennie saw a fearful sight.

Her rooms looked out on a court, and across this court, on the opposite side, was

a sort of covered piazza.

"There," said Jennie, taking her husband and leading him to the window, "there is the very place. There was some milk spilt over there, on the floor and on the steps, and I saw a man come out and wipe it up with a dish towel! I saw him with these very eyes!"

"How do you know it was a dish towel,

Jennie!"

"Oh, I am sure of it! It looked like one, and he wiped a plate with the same towel afterward."

"Well," said Harry, cheerfully, "he isn't our cook any way. Those apartments front

on another street."

"It has given me a horror of them all," she said. mournfully. "They are probably all alike, I have always suspected they were dirty, they garnish so much! It must be to cover up. Just think! wiping up the floor with a dish towel!"

It was not a mere fastidious dislike to it that she felt; it was a spiritual recoil.

They did not stay much longer in Paris. Jennie seemed to taste that dish towel in everything she ate, and the flavor was so disagreeable that they determined to escape from it and seek fresh fields. But, alas! they took the Inherited Vice with them, and it drove them like a gad-fly from place to place.

It found dust under the bed at Strasburg, and queer stains on the towels in Cologne. The washing was miserably done in Brussels, and the sheets were damp at Ghent. The inside of the pitchers was black at Antwerp, and Jennie found two flies in the soup. One she might have forgiven, but two did

look like a gratuitous insult.

But things improved from the time they entered Holland, and Jennie's face lost its worried, anxious expression, and became strangely peaceful. They went one day to a little village a few miles from Amsterdam. Jennie was wonderfully pleased with all she saw, and her face grew brighter at every fresh step. The clean little tiled rooms where the cows were kept seemed to impress her more than any cathedral, and the arrangements for tying up their tails drew forth expressions of positive rapture.

She was so delighted that they stayed there over night, and in the morning she was up

early, looking from the window.

The red tiled roofs of the houses gleamed on every side. The tall windmills moved lazily. The street was absolutely immaculate. A stout Dutch woman was scrubbing the pavement in front of her house, on her hands and knees. Jennie watched her as if fascinated.

Her husband joined her, and looked out, too. She turned her face to him, and he looked at her in astonishment. It was the glad, peaceful face of one whose every longing is gratified. A calm, glorified expression shone in her eyes. She looked like one who after much tribulation comes to the "sweet and blessed country" at last.

"Harry," she said softly, "let us live

here."

"Would you be happy here, darling?" he asked.

Her eyes wandered back to the Dutchwoman scrubbing the pavement. They rested and feasted on her a single moment.

"Yes," she said, solemnly, "perfectly

happy."

The Inherited Vice had found its full and perfect gratification at last, and they are living at Broek still.

Bessie Chandler.



QUEEN MARY'S ISLE.

I left the castle for a glade
Of sunshine mid the oak-tree shade,
Couched in the fragrant grass, to linger
Till from the West the gold should fade.
But chance a maid before me threw,
Who, sitting sweetly-careless, drew
With truthful touch and busy finger
Grey bower,green bower,and waters blue.

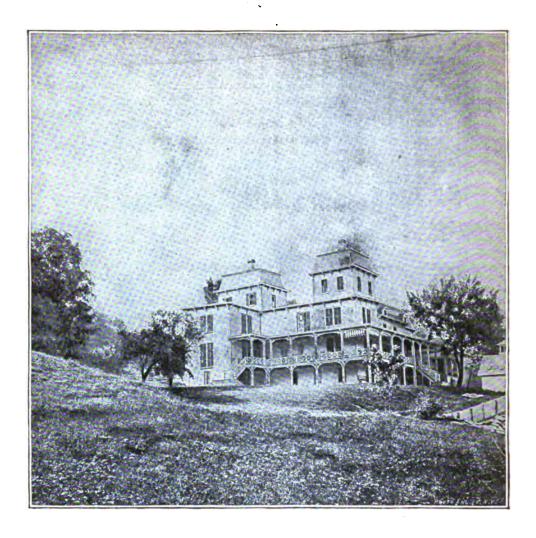
"Maid," thought I, "of the Western land, Pilgrim to this historic strand, From where Atlantic winters thunder On the New England's classic sand, Here, or where Avon gravely sweeps Round aisles in which our Shakespere sleeps,

Though time and sea our Nations sunder, The kinship in their pulses leaps.

"Maid, with the tawny hair, and eyes Soft-blue as summer-evening skies,— Sweet maiden, sunnyfaced and slender, Limning this bower of memories,— What shall I pray for thee, this e'en? That thou mayest be her match, in mien, In grace, in wit, in true-love tender, But happier than Scotland's queen."

Douglas Sladen.

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CLIFF SEAT, TICONDEROGA.

Beautiful for situation in the old historic village of Ticonderoga, at the northern extremity of Lake George, is Cliff Seat, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook. If it be true that surroundings influence character, then it is easy to understand how a farmer's boy in this region could rise from obscurity to the height of an international reputation as theologian, reformer, author, orator, and poet. For in this rarely beautiful spot, rich in historic lore, Mr. Cook passed his boyhood days. and to him, as to all

"Who in the love of Nature hold Communion with her visible forms," she spoke a "various language."

The first fruit of his literary labors was a book called "Home Sketches of Essex County," written when only nineteen years old, and still reckoned as a standard work of From this modest beginning has its kind. sprung a harvest of volumes, including sixteen works on biology, eleven volumes of the famous Boston Monday lectures, published in thirteen different forms in English alone; and eleven books on Trancendentalism, besides a large quantity of miscellaneous writings. As a lecturer throughout all the leading cities of the world Mr. Cook has added immensely to his fame as an author, and people are always interested to know something of the home life and methods of work of such a man.

The house is a modern structure, built by the architect of the renowned Sagamore House on Lake George. It is in the shape of the letter F, and with its forty-three rooms and three hundred feet of piazza is spacious enough for the exercise of that gracious hospitality which characterizes its inmates both here and at their attractive rooms on Beacon Street, in Boston, during the winter months. The old homestead in which Mr. Cook was born, somewhat modernized, forms one wing of the establishment, and here his widowed mother, in a ripe old age, still superintends her own domestic affairs and modestly rejoices in the success of her only The estate comprises nearly two child. hundred acres; about one half of them un-The appropriateness of the der cultivation. name, Cliff Seat, appears in the steep and rocky height which guards the house like a sentinel on the front, while in the rear no less than thirteen peaks of the Adirondacks rise in solemn grandeur against the western hori-Situated about two miles from the village, the approach lies through the lovely Lord Howe Valley, and whenever Mr. Cook enters its green gateway he swings his hat with almost boyish glee, exclaiming in the words of one of his favorite authors,

"Good by, proud world, I'm going home."

The visitor alights at the flight of steps seen in the picture, where the mistress of the manse always stands to "greet the coming and speed the parting guest." In front the land slopes gently to the foot of the everlasting hills, and through the green meadow winds a narrow path, hedged on either side by a picturesque old Virginia fence, and overhung with trees. Through this lane the cows come straggling home at night, the musical tinkle of their bells followed a little later in the evening by the sad minor notes of the whip-poor-will. The nocturnal visits of this bird have given the name of "Whip-poor-will Corner" to the western angle of the piazza. Beyond the lawn is a shady grove and in its cool depth close by a spring of limpid water, is a summer-house where host and guest often retire for reading or study.

Much of the family life goes on upon the piazza. A large table contains a file of the New York and Boston dailies, to the reading of which the master of the house usually devotes the early morning hours. Easy chairs and a capacious, old-fashioned sofa invite to rest and reading. Meals are sometimes

served out here and hither guests assemble at the close of the day, as if drawn by a common impulse, to engage in conversation with "mine host" and his gifted wife. Now may be heard much of what old Sam Johnson loved—"good talk." Conversation becomes a fine art and one feels disposed to dispute the truth of Pope's couplet,

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found," for both wit and wisdom fall in quick succession from the lips of the speakers. Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, "To love her is a liberal education," so to be a listener at these times adds vastly to one's stock of knowledge. In few American homes can be heard more sparkling repartee, charming bons mots and bits of profound wisdom, together with prolonged discussion of deep truths and great moral movements, than among the circle which gathers on the piazza at Cliff Seat. A glance at the guest book shows how cosmopolitan is the company and how diversified the interests they represent. Among the crowd of eminent clergymen is the name of Joseph Parker of London, with his scythe-like signature. Near him Professor Eby, of Japan, records the significant sentiment: "The world is my parish, but the most important and promising part of it just now is the Empire of the Rising Sun on which the Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in his wings." Professor Stuckenburg, of Berlin, represents Christian forces among the student-life in Germany. A host of names like Neal Dow, Frances Willard and Governor St. John indicate the strong interest of this household in the temperance question. Authors like Isabelle F. Hapgood and Lucy Larcom add their tribute to words of grateful appreciation penned by college-presidents, editors scholars in almost every field of learning.

Entering the house, one sees everywhere evidences of the exquisite taste of Mrs. Cook, who planned the edifice, and in its furnishing and adornment has combined elegance with simplicity in a way possible only to a woman of rare moral insight as well as superior social graces. Books abound everywhere, and following their trail the visitor soon finds himself in the library, where he might fancy the head of the household saying,

"That place that does contain

My books, my best companions, is to me

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Douglas Sladen.

A glorious court, where hourly I converse With the old sages and philosophers; And sometimes, for variety, I confer With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels."

The books are classified according to their contents, one case containing works on theology, and others poetry, history, biography and miscellaneous volumes. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth, and above the mantel hangs a dainty water color, showing a distant view of the house through a pair of noble birches. On a massive oak table, seven feet by five, in the centre of the room, are scattered the current magazines and the latest book publications. A folding leather case, somewhat worn, also attracts attention. It has accompanied Mr. Cook in his journeys around the world, and he calls the twelve men whose photographs it contains, his "jury." First comes his sainted father, a man of scholarly tastes and noble spirit, and then Gladstone. Professor E. A. Park, Carlyle, President McCosh, Agassiz.



BETWEEN THE BIRCHES.

Bryant, Bismarck, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, Emerson and Lowell. Here, too, are manuscript volumes of his trans-continental trip and immense folios filled with thousands of photographs. In this work his wife has given valuable assistance. It is all that the ordinary traveler can do while en route to keep a brief journal, but she has written out no less than twenty-one volumes, with detailed descriptions of the places they visited together. Not a blot, and scarcely an erasure, can be found. And these books are something more than monuments of industry; they are written in a style both forcible and fascinating, which would give the writer an acknowledged place in the world of authors if she cared to publish them.

But to see the literary workshops we must leave the attractive rooms on this floor and descend first to the "newspaper room," an apartment twenty feet square in the base-Here is a bewildering array of "tools" in the shape of journals and magazines from Australia, India, Japan, England and Canada, besides an indefinite number of pamphlets all neatly arranged and labeled for use. A paper weight of a stone from Carlyle's grave, another from his birthplace, and elk horns from the Yellowstone Park are among the curiosities. In this room Mr. Cook does much of the work on Our Day, the magazine devoted to current reform which he edits, but it is in the "tower room," to which we will now ascend, that the Monday lectures are principally written. This is the left of the two towers seen in the picture. Besides a wealth of books, many of them gifts from their authors, there are souvenirs from all over the world—a flute from Mount Parnassus made from the bone of an eagle's leg, a bird's nest from Calcutta, a prayer flag from the Himalayas. Crossing the roof to the opposite tower we enter Mrs. Cook's sanctum, which is decorated in a most artistic manner with trophies brought from Japan, A double frieze represents the out-door and in-door life of these Yankees of the Orient. Specimens of their carved work, household shrines, fans, panels and swinging lanterns are all disposed about the place most effectively. A hammock swings across one corner, and from each of the four windows is a magnificent panorama of mountain sky and woodland. While resting here the talk naturally drifts upon the condition of women in other lands, a topic in which Mrs. Cook is deeply interested, and her observations have taken a wide range, from the hopeless misery in Indian zenanas

to the polished court life of some of the oldest civilizations in the East.

In person she reminds one of an Easter lily, or of Longfellow's St. Filomena,

"A noble type of good Heroic womanhood."

Sweetness and seriousness are the characteristics which impress one most strongly at first, but acquaintance reveals such a depth, variety and richness of other qualities that it is difficult to give any adequate pen portraiture of one so gifted and yet so modest. She has an irresistible charm in conversation, due, in part, to a delicate humor which sparkles like dew in the summer sunshine. Her voice, like Cordelia's, is "ever soft, gentle and low," but has a singularly mirth-provoking power in the recital of amusing incidents. A description, at one time, of her husband's attempt to assume the posture of the natives, at a banquet given in his honor by some high officials in Japan, was indescribably funny. For hours he practised in private the impossible feat of balancing the weight of his two hundred and fifty pounds upon his heels, "with facial writhings and contortions altogether out of harmony with the festive occasion."

Mrs. Cook evidently has little faith in her husband's practical abilities as a farmer, judging from her rady account of his unrestrained glee one morning when he returned from a field where the growing crops had been deluged and ruined, but the rain had made a "lovely waterfall," which he begged her to come out and enjoy with him! But Mrs. Cook's jesting is never commonplace, never tiresome, and she turns from the play of fancy to an earnest discussion of philanthropic movements, or to conversation on art or metaphysics, or to the reverent reading of the Scriptures at family worship, with perfect ease and grace. She also

"looketh well to the ways of her household," and seems, like Wordsworth's, perfect woman, "nobly planned" for fulfilling the arduous duties which home, church, friends and society now demand from women in these closing days of the nineteenth century.

A mile or two distant from Cliff Seat, but an essential part of it, is Roger's Rock, rising abruptly from Lake George more than six hundred feet, and on the summit is a substantial little summer-house, commanding a view of almost unparalleled beauty. To be "personally conducted" hither by the owner of this historic and picturesque ground, with a party of friends, is an event to be remembered. The shifting possession of the territory in early times is brought vividly to mind by flinging to the breeze the French, English and American flags, and the sight of their waving folds gives a new interpretation to these words, printed on a board nailed to one of the posts: "Here let the honest American sit down, look around, thank God and take courage." When the eye is "satisfied with seeing, the ear "filled with hearing," the body refreshed by a toothsome lunch, the mind stimulated by books and conversation, then the soul, too, is uplifted by all joining hands and singing that grand old hymn, "Rock of Ages." It is the memory of such scenes which prompts the writer to say, in the words of an American poet who has sung the beauty of the Lake George region —

and that recollection is a visit to Cliff Seat in the summer of 1889.

Frances J. Dyer.



POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO HEALTH.

PART III.



IME does not permit us to enter into a discussion of the faith cure, the mind cure, clairvoyance, etc., which have so much occupied public attention and concerning which so much has been written.

The great propagater of modern superstitions is the newspaper. It stimulates and brings about the evolution of the superstition. In the search for news and for that which is startling and unusual, the curious facts which relate to health are quickly seized upon and so come to be talked about and believed in. If the ball is once set rolling, it is astonishing how long it will be kept going.

Let us take an illustration. Early last winter there appeared in a New York paper a paragraph stating that chewing gum injured the eyes. To me, anatomical facts cited to support this theory were surpassingly funny. Probably somebody had become tired of seeing people chew gum, a habit which has increased greatly of late years, owing to the fact that it has been recommended as a means of increasing the saliva and therefore aiding digestion somebody therefore having become tired of seeing human beings looking like ruminates boldly advanced the theory that chewing gum injures the eyes. It was not long before I heard this quoted as a fact in all directions. In the same way tomatoes have been held responsible for many things, because their use as a vegetable is comparatively recent. Something would come from eating in quantities this new and unusual thing. It softens the gums, says one. It produces cancer, avers another, and from the time these statements appeared in the papers, the timid either ate them sparingly or not at all, and even the bold have had the feeling that they have taken a great risk upon themselves. It is the newspaper which helps pass on the

PSEUDO SCIENTIFIC SUPERSTITIONS.

These are what prevail most widely in our day, and the mixture of truth is greater

than in most. Such was the craze for blue glass. How reasonable it sounds that the ray of sunlight passing through blue glass should be broken up into its primary colors—and only such passed on as were health producing and invigorating. In the window of almost every house panes of blue glass filtered the sunlight a short time after the appearance of the book on this subject; to-day there is scarcely a vestige of it to be Had it been any other color than seen. blue, "the craze" would probably have lasted longer, but the light coming through blue glass gives such a pale and ghastly look to all the surroundings, that unless its health-giving properties were extremely apparent, it would be abandoned. How different the fate of a scientific superstition from one founded on ancient beliefs! we have seen that faith in the colors of red and amber have lasted through centuries of time.

The eye-stones are another of the peoples' remedies, in which they have unbounded confidence. Put into the corner of the eye, it will work its way under the lid, bringing with it the offending substance. A well-known New York oculist told me that he had seen a number of cases of inflammation caused by eye-stones, and had been obliged in many instances to remove them from the

That one must not drink while eating is a superstition held by many, it having been adopted because of the explanation that it dilutes the gastric juice. The dietetic superstitions are very numerous: the chief of these relates to the bile. No amount of argument could persuade some people that they were not made "bilious" by eggs and milk.

How many believe that piercing ears for sore eyes is an excellent thing, and that it is unwise to stop a running sore of the ear; if stopped, it will go to the brain. The theory of the first has its foundation probably in the principle of counter-irritation; the other in the fact that if an abscess form near the ear, and no outlet is made for the pus, it may turn its course through the masina cells—the portion of spongy bone of the skull back of the ear—into the brain.

If shingles meet around the body we are told the result will prove fatal, but how few know that the disease is almost never bilateral.

nous note, whistling among the reeds and grass and ruffling the pools of peaty water that stagnate in level places. The road appears to terminate on a crest half-a-mile ahead, and nothing is visible but a windy sky beyond it. Evidently we have been climbing all this time. The crest is gained. Lo! a picture of desolation.

Can this be the heart of England—this vast expanse of earth-waves, dun and empty? The billowy moor has swept to a height of 1,400 feet above the and we stand, just under the clouds, in the centre of a country whose hills roll heavily from a southward impulse, the ridges extending east and west like the swell of ocean after tempest. For here the storm has ceased, and the rise and fall of the waves foretell disastrous calm. Death is marching over them, and they doff their caps of verdure as he passes. He has leveled every tree, blighted every bush; the spiky grass looks old and brown.

The Colorado plains have an invigorating dryness of air, the rock color is cheerful, the cactus flowers are brilliant, and where the sage brush grows in masses, its gray-green is soft and tender. Even the alkaline wastes of Nevada and Wyoming are bright with red and yellow buttes and purple mountains, and they are overhung by skies as rich as sapphire. But the expression of the Yorkshire moors is more forbidding than that of our Western deserts, so often cited as paragons of dreariness, for here, in the most verdant country of the temperate zone, nature seems mori-If a place were chosen to exhibit bund. the first encroachments of that dread final decay that is to reduce the earth to the barrenness of the moon, these blasted hills, with death-mold green upon them, would be more fitting than the stony Sierras. sign of life is seen on them save coarse grass that makes their color dismal, nor is aught heard but the passing of the wind.

Rumbles Moor, a mountain of equal height to that whereon we stand, glowers across a gulf before us, equally bare, and beyond it and on either side, the desolation seems to stretch into infinitude. There is an inward sense of pain, almost of fear, born of the stern indifference of these hills that, it might seem, would take weeks of living or of wandering among them to dispel. Hamerton says of them, that while they lack the energetic character of true mountain form, they have "a certain calm beauty and sublime expression of power in repose that we do not find in loftier ranges;" but the beauty is sphinx-like, and the calmness They are impressive, oppresthat of death. sive and gloomy. Advancing to the crest of the steep northern edge, Haworth is revealed, straggling through the gap below, stony and hard, yet softened by tufts of foliage.

The Brontë parsonage was the highest house in the village, and looked out on the moors with an acre of gravestones in the immediate foreground. On the remarkable women who lived in this lonely house such wild surroundings were of palpable effect. Their home, troubled with a hot-tempered, selfish father and a weak and selfish brother, was not the cheerful refuge that it should have been; therefore, sent to nature for occupation and enjoyment, they absorbed into their minds the sadness and largeness of their surroundings. In the church near the parsonage the Brontës, all but Anne, lie buried; but I gave way to the fancy that on starry nights, when the moors hang threatening above the valley in black masses, when the wind is heard booming over their crests, the sisters wander on the heights they often climbed, survey the tragic landscape, and thrill with inspiration to people it with figures fitting to such romances as they gave to the world in life.

Charles M. Skinner.



How many times has been repeated the jargon "Stuff a cold and starve a fever?" Now, a cold is an inflammation of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the nose, throat and lungs, and with it there is always some fever. So the proverb might read "stuff a fever and starve a fever," which at once reduces our fine proverb to the absurd.

The following proverb indicates a sure cure for hydrophobia: "the hair of the dog will cure the bite." It might act as a preventive against future bites, as the dog would probably have to be killed before it would yield up its hair.

We are counseled to

"After breakfast, sit awhile, After dinner, rest awhile, After supper, walk a mile."

That we should rest awhile after every

meal is good physiological practice.

This has been shown in the physiological experiment which was made with two dogs. Both were fed with the same kind of food! One dog was permitted to sleep quietly, while the other was driven about for a long time. Both were then killed and it was found that the chased dog had not digested any of the contents of his stomach; while the process of digestion had been completed in the stomach of the dog which had been permitted to rest. This shows that our proverb is only two-thirds correct.

Perhaps the most widely accepted of all

the health proverb, is this, that

"Fruit is golden in the morning, Silver at noon, And lead at night."

There are those who will question our right to throw discredit upon a proverb of such respectability as this, and to label it as a superstition. Experience and long observation, however, are a warrant not to set aside, and we know of many people who cannot eat fruit at breakfast and who find it perfectly "golden" at night.

Superstitions in Regard to Approaching Death.

Most of the superstitions in regard to approaching death are so manifestly absurd that it is hardly worth while to dwell upon them.

The following is a curious one about which a correspondent writes as follows:

"I would just a little rather not have my wife raise her parasol in the house under any pretext whatever, because there was a time when I firmly believed, as many still believe, that the raising of a parasol in the house would be followed by a certain death in the family of the person raising the parasol."

The writer also adds: "No matter how great my hurry be, nor how far apart the carriages may be, nor how long the procession, I always find myself impatiently waiting for the last carriage to pass me before I cross a street in which there is a funeral procession. I try to make myself believe that I do this because I think it disrespectful to pass in front of the carriages at a funeral, but, in my secret soul, I have a fear, based on the teachings of a dear but deluded old grandmother that if I pass in front of the carriages in a funeral train, my own body will be carried to the grave ere the year is done."

The insect which is heard in the walls of old country houses, the death-tick, carries terror to the hearts of many, and it is generally believed that dogs howl just before death. Some say that they scent the The most dread of all the odor of death. signs which portend death, and the most generally believed among all classes, are these two; of thirteen at a table, one will die before the year is out, and if a lookingglass is broken, a member of the household will die before a twelve-month passes. happens sufficiently often that one of thirteen people who have sat at a table has passed away in the allotted time to confirm one in this superstition. The origin of the looking-glass superstition had possibly its foundation in the custom of Eastern people, The Chinese use them to ward off evil spirits; if the glass were broken the spirits could work disease, death and destruction. Certain it is, that few people in these United States can see a looking-glass cracked or smashed, without an effect upon the action of the heart, and blanching of the face.

SUMMARY.

We have learned from this study and analysis of the popular superstitions of the past and present relating to health:

rst. That the oldest and most widespread, as well as the most improbable superstitions, had their origin either in the belief of the power of the ill-disposed spirits, by taking up their abode in the human frame or from without to inflict disease nous note, whistling among the reeds and grass and ruffling the pools of peaty water that stagnate in level places. The road appears to terminate on a crest half-a-mile ahead, and nothing is visible but a windy sky beyond it. Evidently we have been climbing all this time. The crest is gained. Lo! a picture of desolation.

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Charles M. Skinner.





Edited by Christine Terhune Herrick.

CHEAP AND GOOD COUNTRY LIVING. No. 1*



HE city housekeeper of small or moderate means envies her country sister her facilities for obtaining eggs, milk, cream and country dainties; the envied one

thinks longingly of the charms of city markets and the variety of food she could obtain at moderate prices. To the woman gifted with housewifely instincts there are few domestic pleasures greater than going through the wellstocked market in the season when vegetables and fruits are abundant, the air is redolent of good things; and there is no greater help to that daily problem, "What shall we have for dinner?" Articles of diet half forgotten in the daily routine of beef and mutton meet her view; vegetables, too, may often be found which are only occasionally in market, and so not thought of until one meets a welcome group at some one stand; and so on. The country housewife has no such pleasures as these, although if she has ever kept house in the city she will remember them with regret, and very often forgets what the city matron would look or thinks she would—on as more compensating advantages.

But even the ideal country home teeming with fruit and yellow cream, eggs and butter—all to be turned by deft hands into daintiest dishes—can hardly be said to offer easier housekeeping than that of the city, for the reason that ample means in these days will bring country luxuries to your door; but the richest of country cousins cannot have the markets with edible treasures from all parts of the country brought to her.

The housekeeper living, we will say, within twenty-five miles or so of a large

city, has her ingenuity taxed to the utmost to provide variety for her table. If hospitable, she is liable to irruptions of city visitors, who come with appetites primed with relish for country fare, who really would be disappointed to get a Delmonico dinner in place of the home-made bread and butter and radishes, curds, cream and fruit, they promised themselves. Well does the hostess know this, and, if wise, she will satisfy herself with catering to that taste and not worry about the product of city markets. I mean she will not, as many do, feel it incumbent to have fish and flesh and fowl for dinner for impromptu city visitors, but reserve that fare for her neighbors, Even the absence of fresh meat need not be regretted, if the typical country fare is only there. say this from a tolerably large experience of suburban life, and knowing also that many will listen impatiently to my words as being devoid of comfort, for the "typical country fare" is as hard to get, or harder, than fare from Washington market.

It may generally be assumed that the residents of suburban towns are really city people, who, for considerations of health or economy in rent or other good reasons, have settled in a country home, and they probably quickly find true what they have so often heard, that, instead of buying fruit and vegetables grown in the vicinity, it all comes from New York, or whatever the city near may be, and consequently there is very little variety. Eggs and butter, too, must be obtained at the grocery.

As for milk and cream, they can always be had for money in New York, but not always here.

The general result is a resignation to circumstances, a resolve to make the best of things as they are, and to depend on importations from the city.

Now I would recommend effort instead of resignation; my experience in more than one instance is, that you will be rewarded.

Do not take it for granted that there is no one who raises vegetables, no one but the butcher who has chickens for sale, etc. Your inquiries have, no doubt, been of those like yourself, who have come into the neighborhood and, not finding any regular means of supply, sought no further. My plan is to extend your inquiries, ask the working people if they know any one who makes butter, or keeps chickens, etc. Stop in your drives at any likely-looking place. At first you may always meet a negative, but very often you will find a farmer's wife who does not make butter for sale, but would not mind letting you have a little instead of putting it down or bartering it at the store, or you will find some one who hasn't eggs enough to make a business of selling, who also sends her overplus to some small barter store; but when she can count on what she has to sell being taken at a fair price, she is more than willing to take it to you instead of to the store.

Of course circumstances alter cases. Your neighborhood may actually be without a single farmer, although quite as often it is well-to-do private people who are willing to sell their overplus, so don't limit your researches to the obviously bucolic inhabitant, who has even on occasion more than he needs. My moral is only this, do not decide that you must do without country luxuries simply because you do not find them brought to your door, or any obvious way of buying them. I knew of one pleasant town where the dwellers in charming villas and cottages could only get fresh vegetables once or twice a week when they came from the city, while their humbler neighbors, living in cheap streets, revelled in the freshest garden produce from the wagon of a truck farmer, who came through the neighborhood twice a week; eggs and butter and ducks and chickens he brought to their doors and sold very much cheaper than the stores. It never occurred to him to go to the fashionable parts for custom.

In this series of papers, however, the suggestions offered will aim at helping all classes of country housekeepers; those who have eggs and cream and chickens in abundance, as well as those who would and could buy them, if they were to be found, and those again who could not.

With a keen memory of the emergencies of early days of country life that were also early days of housekeeping I will try to give ready expedients for the unexpected guest who comes in on warm summer days,

hot and dusty from the train, and quite ready for the cool crisp lunch, which it is well known (see the records of the day), is always on hand in readiness to be served by the neat handed Phillis, who also forms part of the picture.

To the youthful matron unable in the country to see how, in a tiny family there can be any thing to eat in hot weather except eggs—unless it is specially ordered and prepared, on account of the difficulty of preserving food fresh, and to a housekeeper of average resources it is indeed a very difficult question, and as there are a few suggestions which may be useful, we may as well begin with them.

A spring house is indeed a luxury, but is twice a luxury when accompanied by an ice house or a good supply of ice. There is no question however, of ice house or spring house, with the house usually occupied by the city dweller in the country. I would suggest, however, if the intention is to become a permanent resident, that an ice house be one of the first investments made. often one goes into a suburban home as an experiment, and after the experiment has become a success, or at least it is decided that there will be no change for some years, it does not always occur to the new residents to set about making themselves as independent of city conveniences as possible, and so they do not build an ice house. In the same way they do not plant an orchard, because "it will take years to bear fruit," and lo! a few years pass, and the orchard might be in full bearing. Therefore, plant the orchard and build the ice house, however roughly, even if you do change your home and leave the fruit of your forethought for others.

But the fact has to be accepted that the majority of people have no ice house, and many no ice, or a limited supply.

Delightful luxury as ice is, it is a luxury and not a necessity, for the keeping of food. That is to say, a small portion of ice in an average refrigerator will not delay the spoiling of a joint of meat much longer than care and cool fresh air. Of course I am not speaking of meat kept in a refrigerator containing a large mass of ice and only opened for the withdrawal of meat, but of the usual family ice-box, visited every few minutes during the morning for all purposes. Meat kept in the air is very much nicer when cooked than that preserved in the damp atmosphere of an ice box.

The first consideration is pure air as cool

as may be, but pure, for meat will sooner spoil in cool foul air than in that which is Most well aired cellars warm but pure. give what you need; if yours is so built that windows are not opposite each other, it is a matter of very small expense to have a small But an enemy almost as opening made. bad as heat is the fly, and this you must circumvent by the use of hanging safes. have probably a good safe, but even if it is so arranged that you can hang your joint instead of laying it in a dish (the worst of all ways) it will have its own frame to intercept air; it will probably be placed against a wall, and can hardly in any case be near the ceiling in a perfect current of air.

In England, ice is not looked on as a daily necessity, and even those who have ice houses and in large families ice vaults, for the chilling of desserts, beverages, etc., have such a prejudice against its use for meat, fish, etc., that the butcher stores have no ice closets, and the fishmonger is always requested to guarantee that the fish "has not been on ice." When it has poorer and less fastidious people buy it at a lower price. Poor people often buy choice fish in the evening at a nominal price, and salt it slightly or cook it, to keep it for

This is a digression; I meant to say that notwithstanding the lack of ice and the fact that (tradition to the contrary notwithstanding) the English summer has much weather when the thermometer is above 80

degrees, and spells when it reaches 90 degrees in the shade, yet meat spoils no sooner there without ice than here when kept cool by a small quantity. It may be due to something in the atmosphere, but the way I have accounted for it, and it has been a frequent cause of astonishment to me, is that as those who live in cold climates best know how to keep warm, so those who do not use ice best know how to do without.

Conspicuous in every hardware store, and perhaps often a puzzle to the unsophisticated American, is a four-sided lantern-like object hanging from the ceiling, painted dark green and looking exactly like an unusually large street lamp, taken from its post and suspended from the ceiling of the store. Only everywhere that in the lamp would be glass, that is to say, the door and three sides, is wire gauze or perforated tin and the humble housekeeper whose house does not contain the elaborate stone larder arrangements which are used in the houses of the fairly well-to-do, uses these hanging safes, and with them she defies flies and catches the breeze as it sweeps through her cellar or yard or barn. A handy man could make one readily, but as he is too often not around and a good makeshift can be made by the housemistress herself by means of a couple of rattan hoops and some mosquito net, we shall probably be able to defy the blowfly and trap the air with that contriv-Catherine Owen,



'MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS.

(Author's Copyright.)



Chapter IV. AITH soon had her breakfast and lunch arrangements satisfactorily made. Knowing that she must make allowance for occasional storms which might for the time prevent her seeking fresh supplies, she could still have always on hand a sufficient variety of such articles of food as crackers. smoked meats, and sardines. besides fruit and

sweets to make up for other enforced deficiencies. Ordinarily, she needed but to renew her rolls, cakes and eggs every other day, which was also often enough to get fresh sliced ham and tongue, with which she varied her menu.

The daily expedition to Jefferson Market for whatever she desired in the way of fresh meat was sometimes a burden, although the distance was not great. It would have been a pleasant morning walk if she could have made up her mind to go out on that errand alone, but the temptation to include other shopping, or to peep in on some friend by the way was often irresistible. She could not linger by the way, or make a call, while carrying a beefsteak or some chops wrapped up in the inevitable brown paper that seems consecrated to market purposes; and yet to measure her time so as to have space for the market last of all, chafed and disturbed her not a little. There were also many claims for the afternoon of more formal calls or duties, and Faith soon found that she must place some restrictions on her going abroad; that whole days of even pleasant excitement were too wearying for her unaccustomed frame.

Resolving, then, to spend her mornings tranquilly at home, she would go out immediately after lunch, and flit blithely hither and thither to bestow her joyous smiles and pretty little speeches upon the dear old friends who so gladly welcomed her. She would sometimes stop on the way to buy a

book or a new song, which were her pet extravagances; and then, returning in the early twilight, with brightly shining eyes and rosy cheeks, full of charming memories of the fast-fleeting hours, she would come into her warm, cosy room, which seemed so full of rest and comfort, eager to prepare and eujoy with the keen zest of a healthy appetite the dainty little dinner she had provided. With her rapid, well-planned movements, it did not require many minutes to get the meal in readiness.

Her saucepan of water would boil by the time she had removed her hat and cloak and put on the sensible apron, whose generous dimensions so entirely screened her dress from all soiling touch. A spoonful of Liebig's Meat Extract, stirred with the boiling water, with a little pepper and salt, supplied a very palatable and nourishing soup, which she often varied by the addition of tomatoes, rice or other ingredients, when she could spare ten or fifteen minutes for their due cooking.

Not having space or conveniences for extensive culinary operations, Faith did not attempt more than could be easily accomplished. She cared very little for vegetables, whose preparation and cooking often form the principal burden of getting up a dinner. Following her soup with a hot, nicely browned chop or bit of steak, accompanied by stewed tomatoes, some olives or pickles, and a roll; she would even have some crisp lettuce with mayonnaise dressing for a third course. some cake and preserves for the fourth, with This sounds coffee and fruit afterwards. rather pretentious, but a moment's consideration will show how facile its whole execution was, and yet the repast was at once dainty and satisfactorily in accord with Faith's taste, while its cost rarely exceeded thirty cents.

There were days, of course, when she was prevented by the weather from seeking her supplies of food. On such occasions she would either contrive a sufficient dinner from what she had in her room, or, if needing to reserve it all for the next day's breakfast and lunch, she would dine in the restaurant attached to the establishment. There she could have soup, meat of some sort, with a vegetable and a dessert, at a cost of seventy to eighty cents, making

herself some coffee on her return to her room. It was well enough as a necessity; but Faith fretted over the cost that swallowed up the economies of several days, without any tangible advantage.

Once, at the close of a second stormy day, she found herself so nearly destitute of provisions that she resolved desperately on going out to procure what she needed. It still rained, but not very heavily, and with umbrella and overshoes, besides her warm cloak, she knew she could accomplish her errand easily and safely enough. After many experiments, she had found a bakery and restaurant in Clinton Place, where many delicious varieties of cake and rolls were made. Not only was it convenient, but everything was so freshly made and so unusually good that Faith quite delighted in the wide choice afforded her.

Tripping lightly over the wet, well washed pavement, Faith quickly reached her destination, rejoicing in having only one street to cross. As her packages were placed before her, she glanced meditatively at their bulkiness, full of a new notion, rather hungry; she always was when she stayed at home a day or two, strange as the fact might seem. She looked doubtfully at the still falling rain and slowly gathering duskiness, pondering the while over the daring plan of leaving her packages there while she took a passing car to the market, got the chop and lettuce she was pining for, and came back the same way. It was a temptation, but the car-fare would add gravely to her dinner's cost; and she had a faint notion that she might not find the market open.

As Faith paused to duly weigh these questions, she scarcely noticed the people who passed her to take their seats in the restaurant, till two young girls, pushing closely by her side, attracted her attention by their bright faces and joyous laughter. Following them half absently with her eyes, she saw them enter an inner room, through whose open doorway she could see several parties seated at small tables. A new impulse at once sprang into existence in her brain, to which new experiences were ever a keen delight. She would dine here and find out what the capabilities of such a restaurant were in contrast with the more pretentious as well as more expensive ones she had hitherto known. Consigning her parcels to the care of the woman at the counter, she walked, with steady step and an air of perfect unconcern, to the inner room, and sedately took a seat, as though she was quite accustomed to it. Her heart beat faster than usual, however, and she almost felt that its throbbing must be audible as she glanced from one group to another and wondered to see how entirely they ignored her presence—how this innovation upon established custom, as it seemed to her own consciousness, was evidently a matter of course to the others.

Faith's first sense of almost alarm was soon dispelled as she noted how quiet and respectable were all her surroundings. Away from the noise of the street—for the windows of this room looked upon Mercer street, which at that hour was nearly deserted—its fresh muslin curtains, the few neat pictures on the walls, and the clean though unpretending table appointments, gave her a very comfortable impression and soon removed all her doubts. Studying the bill of fare, and keeping in mind the growing lateness of the hour, she hastily ordered some roast beef. with mince pie as a dessert. The price was so trifling—only fifteen cents for the beef and five for the pie—that Faith consoled herself over their possible uneatableness with the reflection that this experience was worth much more as an amusing episode. But she was gravely astonished at the satisfactory result. Two daintily cut slices of tender beef, with brown, fragrant gravy, were served with a large, well-cooked potato, and an abundance of good bread and butter. Her glass of clear ice-water was irreproachable. and the mince pie that followed was remarkably good.

As Faith walked up to the desk and paid her twenty cents, she almost blushed with a sense of shame at the cheapness of her simple little dinner. The people who were constantly coming and going seemed generally of the better sort of workpeople. They were quiet and decent in their ways, too mannerly to stare at so unusual a presence as Faith's, and yet probably not unobservant of Faith's parcels were rather bulky, for she had indulged in many varieties of cake, and instead of rolls she had obtained the luxury of a loaf of bread. Usually a loaf was more than she could manage, but here she found small, round loaves at five cents each, of which she could easily use one in two days.

Hastening home, and quickly putting away her provisions, after changing her dress which seemed a little damp, and replacing her walking shoes with soft easy slippers, Faith sat down in front of her bright fire, and gave herself up to a careful study of the questions before her. Evidently at this very

place where she stopped nearly every evening to purchase food supplies, she could obtain a fairly good dinner at about the same cost as the one she prepared for her-There was not the same variety of It did not include the coffee or other dainty trifles she liked to spread on her own little table. But still, as an occasional variation of her programme, as a resource especially when she was hurrying home after lingering longer than usual with some old-time friend, whose discourse was so temptingly enjoyable, it would be a decided convenience to dine at this quiet restaurant.

It had more than once required an effort for Faith to break away from the unwonted entrancements of social intercourse, and to make a détour by way of Jefferson Market, just to get her needed modicum of meat. She would reach her room then, breathless and hurried, with all the afternoon's pleasant memories dancing bewilderingly about her, and distracting her attention seemingly from the homely duties which just then took on an air of unwonted tediousness. soup, or broiling a chop, would seem too prosaic a task to be tolerated in those moments in which she still seemed to breathe an atmosphere that vibrated with rare intelligence or thrilled with the pulsations of warmly beating hearts.

Faith's own home-life of comparative solitude, that was peopled principally by rare memories and loving thoughts, made her deeply sensitive to all social impressions now. She would sometimes flit through the early twilight, after leaving a friend's house, with a joyous eager step, her heart and brain alike aflame with keen delight, alike throbbing with enthusiastic joy, while her cheeks flushed warmly and her eyes shone like stars. The transition from a spiritual exaltation like this to the consideration not only of merely dining, but of giving her attention first to the preparation of her dinner was too abrupt for Faith's endurance. She was not much accustomed to submitting to any disagreeable experience, having usually ways of deftly contriving an escape whenever it was So now, she leaned back in threatened. her comfortable easy chair, with an air of defiant resolution, as she said half audibly.

"No! that settles it! Whenever I don't feel inclined to get my own dinner, I'll go to that restaurant instead. It is very good for a change, and doesn't cost any more. I am not spending, on an average, more han thirty cents a day; and there's no use in pushing economy beyond that."

"Indeed?" murmured Mrs. Nymscywitch, who had caught these last words as she entered, having vainly knocked several times.

Faith started up to welcome her friend, and soon was pouring into her ear an account of her last experiment.

Mrs. Nymscywitch laughed, and made all the fun she could of it; but in her heart she regarded with admiring amazement the persistence that still faltered not, nor drooped in its fixed resolve.

Mary Crnger.

CHOICE RECIPES.

CREAM BISCUIT.

3 pints of flour.

I teaspoonful of soda.

1 teaspoonful of salt.

Butter the size of an egg.

1-2 pint of sour cream.

Sweet milk sufficient to finish mixing it into rather a soft dough. Mould or cut with a ring. Bake quickly.

HOMINY CAKES.

I quart of fresh milk.

I pint of flour.

1 pint of soft boiled small hominy.

I tablespoonful of lard.

3 eggs well beaten and added last. Bake as buckwheat cakes.

DELICIOUS MUFFINS.

1 quart of flour.
1 pint of milk.

1-2 pint of rich sour cream.

1 teaspoonful of salt.

I level teaspoonful of soda.

Butter, the size of a egg.

7 eggs well beaten and added last. Bake in mussin pans.

GREEN CORN PIE.

1 quart of green corn.

I teacupful of sweet cream.

I heaping tablespoonful of butter.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Select full-grown but tender corn, split the grains the length of the cob and scrape them off. Season with salt and pepper and add the butter melted.

Have ready two nicely stewed chickens, put a layer of corn in a baking dish and then a layer of chicken, and so on until all has been put in the pan, letting the last layer be corn. Pour over it the chicken gravy and the cream, and bake in a moderate oven.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

1 calf's head carefully prepared.

6 slices of nice ham.

1-2 of an onion minced fine.

2 stalks of celery chopped up.

1-4 pound of butter rubbed in flour.

1 pint of Madeira wine.

1-2 teacup of rice.

sprig of thyme.

I teaspoonful each of mace, allspice and

cloves, cracked up.

Put to boil steadily, in two gallons of water. I.et it boil seven hours, skimming well all the time. Remove the meat just before putting into the tureen, and pour into the soup one pint of the best Madeira wine. Serve with force meat balls.

FORCE MEAT BALLS.

Chop up exceedingly fine, cold chicken, veal, or tender beef, season highly with a sprig of thyme and one of best marjoram, chopped fine, half-a-teaspoonful of finely pounded allspice, a saltspoonful of mustard, one thin slice of onion finely minced, as much bread crumbs as you have meat, salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with one or two raw eggs, mix thoroughly and make into

little balls, flour them and fry them brown, and drop into the tureen just as it is ready to go to the table.

Anna Alexander Cameron,

TO OPEN CLAMS.

Wash the shells clean in clear water. Lay them in a wooden bowl on the cellar floor. When ready to open, take them up very gently and slip a knife between the shells. They will open readily. The secret lies in opening them when they are asleep, in a relaxed condition.

COTTAGE CHEESE.

Cottage cheese is made of butter-milk. If loppered milk is used heat, and drain thoroughly through a flannel bag and mix with sweet cream and salt to taste. Made the right way it is not a sour, clayey mass, but sweet and inviting.

J. H.

CLAM PUDDING.

Steam 25 or 30 clams, saving the liquor. Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, then a layer of clams, then one of potatoes, another of clams, and so on till the dish is full, finishing with potatoes. Sprinkle each layer with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Thicken the liquor with a little flour, add a piece of butter and pour this sauce over the pudding until the dish is about two-thirds full. Dot the top layer with bits of butter, and bake covered in a moderate oven for one hour.

MRS. HARRISON'S BLANC-MANGE.

1 qt. cream,

I pt. milk,

1-2 lb. sugar,

1 lb. almonds—blanched and chopped,

I blade mace,

2 inch piece cinnamon,

I teaspoonful rose water.

One box gelatine, dissolved in the pint of milk.

Put all together over the fire in a double boiler, and stir until it thickens. Set to form in one large or two small moulds.

DISH WASHING AS A FINE ART.



HEN there comes a vision of a sink of dishes, piled in unclean disorder—a pan half-full of luke-warm water of non-descript color, on which grease

is floating and through which crumbs are swimming—and around the sides of which grease has collected in most unpleasant thickness—there seems no possible connection between dish-washing and Fine Art.

Let me give my way.

When the table is to be cleared, take a twoquart pail, such as lard comes in, gather into it all the small silver, in an orderly manner-putting the bowls of spoons and blades of knives down. If you want to be very particular and not have these scratched, lay your forks on a small salver, to be put Take this pail to in after the other silver. your sink and fill with very hot water, shaking the little soap-shaker—which I hope you all have—through it a moment—then leave it while you gather up glass-ware and cups Now, taking a case-knife and saucers. from the kitchen, as the next process would injure more or less a silver knife—scrape every scrap and crumb from plates, etc., into an old plate or tin, kept for the purpose, though washed after each using.

Pile the dishes neatly in your sink, or on your table. Pour some hot water in your dish-pan and through this quickly and deftly rinse your glasses, wiping each as you take it from the pan; they will need no soap, and their brilliance will delight your heart. If you have silver tea or coffee pots and creamer, serve them the same way, avoiding the use of soap, rubbing quickly with a soft towel. You will find they will not tarnish as quickly or need as much polishing as

soap-washed pieces will.

Now you are ready with the little mopon which I must insist—to wash off the greasy pieces which have been soaking in your pail, laying them in your pan and wiping them as soon as all are out of the pail. You will now find the water, if very hot when poured on, still warm enough to rinse off with your little mop your cups and saucers. These you leave in your pan; add some hot water

to the pail and rinse in the same way the grease from plates and other dishes. soap and more hot water to the pan; wash the dishes and put them in a rinsing pan; pour clear hot water over them, and you will find your dishes smooth and clean. There will be no greasy dish pans and the water will be in good condition for pot and kettle washing. As I never allow these to get black on the bottoms, I wash them as I · do the dishes. Now, don't empty the little pail in the sink or half the charm is spoiled, as it is full of all uncleanness. Throw this away, that it may not stop up the drains or grease your sink and pans. In the country it would be added to the barrel kept for the Pour the water from your pan into the pail, and wash it and the little mop free from grease, after which wash them in your pan, rinse and hang up. Always rinse as well as wash your pots and kettles. I have seen them wiped right out of the soap water, which is not cleanly or healthful. All this told, seems longer than the old way—the bad old way—but really takes less time, as there is no trouble with grease, and dishwashing becomes a positive pleasure, unless you are too tall for your sink, in which case you must have a little rack or stool, which you could make yourself by nailing together two narrow strips of board, and stand your pans on this, If the sink is too high for you, place the same contrivance on the floor and stand on it.

If you have only the silver and china cups to wash, the same process with a tray for draining, a tiny wooden tub for the pan, and the same tin pail will make you feel that the waste places of common life have become glad and the desert blossomed as the

Rachel.

TWO USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

If any one has had the trouble that I used to have in attempting to keep pickles under brine, she will doubtless rejoice to know how to outgeneral these irrepressible objects.

No matter what pains I took to submerge them by means of plate, crossed sticks, and rock, up they would rise like so many rebellious corks, get water-logged, and have to be thrown away. I am of a practical turn of mind, and like to think out modes of escape from some of the small snares that beset a housekeeper; but the pickle problem remained unsolved until a summer when cucumbers were very scarce, and one looked on their destruction

with anything but equanimity.

The keg in which I had put them in brine was smaller at the top than anywhere else, hence I could only get a small circular board in it, too small in circumference to prevent the cucumbers from escaping from under it. As I beheld the inflated objects time after time encircling the outer rim of the board, and knew that one after another they would all be ruined, suddenly a solution of the difficulty presented itself to me in the shape of a thin white cotton bag that lay near.

I put all the survivors into the bag, tied a string down close to them, and plunged bag and all beneath the brine, with board and rock accompaniment, bidding "a long goodnight" to further difficulty respecting pickles

in brine.

I put up a quantity of pepper mangoes every year, and the peppers were as irrepressible as life preservers. They could not be induced to stay under the brine, but the bag reduces them to order, and nothing need spoil, from the "tiniest Tim" up the

whole list of things pickled.

Another very useful bit of knowledge came to me by accident. I was busy attending to a heavy day's canning of tomatoes when a friend sent me three bushels of apples. I sent a large hamper to the wagon for them to be put in, and when they were brought into the kitchen I had the hamper set under a table that stood on the floor. The messenger said nothing of anything else being in the basket, and as I was busy with the tomatoes all of the next day I did not touch the apples.

The weather was insufferable, the thermometer never lower than a hundred. The kitchen was not large, and "a No. 8" cooking stove was within four feet of the basket of apples. A fire was made in the stove at daylight; and not allowed to go down until night, then as the room was closed it must

have remained very warm all night.

On the second day in the afternoon I began to get out some of the apples to peel, and in so doing I came across the corner of a white linen cloth. In a flash it came to me that my country friend had sent me a piece of fresh meat, as she did sometimes. Of course I was satisfied that it was hope-

lessly spoiled, and only wondered that it had not betrayed itself. I unpacked the apples from around it, unrolled the cloth, and there, sure enough, was a superb quarter of mutton just as sweet and fresh as the day it had been sent!

It had been so completely buried in the apples that every particle of air was excluded, and the meat was in perfect condition. I learned a useful lesson that I have profited

by ever since.

My refrigerator has not been a basket of apples, however, but a box of grain wheat, oats, peas, beans, or shelled corn. I always sprinkle salt on fresh meat, wrap it in a coarse towel, then roll it up in a large cloth—an old sheet is excellent for this purpose. This is to keep any of the moisture from getting on the grain. Plunge the meat so deep that it is entirely hidden five or six inches under the grain. In this way it will keep perfectly sweet for several days. When you have no ice it is the only way to keep meat in perfect condition.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Scorch can be removed from clothing by

simply hanging it in the hot sun.

Oil the sewing machine with kerosene, run the machine for a minute to distribute the oil upon the bearings, and oil again with machine oil. The kerosene will clean and supplement the action of the thicker oil.

"Now, Bridget, please tell me why you persist in burning all the broken bread?"

Bridget, detected in her act of wilful

waste, stammered:

"Indade, thin, mum, it is only my kind heart, a wanting to feed some poor soul through purgatory!"

Dry all broken bits of bread in a cool oven. Roll finely with a rolling-pin and store in a covered receptacle.

A thin gossamer under-vest is a comfortable garment to wear under all-wool under-

wear.

J. H.

SQUASH OR PUMPKIN PUDDING.

Prepare the pumpkin or squash as for pies, strain through a sieve and bake in a pudding dish. Add a meringue top if desired. This makes a delicate dessert for those who cannot indulge in pastry.

CANES AND HUSKS



DMIRABLE

imitations of the beautiful and expensive Japanese portieres, made of bamboo and glass beads, may be devised by those readers of The Home-Makem who live in the South, without much trouble and at a trifling outlay.

In the fall gather a quantity of

the common canes that grow on the low banks of a "branch" or in marshy ground. Gather also a quantity of the balls or burrs of the sweet-gum, and store them in a dry place.

For a portière for a door-way, select portions of canes that are one-half or threeeighths of an inch in diameter, and cut them into lengths of four inches, rejecting

all pieces that contain a joint.

When the sweet-gum balls are dry, a portion of them may be gilded with the bright bronzes so popular in fancy work, using only one bronze on a ball, and keeping the several colors separate. Then take a narrow strip of firm cloth, tape or braid, the width of the doorway in which it is proposed to hang the portière, as a foundation. Thread a needle with fine strong macrame twine, cut a little longer than the desired length of the portière. Fasten one end of this to one end of the strip of cloth or tape. Then string the bits of cane with a sweetgum ball between each piece, ending with a ball at the bottom. Use the plain balls for the ground-work and the gilded ones for a pattern.

A zig-zag or Grecian key of several graduated colors makes a very pretty border for top or bottom, and with a simple design in squares or diamonds for the center, is easily

worked.

If accessible, the genuine Japanese designs

may be copied with advantage..

The portière thus made will be durable and decorative.

The smaller pieces of cane may be used

to form short screens to break the long lines of a very high window that is not softened by drapery, or to stretch across the opening of a bay. These pieces may be cut in lengths of two or three inches. The sweetgum balls are too large to be used with these, and kernels of common field corn may be substituted with a very good effect. Of course the corn should be pierced with a needle while soft. By using yellow, red and blue corn, some variety of color may be produced; but the yellow should predominate.

For a double doorway, where one-half is in constant use while the other is kept closed, a pretty device is to make a portière for the closed portion extending to the floor, while that over the remaining half is short, coming down only to about six feet trom the floor. A few graduated strands should soften the junction of the long and short portions of

this portière.

Any firm, durable reed may be substituted for the canes.

Very few persons are aware of the many decorative uses of corn husks.

With skilful manipulation a bunch of husks may rival a Japanese fan in giving the bit of color or in hiding a weak spot in the wall, or in breaking a long line.

The ear should be carefully removed and two or three whorls of husk left attached to

a piece of stem.

The outer whorl of each may be tinted, irregularly, with any oil color diluted with

turp entine.

The rich dull old colors, or several gradations of the same, are preferable. Tie three or four of these husks, carefully selecting the tints, and pin on the wall in lien of a fan. A ribbon may be used to tie them or an invisible wire; often the latter is best. These bunches may be used in many other ways, and a fertile fancy will take pleasure in inventing uses and decorations.

A long slender bag of thin muslin, as nearly the shape of an ear of corn as possible might be made, filled with cotton and sachet powder, and inserted in the htusk. Such a sachet would be as novel as t is beautiful. Or a silken bag might be made, filled with dainty little comfits and put in the place of the ear. Who would not enjoy pushing back the dry covering and finding

the hidden sweets?

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.

CORRESPONDENCE.

N ANSWER to your appeal in behalf of H. H. the "puzzled householder," I am glad to inform him through your columns that by writing to The Indiana Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., for the recipe of L. A. B. for canning strawberries and following the same recipe for all fruits and vegetables, he will be successful. sent my number containing the recipe to a friend, and as it is the property of the Farmer I am not at liberty to rewrite it. Every prominent periodical needs tested recipes for the canning in glass so that the natural flavor shall be retained of all fruits and vegetables. It is really disgusting to me to see a fine peach, plum, apricot, etc., so stewed in a spiced syrup, that the beautiful, natural color and delicious flavor are entirely lost, and one can scarcely tell whether she is partaking of nectarines or pears. By the time H. H. procures the desired recipe it will be too late to be of benefit this year, but he will be prepared for next season. If he is not successful, he will be the first failure.

For the benefit of those who are not averse to using tin for vegetables, I will offer the following mode of canning. Fill your tin quarts as full as possible with your vegetables, then solder air-tight. Place in a wash boiler, with enough water in the bottom to last a good hour. Put on the lid of the boiler and steam evenly and gently for one hour, take out and with an awl punch a hole in the top of the can and let out the steam, then solder the hole carefully. Have you never noticed that your cans from the grocer always have a little spot of

solder on them?

This is an excellent mode of canning corn. Tomatoes should always be canned in glass. I often take my tomatoes (which I can whole and as large as my glass quarts will receive) slice them and prepare as I would those fresh from the vines. A friend dining with me one Christmas day wanted to know how I managed to have fresh tomatoes in Winter. Another thing that is important in keeping fruits, vegetables and jellies from moulding is to have the jars and glasses full. Never put the tops on jelly glasses until the jelly cools, so that there will be no steam. Have the glasses full and brandy papers will be unnecessary. Jelly is best kept in a cool,

dry, fruit closet out ot the cellar, take fruit into the cellar the day it is canned, but wait several days. Be sure the jars are clean and dry on the outside before removing them to the cellar. Wishing H. H. success, I remain,

E DITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER.—I was much interested in the letter of was much interested in the letter of "H. H," from Norfolk. Va., who expresses exactly the difficultes which have overtaken me for some time. I spoke of this not long ago to the proprietor of a well-known canning establishment, and he assured me that it was impossible to get the degree of heat by ordinary domestic processes necessary to entirely exclude the air in putting up vegetables, which are much harder than fruit.

It occurred to me that you might suggest this to "H. H," who seems to resent the "secrecy and mystery" of canning factories, when he perhaps cannot command the apparatus necessary to success.

M. C.

Bermuda Hundred, Va.

STICKY CANS.

E DITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER: Will you please tell me, through the columns of The Home-Maker, of some sure test of the air-tight fruit jars, to determine whether or not they are air-tight? have tried everything I know about, yet some of my last summer's fruit was spoiled because the jars were not air-tight, and most of the jars have a ring of juice on the shelf of the cupboard under them, and a general stickiness on the sides of the jars. the first year that I ever have had this trouble, and if I can find out which jars it will be safe to use next summer, I wish to do

We watch for the coming Home-Maker every month most anxiously, and enjoy it when it comes very much.

Yours sincerely,

This department is gladly thrown open to contributors who can suggest answers to the foregoing vexed question.

Eds. THE HOME-MAKER.

MORE ABOUT CANS.

The experience of "H. H.," given in the August Home-Maker, in failing to can vegetables, recalls my own trials in that line.

My efforts were confined to preserving tomatoes and okra, for winter soups.

I used the Mason glass can. As "H. H." states, at the end of a week the cans invariably burst with a loud report, and the contents decorated floor and ceiling.

I finally left the tops a trifle loose, and then watched them daily. When fermenta-

tion began I rescalded the contents of the can, thoroughly boiling it before returning to a fresh can.

After filling it quite full I carefully covered the opening over with salt, a quarter of an inch thick. I then screwed down the hol top as tightly as possible, tightening it as the can cooled. The majority of the cans treated in this way kept, but many fermented a second time.

I lacked courage to repeat these experiments.

H. C. W.

SOUTHERN HOME LIFE.

"Befo' de Wah."



HE SOCIAL life of any community takes its color from outside surroundings, from the form of government, existing institutions, climate, and a host of things which at first glance seem to have little bearing upon it. The South is no exception to the Taking a backward glance through the century, we find there an agricultural people, living in a warm, enervating climate, with the curse of slavery hanging like a millstone around their necks. Fortunately for the North, slavery had been found there to be unprofitable and had been abandoned; unfortunately for the South, it seemed specially adapted to her needs, and had been retained as her peculiar insti-It was a gigantic institutution. tion; its shadow was broad, and wherever it fellwe have "the South" whether it be on the lagoons of Louisiana or the blue grass region of Kentucky — on the swamps of Florida or the prairies of Missouri.

Among the people of different parts of the South there was a similarity in customs, manner of living, style of architecture, and forms of speech, that is remarkable when we consider the wideness of the separation. Between Missouri and Illinois flows only the Mississippi, but it suffices to mark a difference between the people that not all the State of Kentucky, with the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge thrown in, has made between Missouri and Virginia. I read Thomas Nelson Page's stories in Virginia dialect, and I can hear the very words from the mouth of my old black mammy in Missouri.

We used to have in Missouri, as long ago as I can remember, a curious fashion of cleaning the yards. The leaves were left on the ground during the winter, ostensibly to protect the grass, and in the spring we had a general "cl'arin" up" time. The negroes would cut switches about a yard long and tie them together in bundles. These were to be used as brooms. Then we would all get in a line at one end of the yard and sweep and switch with a flourish of weapons that was most delightful as I look back to it, but which I think must have involved some backache. Why in the world we didn't take a rake and rake up the leaves I cannot imagine, except that we always took the hardest way to do everything.

I don't think I had thought of this for twenty years, until a year ago, from a car window, I saw the same procession, with the same kind of brooms filing across a yard in Alabama!

The people of the South, before the war, might have been divided into three classes. These classes did not, as in some parts of our country, shade into each other by those imperceptible gradations which make it impossible to tell where one class begins and another ends, but they were sharply defined. They were the slaveholders, the poor whites and the negroes. Miss Murfree, in her sketches, "In the Tennessee Mountains," graphically portrays this second class, styled by the negroes "po' white trash." Words are inadequate to express the contempt of the negroes for these people. To say that a thing was "po'-folksy" was to say the worst that could be said against it; to intimate that a family were "po'-white-folks" was to settle their social standing in a word. Understand, it had little reference to the state of the purse. A man might have accumulated considerable property and be '. po'-white-folks" still, while one of the other class might be as poor as poverty and be in no danger of losing caste. The poor whites were ignorant, illiterate, and shiftless, making no effort to better their condition. because satisfied with it; but they had one redeeming trait—they would share the last crust of corn bread with a stranger, and make him welcome to it.

The lives of the other two classes were so intermingled that to give one is to give the other. I could not separate them if I would. I would not if I could. At Mount Vernon, Monticello, and Montpelier, the homes of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, one finds examples of the style of living among old aristocratic Virginia families. These are open to the nation. There were thousands like them. There was no attempt at display—little even at ornament everything was plain and substantial, many of the conveniences that we consider essential to happiness were lacking; but within those walls a royal hospitality was dispensed that would put to shame many a stylish mansion with all the modern improvements and closed

The people lived far apart; they must needs go away from home for society; so it came about that parties visiting and feasting for weeks at a time became a feature of Southern life. The domestic arrangements favored the custom. It is easy to be hos-

pitable when Uncle Billy stands ready to take the horses, and Aunt Cindy to wring the chicken's necks, and Sally to make the fires in the bedrooms, and Nancy to re-set the table, and all are in a state of unmixed delight at having company. The houses were often too small to accommodate the guests, but beds were made down on the floor for the family, as they were needed, and it was a poor kind of hospitality that could not put itself out for a visitor.

The typical Southern house was not a thing of beauty, A large double porch in front; a broad hall in the middle with rooms twenty feet square on each side, above and below, with capacious chimneys on the outside; an ell running back the depth of two or three rooms with a porch extending the whole length—and you have the Southern house. The rooms were always large and seldom had closets. Our house had two—both in one room—and was esteemed a marvel of convenience in this respect. Wardrobes were used in the bed-rooms instead

On one side of the hall was the parlor; on the other, the family room. This room, called by the good old name of "mother's room," generally had a bed in it, but in a room twenty feet square one could easily put a bed in one corner and then have a good sitting-room left. Many families in the country used the back porch for a diningroom during the summer. Carpets were not held in high repute at this season, matting being used instead. In my grandmother's time the floors were always waxed and rubbed every morning. Some old families clung to the custom for years after most persons had discarded it, but it went out altogether during Mr. Lincoln's administra-

Back of the house, at a safe distance from it, was the kitchen, with a puncheon walk leading to it. It was very inconvenient to have the kitchen three or four rods from the house, but nobody thought so—they all thought they could not endure the odor of the cooking any nearer—and certainly marvels of hot bread came from that kitchen—he waffles never failed on account of the weather, and the broiled chickens were always piping hot.

Back of the kitchen were "mammy's house," the spring-house, the ice-house, the smoke-house, the hen-house, and sometimes, but rarely, the wood-house. But there was a standing "wood-pile." Farther off was the stable (we never called it a barn), and,

in the distance, the gin-house, the sugarhouse, or the tobacco-barn, as the case might be. At some distance from the house were the "quarters," a collection of log-cabins for the hands. Even the negroes had their aristocracy, the house-servants considering themselves much in advance of the field-hands, as, indeed, they were. As one comes North the plantation becomes a farm. the tobacco-barn takes the place of the ginhouse, and the quarters dwindle down to a few cabins called by the names of the owners, "Aunt Cely's house," "Aunt Nancy's house." All elderly and middle-aged negroes were called "uncle and aunt," even by the heads of the house.

In each family there was one elderly woman known as "mammy," who had the general oversight of the white children and was next to the mother in their hearts. Under her was a nurse, or playmate, rather, for each child—who became in time her maid, and, still later, "mammy" to her children. So it went from one generation to another, and between "mammy" and "mistis's chil'n" there existed a feeling of which those who have only had hired servants can form no conception,

Caroline H. Stanley.

(To be continued.)



HORSEBACK RIDING.



b amusement is better calculated to keep a woman in good health and spirits than horseback exercise. What is more invigorating than a brisk gallop in the park or down free countrylanes

in the coolness of the early morning? The exercise sends the blood rushing through the veins, brings the glow of health to the pallid cheek, brushes the cobwebs from the brain, giving a renewed impetus to thought.

There are several things requisite in an expert horsewoman; a goodly amount of courage, considerable strength, as well as tact, and an even temper. Courage is a sine qua non, as a horse easily recognizes the touch of a timid hand, and will undoubtedly take advantage of it. Strength is often necessary to hold a spirited or hard-mouthed animal and tact is better still.

You will wonder why I mention an even temper, but it is well to understand that horses, like children, must be governed by affection as well as reason; naturally a per-

son who is subject to fits of ill-temper is neither just nor reasonable, and horses are as sensitive to kindness as people. They have also as many different characteristics as people, and while some may be governed by affection, others need the discipline of the whip and spur.

In another important respect horses are like children, and that is in their aptitude to learn bad tricks; once formed, it is exceedingly difficult to cure them, and injudicious riders can spoil the gaits and dispositions of a horse after mounting him a few times.

I knew a lady, who always on purchasing a riding horse, would teach him to rear violently and paw the air. Naturally the habit struck terror into the hearts of the majority of her friends, and it was seldom that any one had the desire to mount the vicious-looking beast. The lady explains it in this wise:

"Living in the country, as I did, I had a great many visitors, all of whom were wild to learn how to ride. My horse was always the best on the place, and every one wanted him. The consequence was that in a little while he contracted such disagreeable tricks that it was no longer a pleasure to ride him. I deter-

mined that hereafter my horse should not serve as a convenience for my guests who understood nothing about his management; so the next one I bought I trained in this way, and have found it an excellent idea, as it makes every one afraid of him."

To those who are not versed in the ways of costuming for the saddle, a little wholesome advice may not be amiss. The first rule to be observed is simplicity, and an elaborately trimmed habit is an abomination. No ornamentation is admissible save a little braid or a few buttons. The beauty of the garment should depend upon the excellence of the cut and the fineness of the The bodice should fit smoothly, without a wrinkle, and to accomplish this the waist should not be too long, as the sitting posture is apt to create wrinkles. It should be worn over a riding corset of buckskin, which is extremely short, and comes for the purpose. They will be found much more comfortable than the usual long corsets, stiffly whaleboned.

Some ladies wear a band of stout linen, similar to the Greek cestus, merely to sustain the bust. The sleeves should be of the coat shape and the entire waist tailor finished. like a man's coat, buttoning with unconspicuous buttons, like the material. Some ladies prefer the coat buttoned up to the chin, and above the high officer's collar they wear a narrow band of starched linen, the sleeves at the wrist being similarly fin-

others like a gentleman's shirt front, a standing collar, and a four-in-hand tie. When this is the case, the bodice is made with lappels so that it can be worn high or low at will.

The skirt should be scanty, and just long enough to cover the feet. A secret known to the tailors is the neat cut of the pouch sewed into the front of the habit so that it strikes on slightly below the knee when in a standing position. The reason of cutting out the cloth and setting in the little patch is to ensure perfectness of fit and remove all fullness. Of course no underskirts whatever are permissible, but instead are worn trousers made like a man's, of cloth the color of the habit. Sometimes they extend to the ankle, and are strapped down over the shoes; others are buttoned at the knee and met by a dainty pair of patent leather boots.

One of the materials most in vogue is the finished Jersey cloth, which possesses vantage of giving with every movethus ensuing a snug fit and good wear. Broadcloth and lady's cloth are always popular, and for stormy days many ladies have an outfit of mixed tweed or cheviot. For inclement weather English women have adopted a ventilated jacket and apron which is waterproof, and protects the habit admirably.

The hat should be a rather low-crowned silk beaver, or an English Derby, the former being preferable for park riding. Sometimes a veil is wound round about the crown, but it is more stylish without it. If a veil is worn over the face it should be small, and of black dotted net or grenadine. The hair should be very plainly dressed, and above all well secured by hair pins, or it is apt to become loosened and present an un-The gloves must be tidy appearance. gauntlets of yellow, drab or whitewash leather, or short, buttoned gants de Suede, in tan, grey or black. The handkerchief should not be tucked in the breast, but placed in the saddle pouch.

In fact the acme of elegance is to make the whole equestrian outfit resemble as nearly as possible that of a man. American ladies are not as well dressed in the saddle as the English, who pay greater attention to detail. A perfect fit and immaculately white linen and a stylish hat are requisite. A woman, to make a good appearance, should be graceful and well versed in horsemanship.

Nothing shows off a fine figure to such advantage as a riding habit, and many women look much better in this simple attire than in all the gorgeousness of a ball or dinner dress.

The modern riding costume is so perfectly adjusted to the figure that there is not a suspicion of undue fullness, and many a woman lifts up her skirts by means of a tape that loops on to a button on the bodice. She then puts on a Newmarket and walking hat, and dons her beaver on arriving at the riding school, It is quite the custom for girls thus equipped to go out in the cars to the park, the costume looking exactly like an ordinary walking dress.

To gracefully mount a horse is a matter of training, and it should be practiced in the seclusion of the back yard or stable, prior to giving a public exhibition. I knew of a girl once who was so much afraid that she would not leap high enough, that she vaulted clear over the saddle and landed on the other side, much to her chagrin. Others make sundry little hops before succeeding, and this is almost as ridiculous.

The groom should stand at the horse's



head, holding the bridle just below the bit. The lady should take the reins in her right hand, in which she also holds her whip, and grasp the pommel at the same time; then she must place her left hand on the gentleman's shoulder, and put her left foot in his palm, then bend the right knee, spring up erect on the left foot, and she can then seat herself easily in the saddle.

To dismount is a much more simple matter. In that case the lady removes her foot from the stirrup, disengages her knee from the crotch, and supports herself by laying her left hand on her escort's shoulder. He should place his arm lightly about her waist as she springs easily to the ground.

It is permissible for a lady to use a spur, which can be buckled on to the boot, passing through a slit made in the skirt. Most ladies prefer a whip, and it is correct to have the handle as ornate as desired. Many have handles of repoussé gold or silver encrusted with gems or a jeweled monogram. The whip should be held in the right hand, but it must not be used in starting the horse, as it is not considered good form. A motion of the foot against the side is all that is necessary.

The mooted question as to on which side a lady's escort should ride, has never been satisfactorily settled; the advocates of each fashion having many arguments in support of their choice. In this country the preference is the right side. Most lady's like this style, as it shows off the figure to better advantage.

Those who follow English modes ride on the left, asserting, in case of an accident, they can grasp a lady's bridle rein with the right arm.

There is no immutable rule to be observed, one method being quite as correct as the other.

Riding is becoming as popular in America as it has long been in England, and every lady should know something about it. For those in large cities, where there are riding schools, these hints are unnecessary, but to those in small towns, which do not boast of this convenience, they may prove of some use.

By all means teach the girls to ride, for to this healthful exercise is due much of the robust health and longevity of English women.

Countess Annie de Montaigu.

QUEER CUSTOMS.



HAT an impudent fellow that Zulu is!"

"Why?"
"Why, he squats down while we are asking him questions before engaging him as our servant, instead of respectfully standing be-

fore us."

"I assure you," said Dr. J., of Stanger, who had kindly helped us to get a Zulu as guide and servant to go with us to Ekowe to see Cetywayo, "that it would be thought exceedingly insolent if he stood before you, for then, according to Zulu ideas, he would be your equal, but by squatting on the ground, he shows that he is your inferior, for he is beneath you."

This Zulu, who was named "Masheban," turned out to be a very good sort of fellow. He had once served for a short time in the police force, but had now left that post, carrying away with him weighty honors in the shape of a huge great coat with a couple

of plated buttons at the back.

Such was his vanity that in spite of the great heat and the rate he had to run in following us (who were riding) on foot, he could not resist the pleasure of exciting the envy and admiration of the villagers by the sight of this marvellous coat. So with his assegai (spear) and knob kerrie (club) in one hand, our luggage in the other. and this heavy, clumsy coat on his back, he ran after us for miles. However, whenever we halted for a rest, the august mantle was discarded, and Masheban squatted down with nothing on but his moutcha,* the only clothing except bangles, usually worn by Zulus.

Crouching before superiors is universal in

the East in various forms.

When I was presented to the Queen of Siam, I found her maids of honor (all of whom were ladies of high rank) on all fours, waiting outside her room, and when her brother was showing us over the palace, every one in passing dropped down on his hands and knees, a few yards before he reached us, and crawled past, after which he got

up again and went on as usual. But the most ridiculous sight was when we had afternoon tea with the Kromatah (Secretary of State), for the servants came crawling into the rooms with the trays, holding the teacups and saucers, &c., and presented them to us, crouching all the time.

The other day we went to see three of the old King of Burmah's queens, and although they were our state prisoners, and did not live in royal style, all their attendants, and even their own nephews, were crouching on

the ground before them.

King Theebaw was very particular on this score, and even when the English Resident at Mandalay, or any other Englishman of position came to see him, the visitor had to squat on the floor before "His Golden-Footed Majesty," and tuck his feet under him so that they could not possibly be seen. It would have been considered the height of insolence if he had allowed the royal eyes to behold any particle of the soles of his feet. In this most uncomfortable position the King of Burmah would often keep his foreign guests for hours.

So determined was Theebaw that the European visitors should be properly humbled in his palace, that the door by which they had to enter was made so low that they were obliged to crawl into the room. And yet it is only a few years ago that travellers of position would bribe the ministers with hundreds of rupees for the privilege of such

an interview.

It is the custom in the East, especially among Mahometans, for native servants to leave their slippers outside before entering a room, but they never remove their hats; in fact, it would be considered a great insult to the master and mistress for the servant to appear before them without his turban.

In Ceylon, if a native wants to attract the attention of any one, instead of beckoning as we do, he waves his hand as if he wished the person to go away from him; and if he wants to send any one away, such as a beggar, he makes just the same movement with his fingers as we make when calling to them to come to us.

In saying good bye to our Chinese servant at Bangkok, I was much surprised and amused when, upon offering my hand to him, instead of taking it, he shook his own

^{*}Apron of dried skins, one foot square.

with great fervor. I did not then know the Chinese method of hand-shaking.

The West Africans have a funny way, after shaking hands, of pinching your middle finger with their own middle fingers and thumbs.

In one part of Africa whenever the chief of the country sneezes, every member of the court present has to do the same.

Mrs. David Ker.



OUR BOYS' POLITICS.



NOTHER new liquor saloon!" exclaimed a mother recently. She was walking the streets of a city in which neither "high license" nor "prohibition" prevailed. Her little son, eight years old, held her hand.

"One more place," she continued, "to tempt poor men to spend their money foolishly and perhaps make drunkards of them."

The child looked at the gay front of the drinking-place with an expression of angry concern gathering upon his eager little face. At last he burst forth with, "What do they let'em do it for? Ain't there any Christians in Congress?"

It was plain that ideas of law and restraint—of the difference between good rulers and bad rulers, good government and bad government—were struggling for form and coherence in the child's mind. The mother seized her opportunity. She explained briefly some of the evils of the saloon—what "high license" meant and "prohibition," and something of the arguments which are advanced on each side; how nearly all good

people are agreed, that the drinking saloon is a great evil; and how the only disagreement is regarding the means of suppressing it; how the liquor-men are earnest in politics, while

the temperance men are often too busy with their own affairs to look after legislation; how rich the rum-power is, compared with the other side; how voters are bribed by the richer faction, and sometimes, alas! by the poorer; and as many of the details of the matter as the boy seemed to want to hear.

He listened with avidity and asked many intelligent questions. He had received a lesson in politics which he did not forget, as his chance remarks showed for months afterward. This lesson was followed up by others, given whenever the child seemed to be ready to listen, for it is only when the mood is on him that it is worth while to talk with a boy on serious subjects.

The mother was determined that if live men get opinions, as boys learn to spell, "by reiteration chiefly," she would see to it that her boy formed opinions which she be-

lieved to be right.

Every one has remarked the interest of nearly all boys in politics. It is a part of their nature, yet how many parents are there who take the trouble to properly direct their interest? It may be safely asserted that there are very few.

This is not surprising, for fathers usually have very little time in which to talk with their children upon any subject, while mothers are, as a rule, ignorant of political matters, and even think it proper to glory in their ignorance. The boys are likely therefore to gain the idea which prevails extensively, but perhaps unconsciously, that politics is a thing apart, that the laws which govern gentlemen in their ordinary intercourse are not to be applied to it, and that what would be lying and stealing and begging in a shop or in a household, are legitimate and even necessary methods in politics.

There has no way been discovered, so far as we know, by which children can be given correct views of life,—whether it be of life's decimal fractions, life's social amenities, or the government of life and lives, -but by, first, implanting in their minds correct ideas of the object and its relations; and, second, by the incessant repetition and illustration of those ideas until the child is fairly saturated with the proper thoughts. The young of the human race are born, so far as their actions permit us to judge, without a proper bias in any direction,—in fact, with a very strong bent toward depravity. With them, in every department of right culture, it is "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little."

The education of our boys in the first principles of politics is just as important in America as grounding them in the first principles of anything else. Nobody doubts nowa-days that first principles are the most important part of the whole education. the mother devolves chiefly the instruction which her children get in these first principles. Yet how many mothers are there who, while bewailing the corruption of politics and the "horrid men" who are too likely to hold our offices, are making it clear to their boys day by day what their own course should be in relation to their government? Every thoughtful man and woman must have been filled with anxiety during the past ten years for the very existence of our government, such is the demoralization of politics. men are too old to be reformed, even if they cared to be. They have no time, and far too little inclination, to undertake the training of their sons in this direction, but the hope of the nation lies in these boys who are growing up; and it is their mothers and the other women who are about them in their childhood who alone can give them the political training which they ought to have. Taking this view of the case, there is no woman who ought not to study the political situation carefully, get hold of its philosophy so far as she is able, and try to reduce it to elementary form for the benefit of her children.

In the first place, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon all boys that the day when they can vote will be a great time in their lives,—even a solemn one; that they then become a part of the government, and must help it in every way in their power. Whenever there is a chance, show them how much their country does for them,—how the mails that come and go,—the public school which they attend,—the very laws which keep order in the streets, are the gift of the country to them.

Impress upon them that the first way in which they can help America is to vote,—always to vote at every election, no matter how disagreeable it may be to refined instincts. If the men of intellect and culture had been properly taught only this one thing in their childhood, politics to-day would be very different from what it is.

A bright boy will soon observe the sort of men who hang around City Halls and all centers of local government. They will furnish illustrations for many a good text. Teach your boys that these are not men, but, as the poet says, "hungers, thirsts, fevers and appetites walking,"—bred

of the bad state into which our politics has Teach them that these men are only trying to get their living without work or by very easy work,—that nearly all officeseekers, from the highest to the lowest, are lazy men, who, unable to earn a good living at any regular business, wish to foist themselves upon the government. It was a theory of the fathers that low salaries should attach to all public offices, in order that the cupidity of common men should not be excited for them; it was expected that from lofty patriotic motives the chief men of the nation would, in turn, sacrifice a portion of their valuable time, in order to discharge the duties of these offices, at the behest of their admiring fellow-citizens. How far the practice has degenerated from the original purpose there is no need to portray here. But whose fault is it? Is not the selfishness of our best men as much to blame as the contemptible greed of the politicians? If good men would invariably be on hand at the caucuses, lift up their voices in protest at the conventions, and be present at the polls, they might reap ignominy. They would surely "lose" a good deal of their valuable time, but they would "purify politics," and they would have the reward of an approving conscience,—and what is life worth without that?

Teach boys how dangerous a man becomes when he has "no trade but politics." The new "voters' directories"—which have been prepared during late years by several prominent journals just before elections, have used this phrase with telling effect. Abraham Lincoln said, "Politics, as a trade, finds most, and leaves nearly all dishonest. Teach them that a portion of their time and strength and money should be set aside every year for the service of their country, just as for charity; that they should expect absolutely no reward for ordinary political services; that to ask for any, unless a small payment to make up for a poor man's time, used in delivering laborious lectures, or similar exacting work, should be abhorrent to an honorable man's feelings; that to ask for an office for a term of years, after conspicuous political work, should be recognized as likely to cast a doubt upon his sincerity; that it is a breach of propriety of the most offensive kind. An honest man should rather dig in the trenches than to lay his conduct open to such imputations. To use an antiquated phrase, the office should seek the man.

Teach boys that the only way to ascertain

the facts of politics is to read the pape;s of both parties. It is impossible at present to get the truth from reading any one-party journal. The facts and opinions of several different organs having been carefully read, teach the boy that he must think out therefrom his own political salvation. "The true danger to popular forms of government," says Mr. Lowell, "begins when public opinion ceases, because the people are incompetent or unwilling to think. In a democracy it is the duty of every citizen to think."

This suggests another consideration which often works evil among us. It is almost a sacred idea to us that the will of the majority is the will of God. A demagogue's methods—a fallacious though dazzling theory, like the silver-craze, and sundry other economic sophistries, always more or less prevalent, will capture the great mass of the people from time to time. Show the boys that—

"Few sometimes may know when thousands err."

It is the "remnant" which must, for ages to come, save the people. The "remnant" supplies the leaders who think.

One of the most difficult things to explain to the children, and to everybody else, is that men may be dangerous and deeply dishonest, when outwardly they are gentlemanly and attractive.

Tell them of those exquisite flowers, the odor of which is sweet, but laden with death. Read to them of William M. Tweed, whose gigantic thefts almost bankrupted a great city, and yet who read a chapter in his Bible every day, and possessed many kind and even noble traits; of other public men, amiable, brilliant, devoted to their families, but with a lack of moral discernment which ruined them. "If there be a cancer at the root," says Mrs. Ward, "no matter how large the show of leaf and blossom overhead, there is but the more to wither."

Constantly then will occur incidents which illustrate the matter. For example: A most respectable countryman went down to the capital of his State to see about some bills in which he was interested, and gave the following account of his experience:

"Mr. B. met me at the train, and took me down to the hotel in his own carriage. The next day he invited me to dinner. Well, I was surprised to see what sort of a man he really was. You know how the papers go on about him. You would think that he had horns and hoofs at the very least, but he is no scoundrel at all. He is a gentleman—a real nice man. Talk? He talks like a book. I wish you could hear him!"

Yet the man was one of the most dangerous "practical politicians" at that time in the State—a man who believed all methods fair in politics, and who often carried his points by "bamboozling" such simple men as this one by his assumed interest in them, and his courteous manners.

The subject of bribery comes in here most

appropriately.

A lady was stopping with her nephew, a boy of fourteen, in a back country town of Maine one rainy day, when the store-keeper of the place, in talking about voting, remarked, "I don't gen'ally vote, but when one o' the bosses is anxious enough to have me to come 'n get me, why, then I'll vote, or if they'll give me a couple o' dollars to pay for my time an' fare down in the cars, I'll vote."

"Why," said the boy, quickly, "that's

bribery.

"Oh! not e'zackly!" said the storekeeper, shuffling about. "Oh, no—that just pays me for my time an' trouble. I don't get nothin' for my vote."

Impress it upon boys that any tampering with the ballot is the beginning of a dry rot which must eat away our national honor if it be not checked. Open discussion is the only proper mode of influencing the opinions of men. Just as soon as any sort of tangible benefit comes in there is corruption.

It is scarcely possible to introduce much political discussion into our public schools. In the old abolition days Mr. Emerson wrote: "What an education in the public spirit of Massachusetts have been the war songs, speeches and reading of the public schools. Every district school has been an antislavery convention for these two or three years last past."

It is hardly practicable to present the questions of to-day in the same broad and uncompromising way in our schools; but there are certain great general principles in which all parties profess to believe, and

which teachers can properly impress upon their pupils. For instance, a lesson on Civil Service Reform may be given without even uttering those cabalistic words, by teaching children these lines from Ruskin: "The first necessity of social life is the clearness of the national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has justly earned." She can teach them the vulgarity and the inherent dishonorableness of office-seeking; the methods of bribery; the plans employed in "trading votes"; that all these things are dishonest—and that

"Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man."

She, too, can teach, as well as a mother, the duty that lies on every voter to vote; the danger of getting one-sided opinions; and the insidious charms of the demagogue; and all those without a word of party talk.

The analyses of life prove that such training as we have here described in this article must tell. That it is vitally needed we have

painful evidence upon our side.

To the task, then, of the proper political education of the young under their charge, should be devoted the best energies of every American man and woman—and who would exclude the girls from such instruction—since upon the mothers and teachers devolves, as has been shown, so heavy a responsibility in this matter?

If every woman who reads these lines should begin at once to train politically all the boys within the range of her influence, the effect would scarcely be felt during the present generation. But like all good work, it will ultimately bear fruit.

Thou canst not see grass grow,
How sharp does't Thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown,
Thou very soon canst see.
So, though Thou cans't not see,
It prospering, know
The fruit of every work-time
Without fail shall show."

Kate Upson Clark.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OPEN LETTER. WHO WILL ANSWER IT?

To the Editor of The Home-Maker:

Is it really quite impossible for a girl of twenty-five, well advanced in experience of all kinds, to obtain a livelihood for herself, because she lacks any decided talent in music, drawing or needlework?

Fate casting her high-bred should also have thrown in the where-with-all for maintain such a position!—Can any one tell me

what do do?

ŧ

Doesn't someone wish a traveling or home companion who would keep house, visit for, read aloud and do generally for, and be bright and cheerfull! No! there is absolutely no one who hasn't a convenient relative or dear friend to fill such a position, or who would not do without rather than risk a stranger! So you see I feel quite in despair.

Your Home-Maker Magazine is perfectly delightful in its practical suggestions and delightful knowledge. I have carried out several decorative hints for my rooms with admirable success.

Very truly yours, M. C. S. A subscriber to the Home-Maker.

Answers to the above will gladly be given place in these colums.

Editors of The Home-Maker.



EDITED BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

PAINTING WITHOUT SKILL. TRUNK COYERS. BEAUTIFUL STAND COVER. HANDSOME TOWELS.

INSERTING FOR TOWEL. TRIMMING TO MATCH INSERTING. ADVICE COLUMN.

PAINTING WITHOUT SKILL.

Some showy china plates, cups and saucers were shown me soon after last Christmas, which were decorated by a person without the slightest knowledge of art. A break fast set, that is a plate with a cup and saucer to match, was presented by the "no artist," as she called herself, to various friends and received with the pleasure that generally greets a gift which is the work of the giver.

The china, plain white in the beginning, was painted dark red or blue. When dry, a motto was scratched upon the surface with a shoemaker's punch; upon each side of the writing, which was white of course, were traced with the punch two parallel lines making a bordered stripe, which should cross plate and saucer diagonally. A narrow

bar of the lines enclosing the owner's name, extended obliquely from top to bottom of the straight coffee cup.

"A cup of tea fresh made for thee," was the text upon one saucer. "Eat, that thy strength may grow," was the sage advice inscribed upon the accompanying plate. The firing was done just as if the china had been flower painted, after the texts had been scratched on.

TRUNK COVERS.

A trunk in the room for a permanency is not a pleasantly impressive piece of furniture, and yet, in these crowded days of flat and boarding-house life, the homely receptacle has often to be endured.

To make a trunk appear the reverse of unsightly is quite possible, by concealing it

with an ornamental cover. The material most suitable for the use is extra stout gray linen. Cut ends and sides to fit the box part of the trunk, then cut a straight piece, long enough to cover the rounded top, and join to end pieces that are also cut to fit. All the seams are bound with brown mohair braid. with two rows of narrow braid run on beyond the binding, to give a neat finish. The front and ends of the cover are ornamented with a large scroll pattern, braided in brown, or a floral design may be done with silk or linen, in Kensington stitch. On the front of the cover-top are two linen braid-bound straps with button holes to attach them to the front piece below. Other firm materials might be used for this purpose, but, made of linen, as described, the cover can be washed and ironed when soiled or wrinkled.

BEAUTIFUL STAND COVER. .

The flat top of the stand is covered with embossed leather, with an edge or lambrequin falling from each side. The fall, which is eleven inches deep, is made of Pompeian red silk, with chamois skin decoration. A pattern of vine leaves is drawn upon a wide strip of chamois, which is basted se-The design is curely upon the silk. worked in heavy buttonhole stitch with silk the color of the skin, and the spaces between cut away, leaving the red silk as the ground for the pattern. The leaves are veined with gold paint. In doing this veining the best success is achieved by using dry gold, mixed as it is used, with thick gum water. A line of Japanese gold thread is couched upon the edge of the leaves after the chamois has been cut away. The connecting stems are also worked upon the silk ground with the gold thread.

The decoration should make a cross stripe from five to six inches broad, below, it should be at least one inch of silk hemmed up. and as a finish small gold and red tassels are sewed on over a fringe made by cutting a strip of chamois three inches deep into strands.

A description gives very little idea of the beauty of this decoration. Upon the ends of a piano scarf or a cross-stripe on a short cabinet curtain, it would be very rich and effective..

HANDSOME TOWELS.

Nothing in the shape of towels can be prettier than those made of the finest Hucka-

back, with a hem to which is sewed an inserting knitted or crocheted of spool cotton. A strip of Huckaback two inches deep and hemmed on each edge should divide the inserting from the edging which finishes the

For the benefit of knitters, this article includes directions for making a pretty and suitable edging for towels, with a perfectly The pattern may be matched inserting. found desirable for other uses, but for this it is especially pretty.

INSERTING FOR TOWEL.

Cast on twenty stitches. Knit in rows to and fro as follows:

First row.—Knit plain.

Second row.—Slip one, one plain. Work four times as follows: Two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch. After the fourth time, two plain.

Third row.—Knit plain, but in each "make two" of last row, knit one plain, one purl.

Fourth row.—Slip one, three plain. Work three times as follows: Two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch. Then four plain.

Fifth row.—Like third.

Sixth row.—Slip one, five plain. Work twice as follows: Two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch. Then six plain.

Seventh row.—Like third.

Eighth row.—Slip one, seven plain, two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch.

Ninth row.—Like third.

Tenth row. -Plain.

Eleventh row.—Like third, Twelfth row.—Like eighth.

Thirteenth row.—Like third,

Fourteenth row.—Like sixth.

Fifteenth row.—Like third.

Sixteenth row.—Like fourth.

This finishes the pattern, which can be repeated indefinitely till the right length is attained.

TRIMMING FOR TOWEL TO MATCH INSERT-ING.

Cast on twenty-one stitches.

First row—Knit plain. All the following rows, which are designated by odd numbers, are made like the third row in the directions just given for inserting.

Second row—Slip one, one plain. Work four times, as follows: Two together, plain.

Make two, two together plain in twist

Then three plain.

Fourth row—Slip one, three plain. Work three times: two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch. four plain. In the last stitch make one plain, one purl.

Sixth row—Slip one, five plain. Work twice, as follows: Two together plain, make two. two together plain in twist stitch. Then seven plain. In the last stitch knit

one plain, one purl.

Eighth row—Slip one, seven plain, two together plain; make two, two together plain in twist stitch, ten plain. For the last stitch make one plain, one purl.

Tenth row—Slip one, sixteen plain, two together plain, make two, two together plain

in twist stitch, three plain.

Twelfth row—Slip one, seven plain, two together plain. make two, two together plain in twist stitch, ten plain, two together

Fourteenth row — Slip one, five plain. Work twice, as follows: two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist stitch. Then seven plain, two together plain.

Sixteenth row — Slip one, three plain. Work three times as follows: two together plain, make two, two together plain in twist Then four plain, two together plain.

Huckaback in different qualities is sold by the yard at all the best stores, and towels made up from the piece are now preferred by housekeepers to those with fringed From forty-five to sixty inches long when finished is the rule given at furnishing It is very easy to draw departments. threads on good toweling, and ladies who are experts in drawn work often make deep borders of it upon the ends of "best-room" towels.

ADVICE COLUMN.

OLD LADY.—A very soft and pretty rug can be made of refuse bits of worsted or yarn, knitted in stripes with coarse carpet Tie all the odds and ends of wool together and wind into balls. Then cast on thirty stitches with the twine and knit one row plain. Knit the first stitch of the return row, then join on the wool, wind it three times around two fingers of the left hand, put the needle through the loops and through the second stitch of the twine. Repeat this in every stitch till the end of the row, then to keep the work firm do a row of plain knitting without the wool, make the strips as long as you require the rug, join them together on the wrong side and line with an old piece of ingrain carpet. **An** old lady in Brooklyn who earns her supply of pocket money by making rugs of this kind, buys the wool by the pound, and instead of having hit or miss coloring, as must be the case when scraps are used, makes stripes of solid color. Her most effective rugs have alternate stripes of bright and dark red or brown and orange.

Ouestions on dress are not included in the scope of this column, but it is only kind to tell you that a painted front breadth would not be any improvement to your white silk Either painting or colored emsurah. broidery would be out of taste for a bride.

Such queries should be addressed to CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN OF FASHION DE-PARTMENT.

Bell.—There is some difficulty in treating the sloping walls you speak of. prettiest plan would be to procure strips of moulding of wood like the doors, etc., and fasten them in upright stripes twenty inches apart extending from the end of straight wall to the ceiling. Fill the space between the strips with plain, palely tinted wallpaper, or, if the ceiling is papered, with pearl, or white-wash the stripes with thin blue paint shading darker at the top and pale sky-blue at the base.

EVELYN. —Answer to "Old Lady" embodies

the information you seek.

Mrs. Bates.—Your first question was answered by mail. Hair work upon silk is not in fashion at present, but that need not prevent your learning it if you are willing to risk your eyesight in pursuing it. I must say frankly, however, that I do not think you would find any sale for hair-work wreaths mounted on silk.

ISABEL.—Silver, as well as gold "flitters" can be procured at Art Stores. They are very light flakes, something larger and more brilliant than metal dust, and are applied by scattering upon paint or varnish, before

it has time to dry.

Perplexed:—The income mentioned as a support for widow-lady and five children would involve some sacrifice in a city or large town, but in a village would allow comfort and even luxury. Three hundred dollars or less would hire a very good house, and in New England villages the Public-School system is so excellent that the education of the children would not be a drain upon the income. Dry-goods and marketing would be at higher rates in a village than in town, but the saving in every other way would be great. One servant will do all the work of a house in the country, and not be aggrieved at having to do so. Rent, table expense and servant hire for a family of

two adults and four children in Milford amounts, in a case I know of, to one hundred and fifty dollars per month, and the family seem to live very comfortably.

Mary C. Hungerford.



THE MOTHER'S PRESENCE.



LOSE, personal attention by the mother to her children's welfare is needed as much now as in the log-cabin days. Nurses and servants are not fit for unsupervised trust in a matter of such

exceeding delicacy as bringing tender human infancy through all changes of seasons, inherited weaknesses, unthoughtof accidents and exposures, to mature symmetry and strength. If the mother has been to Vassar or Wellesley, and knows no more than the average servant about such things, more's the pity that she should ever have gone. If she does, her child has a right to the inheritance of her superior knowledge. Any mother brought up in American comfort and refinement ought to know more of what that can do for babyhood than any servant she can hire from the cabins of the old world, or even from the rougher life of many American homes of the poorer class. Then, what ought to be the mother's devotion will make all her perceptions more alert, watchfulness more close and intense, all knowledge more concentrated on the little life.

This supervision has need to be physical

Such matters as the adequate drying off after a bath, a slight dampness and chill in the clothing that is taken from the drawer. an incipient sourness in a cup of milk and a flight or two of stairs intervening between it and a fresh supply, may be matters of life and death, and you cannot make sure of their proper care for money. Sometimes ignorance, sometimes indifference will make them go wrong. A mother feels of the clothing in which her child is to sleep, and says, "Katie, why do you put such damp clothing on the child?" and Katie feels of it, and answers with the utmost simplicity, "It doesn't feel damp to me." The fault will be repeated any time, because there is no difference that she appreciates, and she deems all objection absurd and finical. She declares the milk is not sour, which is true. But it is also true that it is not sweet, and baby should not have it. But the dividing line is a very thin one, and he will get such milk nine times out of ten, when there is no I find this anecdote in a one to oversee. recent magazine:

"A young lawyer, taking a short cut to dinner one hot summer day, passed through a disreputable street plentifully supplied with groggeries and second-hand clothing shops. In front of one of the latter, he saw a stylish perambulator well furnished with fleecy robes and embroideries. But from the midst of the latter came wails of agony which touched the sympathetic heart of the lawyer, who was a father of a few months

experience. As he drew near to investigate, what was his horror at beholding his own child, whose beloved face, totally unprotected from the sun, was red with heat and ineffectual struggling. The father adjusted the baby and the baby's parasol, quieted its cries, and, realizing that Nora Flannigan, the nurse, must be near, he withdrew to await her appearance. He waited fifteen minutes. Then, with great anger swelling his breast, he trundled his firstborn home, leaving Nora to endure the shock of an apparently lost charge as best she might."

Instances like these might be multiplied indefinitely, and they go conclusively to show the unwisdom of trusting our children to children of a larger growth. A great deal is said nowadays about the ante-natal influence of a mother over her child, and many a mother lives by rule during the months preceding her infant's birth; yet no sooner does the little stranger reach a few months of age than, in numberless cases, it is put into the hands of an ignorant, halftrained, or not at all trained girl, to be treated (when out of sight around the corner) as best pleases her. Perhaps that is why so many distinguished men arise from families too poor to afford a nurse.

But the same care is needed in the highest ranges of being. It is not true, as is sometimes coarsely said, that "those first years are merely animal." To one who watches the unfolding of these buds of humanity with any discernment, those first years are the most important. Then refinement, gentleness, generosity, and all the sweetest graces of character can be taught as never after. Then obedience is learned, if it is ever learned. And if it is not, the character is never fit to command.

The whole kinder-garten system is founded on the possible outdrawing, exalting of character in those tender years. And the possible spoiling then is wonderful. Hugh Miller, while a very little child, went to an old Scotch dame, who taught him to spell in the "broad" Scotch. And he relates, that all his after life, he never dared spell a word in company, because sure to fall into the pronunciation then so effectually taught All delicacy, to enter the fibre of the being, must be learned then. What is learned afterwards can only be put on the outside. The foundation of the mother's future ascendancy must be laid then.

How is this told in that expressive phrase, "the mother tongue"! What words ever

touch the heart like those to which that refers? Suppose we make a substitute, and say "nurse-tongue"—"bonne-tongue"—how deep the descent!

What must it be when the little heart is beating thick from a troubled dream, and the drowsy, cross nurse cannot be awaked to take the little hand, kiss the hot lips, and say a soothing word! One such child we knew, who would go to bed shrinkingly every night, and come down wan and tired every morning, and who was entirely cured by a few weeks sleeping with one who loved A little boy, on the other hand, who had deemed it such a pride and honor to go down to his grandma's, across the public square, on errands, suddenly manifested an unaccountable fear. He would start with his little basket, and in a few minutes come shrinking back, too proud to tell the reason. One day, as he crossed the square with his father, the black barber stepped to his broad window. The child's grasp tightened on his father's hand, and he asked, under his breath, "Papa, does that black man carry off little children?" The artifice of a foolish domestic to make the child "good!" Who shall tell the suffering of those weeks of terror and the harm to character? Or, take the matter of smooth deceptions—the acting on that great moral principle, "II faut mentir pour être poli"—the bribing or threatening the child into deceptions to screen the nurse; where such things have been, you can never after get into that child's heart the deep confidence in human honesty, the inexpressible scorn and detestation of falsehood which mark the true Take, too, the first knightly character. religious impressions—the possible uplifting of the young soul to God through the eyes of a mother's clear, strong faith—what cannot a good mother do for her child by the most absolute giving of herself, if she has the utmost to give? Christianity's essence is giving one's self for God and humanity. Hence the wonderful saintliness that so often enshrines the care-crowded mother, of whom none can tell when she finds time to read her Bible or to pray.

Take away this personal care and tender love, and you take away the charm of the name "mother." If there is no special nearness in heart and life, the mere fact of physical ancestry will not prove a very strong tie. It is remarkable and instructive that—as extremes meet—the revulsion of the fashionable mother from all physical association with her child leaves her nothing

but the physical fact of descent to bind her to him or him to her. There is a problem which has greatly disturbed debating societies of very young men, "Which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that laid the egg or the hen that hatched it?" It never gives an atom of perplexity to the chicken. The hen that broods him when he is cold and tired, clucks him to nice things, feeds him before herself, scratches for him, and goes bristled up and dreadfully pre-occupied all summer for his sake, ready to fight dogs, cats, hawks and men for him, with utter defiance of personal consequences, is ever so much more of a mother than the chilly creature who laid an egg one day, and thought it too much trouble to stay in the nest with it.

There is a mathematical principle that extension and intension are in inverse ratio -what is gained in one way will be lost in the other. To the mother is offered the chance of an intensive influence, the mightiest upon earth—mightier even than wedded love, for it begins earlier, shapes character in its forming time, and largely determines what the type and grade of wedded love shall be.

Yes, the supremest influence is the mother's, and its highest intensity will be often incompatible with the extension of her influence into other channels. One must yield to the other.

True, there may be too much intension. The mother may become so absorbed in her child as to ruin him by a fond idolatry. She may look at him alone till her view becomes hopelessly narrow. All things in the universe lose their true proportion, and she becomes unable to guide, unfit to advise him in any matters outside her home circle, many times failing there, for want of seeing its relations to the outside world. This is one extreme—not very common now.

To train her child to the noblest life, the mother must have sympathy with every grand truth and every great work, and expand his soul to reach them all.

But what she can do for other work should be largely determined by what she must do for her child. Duty to her child, if not the widest, is the nearest duty. She will do no other work well by stepping over that. have no confidence in the philanthropic work of a mother if she neglects her home We distrust both her judgment and There is something out of her emotions. tune in her nature. She is not a safe guide to follow. There will be some screw loose

in her public policy. When we hear of a gifted woman cancelling engagements to speak in public because of a sick child or an aged parent, we feel there is a woman to listen to when she does speak. When the time for public work is shortened by home duty, a compensating Providence will make the less time worth more, because of the deeper sympathies, the more self-forgetful character, the truer womanhood that enter into it. Be interested, O mother, in missions, in temperance, in all philanthropy yes, and in all beauty and all learning. But the greatest thing you may have power to do, if you knew all things, may be to make your boy or girl a missionary, a temperance leader, a philanthropist, a scholar. To leave your child neglected, sour, unguided, or misguided at home for the sake of a public meeting—and it is done, as we sometimes surely know—is to sacrifice a strong and enduring influence over one for a slight and transient influence over many. In all doubtful cases, mother-duty should have the benefit of the doubt. That rule will pay in the long run beyond a peradventure.

There is a well-known story of an artist, who, painting the sweetest child he had ever seen, determined to put beside it some day the worst face he might ever see. Long years after he found one dark and evil enough for an absolute contrast in a criminal sentenced to death, and learned on inquiry that the hardened villain and the lovely child were Whether the story is true or not, every thoughtful observer of life recognizes it as easily within the limits of the possible. the other hand, how many mediocre men are on the rolls of the great because a wise mother-training kept them out of mischief and led them always to do, and to keep on

doing, the best that was in them.

Here, then, is the young soul with wonderfully divergent destinies. An elect spirit is called and given charge: "Be thou its guardian angel, to make of it the one thing or the other, and answer for the result to God, humanity and the future, and to your own heart's love and grief."

The elect spirit answers: "If such is to be my charge, grant me all facilities for

doing my work well.'

"For what, then," answers the Great

Ruler, "dost thou make request?"

The thoughtful spirit answers: "Let me mould the young soul from the beginning. Let my voice be the first music it awakes to; my face, with loving smile, the fairest vision of its early consciousness. Let me have charge of its bodily life, controlling food and raiment, action and repose, that every cell of muscle and nerve may be the truest, the blood that throbs in its veins pure as the snow on Alpine height. Let me be with it by day and night, know its longings, aspirings, out-reachings—its strength and its weakness, its loves and hates, its hopes and fears. Let me be able so to watch and study this young soul as to know it better than it knows itself—be able to interpret to itself its own blind longings, anticipate its wants, needs and trials. If I cannot go with it everywhere as time goes on, let me

have a shrine where it may always find me, and learn to come to me with every care and need, perplexity and sorrow, ambition and hope. Let me have this power through all the young years, and weave a spiritual bond that shall reach across all distance and through all time, so that neither triumph nor defeat, joy nor grief, nor death itself, can sunder it, and I will undertake the task."

And the Supreme Wisdom answers: "Be thine THE MOTHER'S trust and power! And be Home thy shrine!"

J. C. Fernald.



"WRITING A TORY FOR THE HOME-MAKER."

Did the angels whisper it, love, so soon?
You beautiful, sunshiny elf,
(Your birthright, richer than golden spoon,)
You are writing a story yourself!
Why not? your are making our story, dear,
So wonderful and so sweet,
That all day long through our work, we hear
The patter of little feet;

Is half so fair to see,
As the gold-fringed head, near the fire-lit
hearth,

Our boy on his grandpapa's knee.

And never a laurelled brow on earth,

Margaret E. Sangster.



ANOTHER HOME-MAKER GRAND-BABY.



BABY FACES.

HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.

BABY FACES.

It is always a difficult thing for those beginning to draw the human face, to make children's faces and heads that are sufficiently youthful and babylike. The complaint is that their efforts look too mature and hard. If a few points of difference between the head of an adult and that of an infant were studied and observed, this stumblingblock would be removed.

The face of a child should not be made in the regular proportion of that of an older The forehead and upper part are much larger in proportion, the brow overhanging, while the chin and lower part, being undeveloped, are small and weak; hence the full round cheek, seen in profile, takes away from the strength and regularity of the whole, and allows only the upper lip and part of the chin to be seen.

The strong lines in the lower part of the face that show character in the man or woman are wanting, but the delicate curves and unformed face give to the little head

the baby-type.

The accompanying sketch of the difference between the man's face and the child's will explain this. So, in drawing the cherub's head in any position, or angle, if due prominence is given to the skull, and eyes, and if the mouth and chin be made tender in expression, but receding in form, the "babylook" can always be obtained. All angles and hard lines that come with care and years, should be avoided. Only curves of soft, delicate flesh fall about the face and neck, imparting a peculiar winning beauty, found nowhere but in childhood.

Walter Satterlee.



THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.



ROWING old is repugnant to the whole human race. Perhaps no one desires to live forever, but every one longs exceed-

ingly to retain his mental vigor and his physical faculties so long as he occupies this house of clay. The butterfly of society clings no more earnestly to her vanishing youth than the most matter-of-fact plodder in the world, though she may make a greater struggle over it, resorting to various disguises that deceive nobody. No less bitterly does the iron descend into his soul when gray hairs begin to steal upon him, though he submit doggedly or resignedly, as his mood may be, to what he considers the inevitable.

Not only do we all shrink from being old, and want to put off the evil day, but to do so is a duty we owe to our children, our friends and the world. Amid all the efforts of all the ages to mitigate or to avoid the unpleasant and unwelcome manner of ending a long life, no one seems to have thought of the simple way of not growing old at all.

Life is from within; growth is from within; begin, therefore, within, and there work

your miracle of perpetual youth.

We are told by wise men of all times and peoples that the body is built by the inner life, name as you may the spirit, the soul, the mind, or simply the force, that governs. The most careless observer, indeed, must recognize this. We see every day how gross thoughts flaunt themselves upon the body, how a pure, sweet life refines and softens the face, how selfishness and greed hang banners on the outer walls of their temples, how—in spite of disguises—the mental life will show itself.

Add to that fact another, this time from science. The entire body is renewed every few years, old particles being thrown off and new ones assimilated continually. There arises a question of interest, viz: Why the atoms drawn together to form a body at the age of seventy are not of a similar quality to those collected by the same unseen worker at the age of seventeen? Why they do not build an equally fresh and vigorous frame?

The answer seems to us plain: Because the mind that governs the selection expects with the body to grow old; because he looks to see his senses fail, his memory as well as his hearing, his judgment as well as his In a word, he is in an attitude that the medical fraternity call "expectant attention," awaiting the signs of age, and, of course, they come; he could induce upon himself a cancer in the same way. Any physician will admit that diseases are often brought on by the expectation of them, however they may explain the way thought works upon flesh. "Old age"—by which I mean loss of faculties, both mental and physical may also be called a disease, and certainly is produced in the same way, by the expectation of it in the individual and the race. Let us be wise in time; let us not disguise the foe; let us banish him. Let us not grow old.

You ask how. I can tell you in a word: By remaining young inside. Let us first realize what a short period in the history of an immortal spirit is passed in this earthly life. "Every soul is a piece of eternity, and the few years it is bound to the earthly body does not make it old. * * * * If it is of a powerful kind, it will not only act with strengthening and ennobling power upon the organization, but it will also endeavor, with its spiritual superiority, to confer the privilege

of perpetual youth." Thus says Goethe, and it would be easy to fill pages with similar quotations from the wisest and most thoughtful writers of the earth. There is not time, even should we live to be a hundred, to age the spirit.

Our first step in the great work, then, is to study into the matter, and thoroughly convince ourselves of the truth, that the mental life forms a body after its kind; and having realized it, to regulate our lives accordingly. Our aim is to keep young inside. How shall we do it? By living a mental life so well-regulated, so active, and so full, that we shall neither wear out nor rust out.

We wear ourselves out by fretting, by worrying, by sighing and groaning over everything, from the misery in the world to the misdeeds of our children. We lament over our own and our friend's troubles (often, too, were borrowed ones); we dwell upon the horrors in the papers till they are as real as if they had come into our lives; we brood over our bereavements, and suffer them afresh every day of our lives; in a word, we do our best to keep our mental life depressed and diseased. We grow old, of course; we deserve it—we have worked for it.

On the other hand, too, we let ourselves rust. The duties of wife and mother-hood, of housekeeping and society, having filled our lives for years, we become absorbed in them; and when the day comes that the children are grown, and to "save mother," the housekeeping is dropped into a daughter's care, and society drifts into the hands of a younger generation, we begin to feel ourselves left out.

What shall we do? Question of the most vital importance at the very foundation of

perpetual youth.

To begin with the first-named danger wearing out. We should turn over a new leaf before the sun goes down, absolutely, unreservedly and irretrievably. We must stop fretting. Do not shake your heads, anxious mother, or housekeeper full of cares; it can be done, if you have the honesty to see it and the grit to do it. Suppose your son goes wrong; does fretting help it? Do everything in your power, by all means, but do not worry about Say to yourself—and realize it—"this son of mine is an individual soul whom I may perhaps influence, but cannot control; he is free as I am free, as every one is free: he has his own life to live and his discipline to rceive; I have had the care of his body, and to some extent of his mind; I have done my best for him, or at any rate intended to do so; I will continue to do my best all my life; but, if he will go wrong, I know I cannot help it, and I will not

worry about it."

Now this is the hardest task of your life, and right here you may give up, but believe me, it can be done, it has been done, and you must do it if you wish to avoid the imbecilities of "old age." It may help you to remember that the discipline his conduct will bring upon himself, may be of the utmost importance in his development, and that if you were able to make him walk after your plan, it might deprive him of the very experience he must have to enable him to stand alone at last. Or perhaps your fretting is over the idiosyncrasies of your husband; we. sometimes see women, who after thirty years of marriage, have not learned to deal with a husband's peculiarities. Foolish soul! There's the crying need of a little common sense! Make up your mind once for all, that "he" will always do this or that which you disapprove, and that you are not responsible; and, what is more important, you must clearly understand that he has a right to his ways. Then decide firmly that you will not care about them, and what a relief you will feel!

Again, you may fret over your style of living, and think that if you could only have things thus or so, you would be satisfied. Depend upon it you would not; it is the wiser way to determine fully to accept the "goods the Gods provide" and therewith to be content. You can't imagine the load this will lift from you.

Suppose another case: you have buried a friend, perhaps your dearest. Is it of any use to the departed to recall your loss day by day, to lament over it, to indulge in tears and grief? Does it aid or comfort one who has dropped the body and its weaknesses to shroud yourself in black, so that you may never forget? And if it is useless to the dead, is it of any use to the living? On the contrary, is there not great and often irremediable harm done by keeping yourself in a state of depression, which any doctor will tell you is fruitful of disease? not to speak of the fact that you spread the same evil wherever you go, thereby lessening the sum of human happiness and contributing to shorten the life of your friends. My dear mourner, not only if you wish to avoid the horrors of physical and mental decay, but also if you desire to do your share in the brightening and bettering of the race, must you give hearty goodspeed to your emancipated friends; think of them as having escaped the evil that is in the world, and so far from mourning, you must rejoice. Mourning is, in fact, nothing more or less than indulging your selfish desire to keep your friend in this life which you declare to be - and help to make - wretched. Look at it honestly; am I not right?

Olive Thorne Miller.

(To be concluded.)



THOSE RAINY DAYS.

I am afraid that most of us think too much about those remote and contingent "rainy days." I have known men and women who seemed to think that the last days of their lives were to be spent in a prolonged deluge, and they must perforce guard as far as possible against an inevitable wetting.

I don't like an inprovident man, and I know that "wilful waste" does make "woful want," but I don't believe in allowing the possible clouds of the future to dim the brightness of the blessed present. present, the present is all that thou hast for thy sure possessing." And I do believe in enjoying life as one goes along. I have known so many men and women who have saved, saved that they might "take it easy" and enjoy life bye and bye," but the "bye and bye" never eame for them, or, if it did, the old desires were dead, and the capacity for rest and enjoyment was gone. There is a certain system of saving that narrows and belittles one's nature, and its effects are almost as woful as reckless prodigality.

It is sorrowful to see money wasted when there is such a crying need of it among the poor and sick and helpless, but money spent in any way is not wasted as much as the money that is hoarded for its own sake.

I once knew a woman who had a hundred dollars in gold that her mother gave her more than fifty years ago. She had neither increased nor decreased it. She died about four years ago, and the money went to a son of saving propensities who is keeping it for "a rainy day." I know him well enough to know that the rain, when it comes, will all but drown him before he'll spend a cent of that money, which is about of as

much value as so many pieces of stone would be. Do let us enjoy life as we go along. We can so thoroughly enjoy things at thirty that we shall care nothing for at forty. Let us not live "from hand to mouth;" let us not drag out a "feast or famine" existence; let us know one week where the next week's food is to come from, and then let us get some enjoyment out o the present.

Those fathers and mothers who deny themselves all pleasure that they may save for their children are not wise. I am trying to leave my children an inheritance of good principles, self-reliance, good education and good health. If they begin life for themselves thus endowed I shall not feel over-anxious about their future. So long as they are helplessly dependent upon me I feel the need of providing for possible rainy days, but I will not be niggardly economical even now. I won't let my wife cut one pie in ten pieces; I'd rather go without pie and keep my self-respect intact.

I once boarded with a woman who harped about "rainy days" until the very atmosphere was burdened with them. She saved and skimped "for a rainy day" that never came, or if it did she wasn't here to be rained on. She was dead, and her children were making a certainty of rainy days for themselves by speedily spending all she had saved by denying herself all the pleasures of I don't believe in this kind of selfsacrifice. It is a form of unselfishness that too often engenders intense selfishness in those for whom the sacrifice was made. Let us enjoy the good things of life as we can in a wise and prudent way.

Zenas Dane.

tended to do so; I will continue to do my best all my life; but, if he will go wrong, I know I cannot help it, and I will not

worry about it."

Now this is the hardest task of your life, and right here you may give up, but believe me, it can be done, it has been done, and you must do it if you wish to avoid the imbecilities of "old age." It may help you to remember that the discipline his conduct will bring upon himself, may be of the utmost importance in his development, and that if you were able to make him walk after your plan, it might deprive him of the very experience he must have to enable him to stand Or perhaps your fretting is alone at last. over the idiosyncrasies of your husband; we. sometimes see women, who after thirty years of marriage, have not learned to deal with a husband's peculiarities. Foolish soul! There's the crying need of a little common sense! Make up your mind once for all, that "he" will always do this or that which you disapprove, and that you are not responsible; and, what is more important, you must clearly understand that he has a right to his ways. Then decide firmly that you will not care about them, and what a relief you will feel!

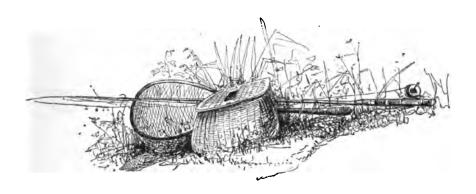
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Olive Thorne Miller.

(To be concluded.)



ing the parlor, to tell the hostess that you have had a pleasant evening—unless you wish to do so. If, however, you can say it truthfully, and so gracefully as to make her believe the assertion, it will be an agreeable evidence of your appreciation of her kind

hospitality.

In accepting or declining an invitation always bear in mind that your would-beentertainer is conferring an honor upon you, and receive it as such. If asked to "pour" at a tea, remember that the hostess is paying you the compliment of placing you in a responsible position, and be duly grateful and appreciative. Nothing shows want of breeding sooner than lack of courtesy in these matters. A beautiful woman, on being asked to take charge of the coffee-table at an afternoon tea, betrayed her natural rudeness and ignorance of etiquette by saying, "O! I don't think I'd better do it! I hate to pour things!" It is needless to remark that she did not have another opportunity. Very true is the rhyme:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way,"

and it is impossible to be too kind or cordial in giving and receiving invitations.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOME MAKER:—Will you kindly reply to the following queries by means of your magazine?

I.—Is it "the thing" to go to a dancing

party with or without an escort?

2.—How does an invitation read which allows, or demands an escort?

3.—What must one do with her bouquet

when one dances?

4.—In issuing cards for "At Homes" for the season, how many cards are necessary? Say that the receiving-party be composed of father, mother and one daughter: should three cards go, or should a "Mr. & Mrs." card go with the daughter's, or should just a Mrs. and the daughter's card be sent?

By complying with the above request you

will greatly oblige

An Only Daughter.

Boston, Mass.

Answer.

I.—A girl should not attend a dancing party without an escort or chaperone, nor

would she find it at all agreeable to do so.

2.—Do not demand that your friend should bring an escort, but in allowing her to do so, you may write at the bottom of her invitation—"Miss S. will be happy to see any friend whom Miss J. will bring with her"—at the same time enclosing an extra card for the escort whom she may choose.

3.—If there is a chaperone, leave the bouquet with her. If not, ask some friend to keep it for you, and if that is impractica-

ble, carry it as best you can.

4. In issuing cards for such an "At Home" as you mention, the daughter's card should be sent with the mother's. Even though the father receives with them, it is not customary to send his card.

DITOR OF THE HOME MAKER:—We must all, I suppose, be wrinkled some time, but it seems to me some of us show traces of the years far too soon. Do you think that wrinkles and lines which do not come from old age may be removed or prevented from making their appearance? Perhaps this question may seem too trifling to you to merit an answer through the columns of The Home Maker; if it does not appear so to you, I think many besides myself will be interested in the answer and thank you for it.

Yours truly,

E. B.

Answer.

This question is fully answered in an article entitled "Care of the Toilet" in The Home Maker for September, 1889.

E DITOR OF THE HOME MAKER:—Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions through the columns of your magazine?

I.—I had always supposed that washing the hair was beneficial to it. I do still—but some one claims that it is injurious to the

scalp. Is it so?

2.—What treatment of the skin will remove or prevent wrinkles? Is there any harmless preparation which is at all efficacious?

Yours truly,

M.

CENTRALIA, W. V.

Answer.

- 1.—Hair must be washed once a month and will be improved thereby, but more frequent scrubbings dry the natural oil and cause the hair to die and fall out.
- 2. This question is answered in an article entitled "Care of the Toilet," in The Home MAKER for September, 1889.



GARDEN PLAY FOR PROFIT.



NLY a few of us realize how beautiful the house may be made, and how much enjoyment and pleasure may be had for ourselves, our neighbors,

friends and for everyone who sees our homes, at a trifling expense and with but a few minutes' work every day. I say a few minutes work, but when you become interested, your plants commence to grow, the flowers to bloom and the fruit to ripen; it is real pleasure and enjoyment; and the more work you have done yourself the pleasanter it is.

Flowers, fruits and vegetables not only make the yard beautiful, but adorn the house and the table. When you taste the fresh, rich berries and vegetables, such as can never be obtained at a store, you will be well repaid for your little trouble, and if you have not had these fresh from the garden, you know but indefinitely what they are.

Let it be decided how much ground can be spared and how much you care to cultivate, and select that which has the best soil and plenty of sunlight. The fruits require very little care, most work being necessary for the flowers and vegetables

Map out the grounds as you intend to plant them; say one-half to fruit, one-quarter to vegetables, and the remaining quarter to flowers. Arrange the flowers and vegetables in small beds with narrow paths between them, that you may weed the beds, select the matured vegetables and pick the flowers, without injuring other plants. When convenient it is best to have the flowers in the beds on the lawn, or in borders along the fence or walk, and to scatter the fruit trees about on the lawn and in the yard.

In addition to ornamental trees, the yard

should contain apple, pear, cherry, plum, and peach trees, if there is space for all these, and the garden, strawberries, red and black raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, quinces and grapes. Of vegetables you may have asparagus, beans, beets, cauliflower, cabbage, celery, corn. cucumber, egg-plant, horse-radish, lettuce, melons, onions, peas, potatoes, radishes, rhubarb, parsnips, salsify, squash, spinach, tomatoes and turnips, while the flower garden should be so planted that a succession of blooms may be had from the time snow disappears until frost cuts off the plants.

All this will not require so much ground as you probably imagine, to produce sufficient to abundantly supply a good sized family and you will need little work, but it must be steady. As one vegetable matures and is consumed, its season passed, another is growing on the very same land. With flowering plants the bulbs bloom first, followed by hardy plants and shrubs and the annuals, bi-ennials, perennials, etc. The ground in which bulbs are grown is used for later flowering plants.

The fruit trees may be disposed of as suggested, planting in such a manner as not to cut them off from free exposure to the sun. Be careful not to plant trees too close together. Standard apples should be planted thirty feet apart, pears and cherries twenty feet apart; plums and peaches sixteen feet apart, and the small fruits as follows: raspberries, currants and gooseberries three feet, strawberries two feet, while with quinces and grapes there should be sixteen feet between the plants.

Nearly every one has a preference for some particular variety of each different fruit, and I can only suggest planting summer, autumn and winter apples and pears, and early and late varieties of the others.

All the fruits should be set out in the fall or early in the spring. Considerable time is gained, however, by planting in the fall.

The ground selected for the garden should

be covered with manure to a depth of about three inches, and plowed or spaded under in the autumn, and the land harrowed after plowing. If spaded, pulverize the earth as well as possible by raking, and repeat the operation as early as possible in the spring. Plow at right angles with the furrows first made.

Cabbage, lettuce and celery are grown on the same piece of ground; cauliflower, spinach and celery, or turnips in place of celery; beets, radish and horse radish, and early potatoes and late cabbage. This is done by procuring what are called cold frame plants of cabbage and cauliflower of florists or market gardeners. These are plants grown in cold frames, which protect the plants slightly from frost during winter. They may be set out in March or April, sowing lettuce or spinach between the rows. The lettuce or spinach will mature and be taken off before they interfere with the other plants. The cabbage and cauliflower mature during July, and celery plants are set out in their place. Beets are planted as early as possible in the spring, with radishes between the rows, and these followed by setting horse radish pips after the crop of radishes and beets have been pulled. Radishes may also be planted between cabbage or cauliflower in This makes quite a saving place of lettuce. of land, and all that is required now is sufficient for the other vegetables and fruits.

Asparagus should be planted in the fall, and in this case the second turning of the land cannot be given. Plant in rows two feet apart, setting the plants eight inches apart in the rows; spread the roots well and cover the top of the plants about three inches. One year old roots are more desirable than older ones and considerably cheaper. A small crop may be expected the second season. Rhubarb should also be planted in the fall, and will yield a small crop, with asparagus, the second season.

At the side, or in front of the house, on the lawn, is a good place to make the bed to be planted this Fall with hardy bulbs, which flower early next Spring, and after they are done flowering and the leaves become yellow, which is usually in five or six weeks, the bulbs may be taken up, dried and packed away for planting in the Fall, and the beds seeded with annuals or filled with bedding plants.

In cutting out the bed be careful to preserve the sod, cut in large pieces. This is to be piled up in a convenient place, with the grass sides laid together to decompose.

This is turned over once or twice next season with a spading fork, and finally mixed with well rotted refuse hops from a brewery, or stable manure, making a very rich, light soil for potting plants the next Summer and winter. If the bed is made without cutting sod, this should be obtained from some other source and kept constantly on hand.

Cover the soil of the bed with a liberal dressing of stable manure, and spade it up, loosening and pulverizing the soil as deeply and as finely as possible.

Hyacinths, tulips, crocus, lily of the valley, narcissus, snow-drop, crown imperial and iris are hardy bulbs, mostly used for bedding.

A beautiful effect is obtained either by massing—that is, planting whole beds of one thing, and either of one or several colors—or, by planting crown imperial in the centre of beds, surrounded by tall-growing tulips and hyacinths, using crocus or snow drops on the outer edge. The most satisfactory, when used together, are tulips, hyacinths and crocus, planting the tall-growing hyacinths and tulips in the centre, with the low-growing kinds outside.

Beds for bulbs should be raised somewhat, so that water cannot remain on the surface for any length of time, to rot the bulbs. Before snow falls the beds should be covered to a depth of six inches, with leaves or straw, with a little fresh manure spread over, to prevent the covering blowing off. The covering must be removed early, a small portion being taken off at a time, say one-third. A few days later, two inches more should be removed, and the remainder several days later. When the plants are in bloom, remove the flowers as soon as they commence to fade.

Begin now, make and plant the bulb bed, make the garden ready for spring culture, set out the small fruits, fruit trees, asparagus, and rhubarb. Gather up the leaves from the woods or under-shade trees, pile them up to decay, turn them occasionally with a fork, to use alone or with stable manure, next spring on the garden. Try having a garden of your own, and see how greatly your home can be improved.

A NEAT, INEXPENSIVE WINDOW BOX.

A very neat and inexpensive window box, for bulbs or plants, is made by nailing small strips of tree boughs (which have previously been split or whittled flat on one side) on a common wooden soap or small packing box obtained at any grocery store. The strips

are pointed or rounded at the ends and tacked on perpendicularly, close together, prejecting above the top of the box so as to entirely cover it. With a little care neat designs and quite handsome boxes may be made in this way.

E. C. Vick.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

M. B. H.—The little black bugs on your chrysanthemums are the black aphis. Spray the plants twice or three times a week with tobacco water, made by steeping tobacco stems in water until it is the color of strong tea. A Long Island florist recommends the use of lady bugs, and says they pitch right in and destroy the aphis and thrips, and the eggs of other injurious insects, while they themselves do no harm to the plants.

A. S. C.—The reason your clematis has

not bloomed is, probably, because the rth in which it is growing is too rich. When the soil becomes somewhat exhausted it will bloom freely.

C. H. R.—Canna Ehemanii and other Gladiolus and flowering cannas should not be kept in a dry state over winter, as customary with Canna Indica, but kept growing a little in pots or boxes.

J. W. J.—Cuttings should always be made from healthy plants, otherwise they are sure to be poor and diseased. This is the cause of your trouble. Throw the plants away, and make new cuttings from healthy stock.

E. A. L.—Do not wet the leaves of Rex Begonias, as it causes them to spot, making holes in the leaves, and finally destroying them. This class of begonias is produced by cutting the leaves in small pieces and sticking one end into a box of clean sand. Keep the sand wet and in a shady place.



(An Open Door. By Blanche Willis Howard. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A new novel by the author of "One Summer" and "Guenn" suggests an excursion by untrodden ways. To read "The Open Door" justifies the reputation. Yet the title gives little promise of what is to come. scarcely intimates that "the Open Door" is but a metaphor for a voluntary and violent exit from life by the portal of suicide.

A young German officer, dowered with intellect, fortune, social rank, is by an accident hopelessly crippled. What might in one nature dispose to a weak querulousness, and in another to dumb melancholy, arouses in him all the antagonism of a strong personality. One can perceive in his condition nearly all the features that would render him an apt subject for the suggestions and arguments of suicide. A career spoiled, ex-

istence rendered worthless to himself, apparently doomed to be without advantage to others, chagrined by neglect, furnishes a very plausible basis for the query—"Is life worth living?" A quotation from Seneca, another from the still more ancient Epictetus,—he could have found more modern stock in Rousseau and Madame de Stael,—confirms the thought to which the dreary wish is father.

The counteracting influence is the healthful, invigorating association with a rude, strong, but gentle nature, in the person of one who, an ordinary stone-cutter, is both artist and poet in heart, and has the greater gift than either of these, the common sense to appreciate that to change the place is not to get rid of one's self. "The Open Door" might have had a moral attached to it, somewhat after the manner of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, to the effect that despairing

moods are ever abnormal, and that a life heartily, happily employed, especially in thought for others, carries with it its own prophylactic against megrims or a cowardly retreat to suicide.

The questionable quality in the book is the introduction of any consideration whatever that may give a coloring of justification to the theory that one's life belongs to himself, and that he has the exclusive right in an existence which constitutes him as one member of a body economic. While undoubtedly in the great majority of instances suicide is not the result of reason, but of a mind whose immediate impulses put reason to flight, materialism needs no new ally in the intimation that there may be a moral basis for self-murder.

It would be doing great injustice to confine this really fresh and hearty book to the signification of its title. The character drawing is admirable, for it is character evolution. It deals tersely, but wisely, with the side issues of socialism and class distinctions. If the German aristocratic life is overdrawn, in some cases to the point of caricature, the satire is always good humored.

(Three Days, by Samuel Williams Cooper. Publishers, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

On the title page this dainty little volume claims to be a love story, and it fully carries out its promise. Indeed, the tender passion so absorbs the thoughts of the characters who work out the plot, that one is forced to the conclusion that a sort of midsummer madness must have have held sway over the inmates of the "Hotel Gladstone." There are some good things said by the victims of the epidemic, a deal of the veriest trash talked, and undue prominence given to the animal side of the highest of passions. One can almost forgive non-

sense when it is printed, as is this, on good paper, in excellent type, gracefully illustrated and prettily bound.

(Plain Talks with Young Home-Makers. By F. McCready Harris (Hope Ledyard). Published by Cassell & Co., New York).

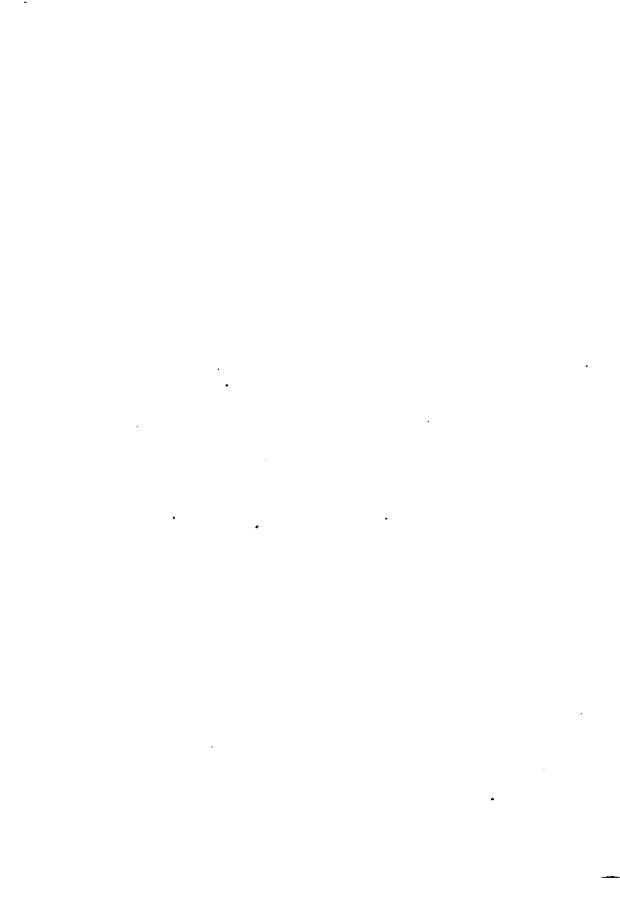
These "Plain Talks" do not aspire to be written for women of liberal means, but aim to aid those young matrons who must begin housekeeping in a small way, in rooms in a tenement or in equally inexpensive quarters. There are chapters on furnishing, marketing, serving, the care of children, sick nursing, entertaining, and the servant question. The little volume is readable, and contains many excellent suggestions.

(My Religion, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi.)
Translated by Hemington Smith. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The cult of Tolstoi has become a fashion among people who are ably and enthusiastically headed by W. D. Howells. The readers of "Anna Karenina," cannot fail to feel the deep religious feeling underlying the author's nature. What this faith comprises is set forth at length in "My Religion," which has been styled the Russian "Ecce Homo," "For thirty-five years of my life," writes Count Tolstoi, "I was in the proper acceptation of the word, a nihilist—not a revolutionary socialist, but a man who believed in nothing. Five years ago faith came to me; I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation."

He then proceeds to describe "that sudden light which showed me the Gospel doctrine in all its simple beauty." The task is performed con amore, and the result forms interesting reading, even for those who feel slight interest in general theological discussions.







THANKSGIVING.

THE HOME-MAKER

Vol., III.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.



OURNFUL pessimists to the contrary not withstanding, the world moves, and moves forward. The tide of kindly feeling that once marked Christmas in one

section of the country and Thanksgiving-Day in the other, has overleaped its ancient bounds. The observance of the anniversary of the Christ-child's coming was once almost unknown in New England. The relics of the old-time prejudice against anything recalling the bondage to ritualism from which they had freed themselves, kept the Puritans, for long years, from celebrating any of the days held sacred by the Church of England.

In like fashion, residents of the Southern, and of some of the Middle States took slight interest in the Thanksgiving-Day of the New Englanders. They knew little of the great Yankee festival, and held it in light esteem as an occasion connected in their minds chiefly with a long sermon and a big dinner. All this state of feeling prevailed even before the civil war, and that era of opposing interests naturally made the dividing line more distinct than ever. But now, as

each year lessens the bitterness of sectional feeling, the two great feast-days that commemorate peace, good-will and thankfulness, are gaining solemnization in regions where they were once unnoticed. The observance of Christmas is annually growing more general in New England, and takes almost as kindly to the bleak Northern climate as it ever did to the Sunny South; while in the Southern States it is becoming a common custom to hold religious services on Thankgiving, and to make of it not only a legal holiday, but also a time for family re-unions. It will probably never assume the importance there as the season for a gathering from far and near of the scattered members of the clans, which it possesses on its native soil, but its character as an occasion for returning thanks for the blessings of the year is recognized alike by both North and South. Such a sign of the times is worthy of chronicle by those who groan over the degeneracy of the age, and lament that virtues once cherished are falling into disrepute. Yet with all this gain there is still room for further growth.

The old-fashioned method of keeping Thanksgiving resembled in one respect the mourning of the Jews, when each tribe did its weeping and wailing apart. Perhaps it would be more charitable to believe that

the chosen people of modern days—as the Puritans reckoned themselves to be—conducted their mode of rejoicing in reference to the principle that a stranger should not intermeddle with the joy that is supposed to fill the hearts of those who meet at this time under the old roof-tree. And so, upon this festival, an outsider was rarely invited to join the circle of the home.

While Thanksgiving, more than any other holiday in the year, is pre-eminently the season for family assemblies, there is yet a certain selfishness in the thankfulness that would confine its expression only to those who have homes, and would neglect the stranger and the solitary. Never do friendlessness and loneliness press more heavily upon the man without a home than when he sees householders united, while he must view their happiness from without. Some natures such circumstances move only to sadness, others, they arouse to bitterness.

"It was very good in you to invite me into your home, on this, of all days," said a young student to his host, as they gathered about the Thanksgiving dinner table. "If it had not been for your kindness, I should have dined dismally by myself at a restaurant. I was surprised when you asked me, for I didn't suppose any one cared enough about me to want to have me to dinner on Thanksgiving."

"My dear boy, I know all about it!" returned the other. "I shall never forget the first Thanksgiving I spent in C. As is the case everywhere in New England, this

was the great festival of the year and everywhere members of families were meeting one another and having happy home gatherings. My own home was a thousand miles away, and my purse was too slim for me to think of returning there, even if I could have left my business long enough to make the trip. I knew, in a business way, plenty of householders, and half a dozen of them asked me if I were going to spend Thanksgiving with my family, and responded to my negative with a careless, "Ah! too bad!" Not one offered me a seat at his table, a corner by his fireside. I did not want to force my society upon any one, but I did not think I need have been much in the way. But no man bade me, and I ate my dinner in my almost deserted boarding-house with feelings of anything but gratitude. I resolved, then, that if ever I had a house of my own, it should be open on Thanksgiving day to just such solitary chaps as I was then."

It may require an effort to widen the home circle on a day sacred to the family, but the very thankfulness that is supposed to fill our hearts at such a season should incline us to give others cause for the same feeling. Such kindliness is almost always appreciated beyond its deserts, and even if it is not, what matters it? The duty is not lessened, nor the promise made void:

"The stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come and shall eat and be satisfied; that the LORD thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest."





TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.



HE snow came early that year, although it was never known to make much delay about spreading its wings over that high hill country. It was always unwelcome to Barbara Archer. It used

to seem to her as though, if she had not really died, yet she was surrounded by a vast, viewless prison wall which shut her out of life. She hated to be so withdrawn from the world as this winter on the mountain side made her; she loved the gay throng of the city, the occupations and idlenesses there, shopping, calling, dancing, theatres, music, candies, dress. She was a butterfly and loved the flowers of life.

Here there was absolutely no one but herself and the child and the servants, and at night and morning, her husband. one ever came in; there was no one to There was not a house in sight come in. but the shepherd's hut among the hills above; for the works and the houses of the men were at the foot of the range, and there was not even a hill-woman to come in for a good gossip—alas, there was no one to gossip about. And she wanted to live in the city; and she particularly wanted to go down and spend Thanksgiving there; and she had meant to do it, and had ordered some dresses from Radnor that she might go cap-a-pie and strike envy to the hearts of these, and terror to the hearts of those, and delight the eyes that loved her-and here was her husband stoutly refusing to go at all, and she was condemned to spend the day, when all her people would be merrymaking together, here in this lodge in the wilderness; and she said, first to herself, and

then to every one within hearing, just how she hated it!

It didn't matter that this lodge was of the most luxurious; that the newspapers and magazines and new books came with regularity; that her splendid horses could take her and her boy, wrapped in furs to the chin, careering over the hills and through the snowy forest ways. She used to rave about scenery when she left town in the Summer; how her heart beat with joy at the sight of mountains with their purple hollows and sunlit steeps on the horizon, like things of a dream; at the plunging of any wild stretch of surf; at the long lanes of golden green light in the mossy dells of the woods. But now!

"Talk of scenery!" she cried. "One can be as satiated with that as with chocolates. Mountains? For my part, I won'z give all Cotopaxi, with Chimborazo and Popocatapetl and Mount Helen thrown in, for one city alley and two brick walls!"

"Perhaps it would by S. & more valuable as an investment," se S & r husband. "But I always thought I should like to own Popocatapetl."

"What in the world would you do with it, Scott?"

"Tunnel it! And pipe off heat enough to warm all this north country."

"Well! If that isn't about as practical as our living up here in the wilderness!"

"Practical? There's nothing more so," said her husband, warming with the fancy, and laying down his fork. "When the work approached the central fires, have the ducts all laid, first with the infusible trap and lava rock at hand, and then with fire clay to finish up with regular piping; and all there would be left to do would be the final tapping—and pay for the whole out of the silver and gold found on the way, and after that, clear profit till the end of time! Warm every city, every hall, every house, in the whole north, and sup-

ply power to the machinery of a continent out of the earth's central fires! Good Heavens! Vanderbilt would be nowhere, the Rothschilds would be beggars in comparison to us. Buy up the British Islands for pasture-land! You should have a dress, the cloth covered with a diamond in every mesh, and the train reaching out into the other room,—a comet pale beside you. It makes my hair stand on end to think of it!"

"It makes my blood run cold to hear you go on so! And it isn't a bit more chimerical than your work here, when you could have plenty of opportunity for your science and business capacity, and all that, in the city. It always seems to me as if you were extracting tin from old tomato-cans."

"Silver, you mean," said her husband with unbroken good-nature. "Silver that makes you very comfortable to-day, and will establish a bank-account to make you

more so to-morrow.'

"It won't!" she cried. "I'd rather live in the narrowest street in town and go round with a tambourine, while you ground a hurdy-gurdy, than have all the bank accounts you'll ever get out of this, where we're wasting the best years of our life. I should at least see some human beings then!"

"The same sort of human beings that you see now with your house full of servets—eight servants to wait on three peopits" said Mr. Archer, setting down his cup and wiping his moustache. "And you wouldn't enjoy life in the city, my love, without a har account, let me tell you. Your dresses, flowers, your carriages, your opera box, dinner parties—"

"I should enjoy as 'hing better than I do this! This wilderness, this cometery, this place after death! Look at the snow fall-

ing now!"

"Let me see. In this wilderness your millinery bills would support a common family. I don't see how you do it."

"How I do it? It's all the pleasure I

have—opening the boxes!"

"One thousand? two thousand a year? Oh, I'm glad to have you have them, you know. You do them justice. I like to see you so."

"I'd like to have other people see me! I'd like to see other people! I feel as if I

were a rustic—a boor!"

"Nothing could ever make you that."

"Oh, don't talk to me so, Scott! If you thought so, you wouldn't keep me in prison up here."

"In prison with your husband, your child, —horses like those of Achilles?"

"For all that, dreary's no name for it. I can't see why you won't let Alex and me

live in town, and you come and go."

"Come and go on a ten hours' journey? Of course, I couldn't do that every day, and I couldn't do it every other day. I couldn't do it at all, and see anything of you and Alexis. I should have to go on Saturday and content myself with the daylight of Sunday in the bosom of my family. It might make no odds to you, but it would to me; and so you see how impossible it is."

"I don't see that it is impossible."

"You flatter me," he said, trying to repress his vexation. "But—"

"But that is no reason why you can't go

down for Thanksgiving."

"You can—you and Alexis."

"I don't want to go without you. It would look well, wouldn't it?"

"Oh! If looks are all!"

"They're not. I shouldn't be welcome without you. And I can't have people seeing that my husband is so wrapped up in his business that he can't spend a holiday with me."

"When is Thanksgiving?"

"You know very well. How absurd!

It's to-morrow, of course."

"Well, I can't, then. It's no use," he said, "it is impossible. Things are too pressing. It's not to be thought of. But you needn't be so lonely. You can have all the guests you wish,—fill the house—"

"I don't wish any," she said, with her prettiest pout, "I don't wish them to see my husband so lost in his experiments and machinery that I might as well have no hus-

band at all."

"I rather think you'd find the difference," he said, still imperturbably. "You don't know when you're well off, with a husband who loves you, and a boy,—a boy that beats the Dutch! The little rogue—going to be a great chemist, Bab! You ought to have seen him in the laboratory yesterday—"

"I'm glad I didn't! I don't want him to go there! If I find him studying chemistry and mining and all that, I'll burn the books up! I'd rather he'd be a clerk at a ribbon-counter. I'm afraid every day he goes down with you, that he'll be brought home a mangled mass of flesh and sulphuric acid, and goodness knows what!"

"Great Heavens!" cried Mr. Archer, suddenly, springing to his feet, dropping his napkin and upsetting his coffee. "What it is

to have married a fool!"



"she paused to look at herself in the mirror."—See page 96.

And then Mr. Archer closed the door be-

hind him, not to say emphatically.

Well, she didn't care if he did! That was a way to show how happy she ought to be. That was a way to make her happy. To let her see that her husband was perfectly indifferent to her wishes, -wanted to go his way, and expected her to go hers, -absorbed in his money-making,—able to understand none of her finer feelings, -laughed at her when she spoke of them, -just a mere brute! And so lashing herself up, at last the tears came; and she paused in the middle of a warm gush to look at herself in the mirror and see what an abused woman it must be whose husband made her. Thanksgiving-Day so wretched; reduced her to tears at the breakfast-table, -and then, Justine came into the room and told her a box had arrived on the mountain team; and the tears disappeared by magic; and she ran up-stairs where Justine was already opening the box with as interested fingers as her own.

"Where's Master Alex?" asked Mrs. Archer. "He always likes to see me try on

my new dresses.

"He's gone with the master," said Jusine. "I saw his little nose in the furs as

they drove down."

"Oh, then, Mr. Archer will come home in the middle of the day. He never keeps Alex down there long. Perhaps he'll relent about going, and push things, and take us down after all. Now just look at this—the idea of Radnor's sending me—I don't know—it's really quite novel—coming back to the old sweeping styles, aren't they? Peach bloom shot with silver. Humph!"

"It is perfection," said Justine.

It's moonshine, just mere "Mercy! No character to it. I shall moonshine! have to mass carnations on it. Or no-Here, Justine, get out the silmy topazes. I meant this to wear to the Van ver paper. Remsen's ball. I may as well try it on and see if it's all right—they never are. Perhaps he'll change his mind and will go down for Thanksgiving yet. I did want to dazzle Lucie de Peyster. Well, it will go hard with me, if I get there, but I'll manage to stay for Christmas and have a dash at New Year's. At any rate, I can see how I should look!"

And the hour that followed was so absorbing to Mrs. Archer that she quite forgot to look out of the window at the softly falling snow over the hills, or much of anywhere else but in the glass.

And if beauty is its own excuse for being,

as we are told, she certainly had her own justification, for the wintry noon of a thick snowstorm never cast its pale light on anything lovelier than this little fairy creature in her peach-bloom with the collar and girdle and chatelaine of topazes, and the band of them in her chestnut hair, with the peach-bloom on her cheek as well, the topaz lustre in her eyes, and the smile that dimpled both corners of her rosy little mouth.

"It's a crying shame," she said, "if Scott still refuses to go after he sees me in this. Pretty sort of Thanksgiving it will be for me up here, with this dress in a box, and Lucie de Peyster's triumph hanging over me! There, Justine, you can put a bit of yellow point in here when I get it off, and add some loops—you'll find the lace in the left hand drawer of the dressing-case in the bow-room. You don't mean to say that's the luncheon-bell!"

And then as Justine left the room, a great prancing and jingling was to be heard, a bursting open of the door in the rising wind, a stamping and shaking and exclaiming in the hall! and Mr. Archer came dashing up-stairs and into the room as she was just

turning away from the mirror.

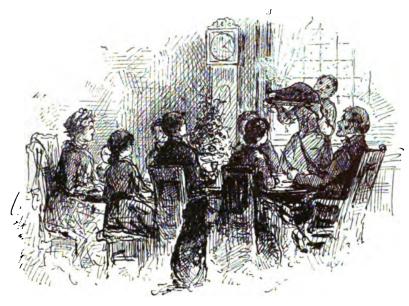
"Well, well, mamma!" he cried gaily. "I know you've forgiven me, or you'd never be looking like this fairy spectacle! Having a ball up here alone? Flocking all by yourself? What a scoundrel I was to speak to you so this morning, my little darling! I'm so glad you know I didn't mean anything. It has troubled me all the forenoon so that I could do no business at all, and I came home to make it all right with you, and tell you I'll give up everything and go down. We can take the six o'clock train in the morning, and your mother'll delay dinner if we telegraph. See what a little tyrant you are!" he said, throwing himself on the "You meant to go from the first. lounge. And you knew you would. And here's your dress ready!"

She had meant to be very haughty and reserved and distant when she saw Scott again. But the surprise and the pleasure of having him see her, and his infectious good nature, all overcame her intentions, and she had to look at him and laugh, and then run and throw her arms round him, and hide her

happy, blushing face in his neck.

"Oh, what a child I am!" she cried, looking up. "I am a fool! You only said the truth. But being a fool, you know"—

[&]quot;I am a brute!"



"BUT THE CHARM OF THE DAY IS THAT WE ARE ALL TOGETHER."

"That's just what I said you were!" and she hid her face again. "And as for you," she said, dancing off in a minute, "you like to see me look pretty. -- Confess you do!"

"You always do, you little butterfly. You're lovelier to-day than you ever were. Come down to luncheon in your new regimentals. Let me have the bloom of them, the peach-bloom. Come! come down just as you are, or I'll take you on my shoul-

ders, you Hop o' my Thumb!"
"Hop o' my Thumb was a gentleman."
"Well, shall I carry you on the palm of my hand, or will you walk down beside me like a Christian gentlewoman?"

"Oh, I'm not a Christian gentlewoman. I'm a little heathen, with all the bad things I thought about you this morning!"

"You couldn't have thought many bad things. You're not large enough to hold more than one or two at a time. You may be a shrew, but you're not a great shrew. Do you suppose that was what Shakespeare referred to when he said, 'She's little, but Come, I can't lunch on she's shrewd?' peach-bloom. By the way, I don't see that it's any economy to have a little wife. I'll be bound that dress costs as much as if you were the only living giantess."

" More!" and she pirouetted after him. And then, as he waited at the foot of the staircase over which she floated like a ball

of thistle-down, he caught her in his arms, and they waltzed through the long hall. "I don't believe you'll enjoy yourself half so much in town," he said, as she swept him a great courtesy, and he held the door of the luncheon-room, and she tripped in, to the butler's open-eyed dismay.

"Oh, yes, I shall!" she cried, as she took her seat. "It isn't that I think so much of Thanksgiving, you know, or of the way

we keep it"-

"No! it's a remnant of the old heathen sacrifices. We offer the best of the harvest, the fruits of the earth, and all that—regular sacrifice; kitchen range and dining-table for altar; and then we twist the whole thing round, and are somehow the victims sacrificed ourselves.'

"Yes, to be sure. But the charm of the day is that we're all together and telling each other everything—Mai, and Jean, and Al, and Tom, and Cousin Loll, and all the rest. Oh, I'd as lief go to bed and die, as stay here Thanksgiving and think of them all together; and after Thanksgiving, you know—oh, after that, the deluge!—the deluge of balls and dinners;" and she laughed up at him so sweetly that, although he half divined her intentions in relation to that deluge, he forgave her beforehand.

"Where's the kid?" he asked.

"Now, Scott! How many times have I

asked you not to call Alexis by that name? You've no idea how it sounds."

"Well, then, where's my son and heir? The little rascal is usually on hand at early notice."

"I declare! How perfectly terrible! Do you know, dear, I really for a moment quite forgot there was such a person as Alex, I felt so young and gay. I wonder what he'd say to that—the most important person in the house. I must tell you he has really modelled quite a good little lamb in the clay you sent up. You would almost know it was a lamb—at any rate, not a dog. is crazy over old Usher's flocks ever since we took him up the mountain, the darling! Lockyer, call Master Alexis to his luncheon. I don't believe there ever was quite such a It makes me tremble sometimes when I look at him asleep, he seems so like an angel. Yes, a bit of the duck, please. He is composing a tune, if you'll believe it—there, I'm too scatter-brained for any-I was just running to the piano to play you the first bars. He says he hasn't balanced them yet. Celery, Lockyer. Lockyer's gone for Alex. These ducks feed on celery, they say. Yes, I missed him so this morning. He likes to sit by when I am trying on my new gowns. He is such a little artist."

"Master Alexis is not in the house," said Lockyer, returning after some delay and interrupting the flow of talk that might have

run on till morning.

"Not in the house! Where is he?"

"He is not anywhere about the place, ma'am."

"Not about the place? Why—has—didn't you bring him home with you, Scott?"

"Bring him home? I didn't take him away!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, you did," she cried, alarm growing in her tone. "Justine saw him in the sleigh!"

"Oh, that was in play in the avenue.
put him out and told him to run in."

"He didn't, then," she cried. "He hasn't been here all the morning. Lockyer! Haven't you seen him? Hasn't anyone? Where on earth can he be?" springing from her seat. "Is he in the stables? Has any one been to the greenhouses? Yes? No? Scott! what are you sitting and staring at me for in that way? The boy didn't come in, don't you see? He has gone wandering off up the mountain-ways, and it's a blinding snowstorm already! Order the horses put in instantly, Lockyer!"

It was no longer the fairy spectacle, the child-wife. There was no more question of luncheon. She was on her feet, and in the hall

"Scott! take your horses," she cried, "and James, and go down to the works. He may have had the laboratory in his mind. I will take the big red horse and go over to the gorge. He has been curious about the old bridge there. Send the men out in every direction, with horns, Lockyer. Let them take lanterns. It is almost two now; it will be dark in a couple of hours. Oh, my God! To think of our dancing and playing this way, and the child—Hurry, Scott! Wake up! Oh, be a man! Hurry, Lockyer!"

And as she spoke she was regardlessly getting on her jacket over the ball dress, mechanically tying the tassels of the great cloak of white fox that Justine threw around her, and, almost pushing her dazed and thunderstruck husband into his sleigh, before she mounted her own, and was off in the thick, white weather. For the voice of the household was divided, those of the servants remembering that Alex had wanted to go with his father in the morning, and those remembering that they had seen little footprints in the snow leading the other way. And Mr. Archer, urging his horses to a jump on his way down to the works, when waking from the shock, could for many minutes see nothing but his wife as she looked at that moment with her white face and the white cloak, and her hurrying hands, like the dream of some brooding, overshadowing spirit of a mother.

The horses were at the works before he had fully recovered himself; and once there, he found that no one had seen the boy. He had not known how much he had depended on finding him there. He had James walk the horses back; indeed, in the growing storm, it was all they could do to walk; and he himself left the sleigh repeatedly to go down this and that cross-cut in the face of the wind, to look around this angle of the rock with a blast of frozen spiculæ cutting his face, or to tread away up the frozen bed of the brook and see nothing for the drive of snow down the defile. pulses began to beat like trip-hammers as the possibility became more and more real that the boy was not to be found and night was coming on. He went on like an automaton, as if he were benumbed, not by the cold and sleet, but by the shock of what he had not yet fully comprehended. When he

reached home he found that neither wife nor child had been heard from, nor had any of the searchers returned. Their tracks were already obliterated, and the twilight of the storm was closing around them like the heavy folds of a curtain, and Justine was lighting all the lamps and setting the windows ablaze.

He had fresh horses put in and started up the mountain, if, peradventure—he dared not shape the peradventure to himself—a child of five—he could not be living, exposed a half-dozen hours to such a storm as this. The wind came roaring down from the mountain range beyond; the gusts of snow spread in great clouds and passed; the gloom gathered; it was already dark. he pressed on. Now there was a moon behind the storm that rendered it all a grey horror. He went on in the same benumbed way. He should know what he was looking for if he came across it. He did not dare to think.

Not so his wife. It seemed to her as she dashed along as if she knew the possibilities in every flake of snow, as if, too, every moment were a spark of fire. She had had the men set out across country; she herself was making directly for the shepherd's hut up the mountain, if she could reach it before She remembered how the spot had taken Alex's fancy and dwelt in his thoughts. She made the groom whom she had taken with her put the red horse to his speed, if so she might reach the place before dark, she Every now and then she sent out her voice in a wild, sweet yödel of "Alexis, dear Alexis!" that sometimes the gale blew back in her mouth, making her feel powerless, and that sometimes its eddies snatched and carried on with a hundred echoes. Nothing but the shriek of the wind over the great slopes replied to her. If she could only reach the shepherd's hut be-fore dark! She felt he might be there; all her hope was on the chance. If he were not there, then there was no Alexis-she had no The moments flew by as the snowflakes did. Great heavens! it was dark. No constant looking out on every side for any little chance dear object now. Several times they had lost their way and retraced the distance. What precious moments! Each one of them meant life or death to her boy.

They had come to the end of the road; it was only a foot-path now, through low snow-covered thickets, over cleft rocks, round precipices, and along steep slopes. They left the cutter and went along as they

She felt that she had no right to could. expose the groom's life in this way; then she felt that his life was of no sort of consequence beside her boy's. It grew a little Could the night have gone and this be morning? Ah, no, it was the moon behind the storm. Sometimes she was forced back and held still a moment; the groom reached a hand to her; she tried to speak, but nothing could be heard but the scream of the great gust. Once the storm tore over in a burst of white cold spray that would have swept her into eternity if she had not been prone in They pulled themselves up, and the drift. continued their climbing, getting on in the occasional brief lulls. Sometimes she dropped from sheer inability to move, but all unconscious that her breath was gone, or that her lungs were furnaces of fire. Constantly before her eyes came pictures of a little dead child, frozen, beautiful, in the cleft, under that drift. And then it would sweep over her like a flame that all this came from her own restless vanity, her desire for pleasure, her neglect that morning spent before the mirror.

"My own child's murderer! My own child's murderer!"

And she could feel her little boy's terror as the elements opened their horror to him, as his way became confused, as no oue heard him, as he found himself lost, as he sank down alone, cold, heart-broken, dying. Every bush, every stone, every shadow was an apparition of something that might be he; it was not—they got back into the path again. When they rested for a breath, she screamed, and plunged forward again.

But there came at length a moment when the groom could go no further. She sprang away from him and went on alone. She waited for a pause of the shrieking blast to creep round a precipice; she had crossed the broken bridge at the gorge, held by one stringer, without knowing it, as if out of the body herself, or else lured by a spirit. She had but one more bad piece of overhanging rock to skirt, and then she would be out on the open, where she must take to her hands and knees through the snow, for up and over that she could see the light glimmering in the shepherd's hut.

"What of it?" she cried, "I am not in the least tired. I am health itself. I have never had a sick day. I, who have danced all night, to be tired at a scramble! If I only find him, all this will have been a frolic!"

A horrible frolic! A step, a struggle, a

stagger, and she could not move one foot before another. She leaned back against the
rock where she had fallen under its overhanging shelter, and the storm whirled by.
She was going to die, she said at last.
Her boy was already dead. If her husband
survived the exposure he would perhaps be
injured past remedy. He would be childless, wifeless, and she had done it. He
would hate her—he could not mourn her.
And so the two storms raged on. It seemed
to her as if the fire in herself might melt the
way before her.

The lulls began to come more frequently, to last longer. Although so swift and furious, it had not been a cold storm. All

at once she said:

"Now I am really dying. I know I am. It is so that the dying see the world about them."

For on the falling wind the snowflakes glistened like sparks; now they floated down like rosy petals; now they were no more. The air was all a radiance of pink and gold; it was all a white, shining and transfigured world. A long sunbeam slanted up and touched her face; touched, too, this face bending over her. It was morning, and her husband had reached her. Her husband bent and lifted her. She turned away her face, speechless. He had not found the The men went before, plunging and floundering, and beating out a way to the hut. The shepherd came out to meet them, with a face bright with the cheer that morning brings after a storm. He took the mother and carried her in, and, tearing off her wraps, set her by the fireside. She fell asleep in the chair in one moment, and it seemed to the man, as if some resplendent creature out of Fairyland had fallen asleep by his fire.

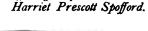
A long, deep two hours' sleep; she opened

her eyes. Ah, it was so! She had died then, after all. The little cherub whose head came against the window-light that made an aureole about it—her husband—yes, they were all here. And then Scott had her in his arms and was covering her face with kisses, and the child was running to her with his board and chalk and their rude picture of a lamb, crying,——

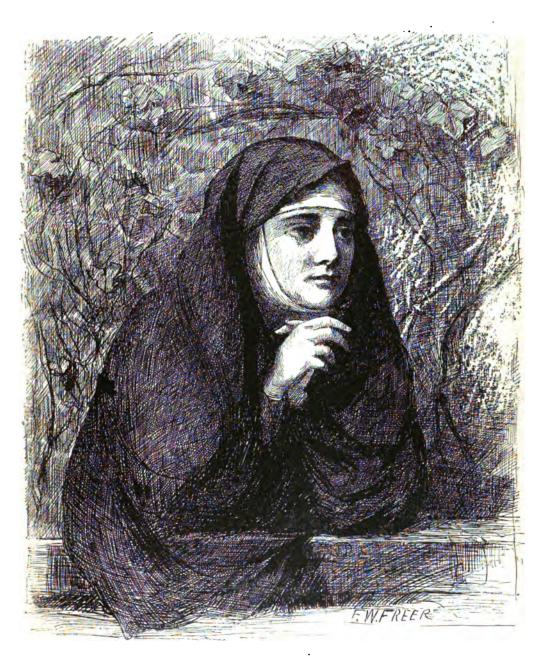
"I drord it all meself, mamma!" and perception of the truth was coming to her, in a calmness born of all she had suffered, a calm that knew neither tears nor outcry of joy, as if all the dross in her had been

burned out with that night's stress.

This was not a calm to last long. bara Archer was coming to the top again. "Oh!" she cried presently. "We haven't to stay here for our Thanksgiving Day? Thanksgiving in this place! I don't deserve it, but I've got all the world, and my world, to be thankful for to-day, and I want to be thankful at home! I don't know how I ever could have thought of spending Thanksgiving anywhere else. I never will again as long as I live! I love every inch of the dear place, Scott. And I'm rejoiced that this dress is nothing but a drabbled rag. I never want to see another ball-dress or another ball, or go to town again, or see a brick in the walls there! I believe I shall kiss the threshold when I get home. Oh, how sweet and dear it seemed to me last night! Yes, indeed, I've no doubt we shall all be ill in bed to-morrow, but to day I feel strong enough to scale the walls of heaven. Alexis Archer! You naughty boy! How could you run away so from your dear Mamma? But you know, Scott, if we had been living anywhere but in the wilderness, this never could have happened. Oh, what a glorious Thanksgiving Day it is!'







MELANCHOLY DAYS.—See page 102.

MELANCHOLY DAYS.

The vine upon the old church wall Has dropped its scarlet gown, And stands, a discrowned Cardinal, In a monk's garb of brown.

Along each maple-bordered lane, Which Autumn late has trod; Her wounded feet have left a stain On every leaf and sod.

And here, where its own spicy scent Its hiding has betrayed; Safe from the frost, within the tent Some tattered leaves have made; Is one belated pink as pale
As some meek, convent nun;
Whose color fades behind her veil
For want of wind and sun.

The golden-rod, a spendthrift gay, Who poured for asking hands Palms-full of gold; himself to-day Rusty and ragged stands!

And now, like doves with cold, gray breasts,
The snow-flakes flutter by;
And brood within the empty nests
Where young birds used to lie.

Oh, who would guess that skies so cold Hold in their cloaks of gray,
The perfect blue and radiant gold
Of Spring's delicious May?

May Riley Smith.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER III.



RS. MORGAN was pleased to find the hotel veranda nearly deserted when she and her husband came out to stroll in the fresh air before breakfast. Besides themselves and a dyspeptic old gentleman taking a

solemn constitutional, the only other occupants of the breezy spaciousness were six prospective fishermen in rough garb, packing lines, reels and fly-hooks for an excursion.

"Nine rounds make a measured mile," remarked the dyspeptic, wheezingly, to Emmett, as the two young people fell into step for a rapid walk. "The fact should be conspicuously placarded, sir, for the convenience and comfort of guests—placarded!"

They left him muttering in his beard.

"A professional grumbler!" said Emmett. "No hotel is complete without him!"

"Poor man!" sighed Clara. "To be unhappy here, on such a morning!"

A silver-gray dawn, cool, and lovely with haze and dreamy distances, had ushered in "a blue day." Pale-blue reaches of shorelines; clearest, tenderest azure above, with intervening fleets of cumulous clouds, melting into gray-blue edges, sailing eastward, like squadrons of swans and cygnets; deep, bright blue waters, dimplingly alive to the glorious truth of a new morrow—was the farther outlook. From the heart of the arbor-vitæ grove, the thousand fine streams of a fountain, tossed against the wind, drifted and swayed tanglingly in the treetops, and, shattered into fine snow, sifted away into nothingness. The break of the waves upon the gravelly beach, the dash of the advance, the rush and hiss of the retreat, kept time to the rise, fall and float of the fountain-spray.

Emmett noted what his wife was too much absorbed in the fairness of the scene, too exultant in the response of youth and happiness to the vivifying rush of the air, laden with ozone and sparkle, to see,—that the fishermen looked after her admiringly as she passed. Her gait was elastic and free; her proud head, fresh color and glad eyes were mute revelation of fullness of enjoyment of

life and her present environment. She was a noble creature—unspoiled, high-souled, superb in physique, pure in heart—and all his!

"God make and keep me worthy of her!" the young husband said, inwardly, in happy humility.

Clara smiled up into his eyes at that second, confidingly yet naïvely, unconscious of the trend of his thought.

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of you, my love! Of you only!"

She believed it so fully that a prismatic film swam over water, sky and islands when she looked abroad. Each hour was more blesséd than the last. Her cup was full, and there were no cloudy lees in the bright wine.

A man accosted Emmett respectfully on their ninth beat.

"This is Mr. Morgan, I believe? My name is Lachance. I was told in the office that you wished to see me."

It was the accomplished cicerone recommended by Mrs. Dumaresque, and while the two men arranged the details of the drive projected for the morrow, Clara strolled into the rotunda. To the left of the main entrance was a square room enclosed on three sides only. Two windows looked upon the veranda, a fire crackled in the wide grate. Opposite this was the conventional bazaar for the sale of Indian curiosities, stationery, newspapers, cigars and novels.

Struck by a felicitous idea, Clara bought a copy of Miss Woolson's Anne, and ordered it to be sent to her room, then, seeing Emmett still busy with the Frenchman, she bethought herself further to make inquiry concerning the mails. "The office" was at the rear of the rotunda, and the register lay open upon the counter close beside her.

She had just put her question to the clerk in charge when some one ran down the stairs behind her, walked up to the counter and began turning the leaves of the big book. His movements were so abrupt, and he was so near that the bride, to whose apprehension familiarity was insult, drew away and glanced at him defensively.

It was the man she had seen last evening, after the recitation of "Lasca," and who had asked the reader's name. He was scanning the scrawled pages intently, his finger hurrying down a column of arrivals ten days old. Clara saw the date, just as the indexfinger stopped;

Mrs. Gillette,
Mrs. Dumaresque,

New York City.

were the bracketed names written boldly in a woman's hand. The stranger drew an audible breath between his teeth, then, looking up, met Mrs. Morgan's eye, and became uncomfortably aware that she was penned in against the counter by himself and two men who had backed toward them in getting out of the way of passers-by.

"Excuse me!" uttered the offender, in civil concern, bowing and moving aside to

let her escape.

The way was blocked again—now by two of the fishermen, creels and rod-cases in hand.

"We are only waiting for you, Major!" Clara heard, in gliding between the groups, her cheeks hot, her heart beating faster than the occasion warranted. None are such sticklers for the unwritten proprieties as the provincial èlite, and Mrs. Morgan, with all the education gained at the celebrated Lisbon Seminary, and in months of foreign travel, bore still the down of self-consciousness, and was subject to the punctilious dreads of the provinces. Individualism flourishes apace in village and township, and nothing grows faster in the opportunity there allowed for expansion of trait and idiosyncrasy, than self-conceit.

The bridal pair spent the morning in the open air, sauntering aimlessly for awhile, finally establishing themselves in a cozy nook formed by a clump of balsamfirs, a dozen yards or so from the brow of a

precipitous cliff.

"I mean to begin a course of current literature," Clara announced, when Emmett had finished his cigar, lying, more in English than American style, on the rough herbage at her feet, his arms pillowing his head, his whole being steeped in lazy content. "Of course light reading was forbidden at school, and social duties have left me little time for it since. I bought Anne this morning—you recollect that Mrs. Gillette spoke of it last night—for you to read aloud, while I am at work. That is—unless you object?"

Object? Could he be anything but grateful for a scheme suggested by her wish to assimilate her own to his views and tastes? After all, your rational woman is more ductile in love's hands than the pretty simpleton who professes to have no will apart from her husband's!

They read Anne all that golden, balmy forenoon, the winds whispering in the balsam covert hiding them from the public

road; the lap! lap! of the waters, a hundred feet below, joining in musical subtones to Emmett's voice. Clara had taken from her work-bag a bit of embroidery, dainty, intricate outlining in buff silk upon a paler ground. "Something toward housekeeping," she said to her delighted spouse.

She looked busily happy whenever he glanced at her in turning a leaf. For himself, he asked nothing more of earth—or of heaven—were it possible to carry on this

pencil an interrogation point in the margin.

"That we may identify localities," he explained, "Mr. Lachance can show us the Old Agency House and other points of interest—and the Gillettes must be familiar with most of the places mentioned here."

"You always speak of 'the Gillettes,'—as if the daughter were a secondary personage. She seems to me to overshadow the gentle

mother."

"It is unintentional, then. There was never a more devoted child. I got into the



"SO THEY READ Anne STEADILY FOR THREE BEATIFIC HOURS."

drama of innocent domestic blessedness to life's close. He seemed to have been born and lived for eight-and-twenty years, only that he might come to this time and place.

So they read Anne steadily for three beatific hours, Emmett deeply interested, Clara mildly indulgent of the author's penchant for impecunious dreamers like William Douglas, and raw girls in island-made gowns, with a talent for griddle-cakes, self-devotion, and vocal music.

Now and then the reader paused to

habit of saying, 'The Gillettes,' in old times."

He resumed the interrupted passage:—

"'Later in the evening, when the moon was shining brightly, and she was on her way home from the Church-house with Rast, she saw a sledge moving toward the Northern point.".

At the end of the dialogue that closed the

chapter, Clara became critical.

"I can see, already, how the story will end. That young Pronando will be engaged to Anne. He is bright, and will go out into the world, and grow. She is slow-witted, and will continue to live on the Island, and make excellent coffee, and translate Latin as conscientiously, but not so creditably, and vegetate and gain flesh as she gets older, until she is no better than a cabbage or a Ruta baga turnip. He will either be honorable and wretched in marrying her, or dishonorable and judicious and break the engagement. She will be the Island saint if he doesn't marry her—settle that little weasel of a sister and her monkeyfied brothers in life, and take up her abode in the Churchhouse with Miss Lois, who will live to be a hundred."

"Bravo!" cried Emmett. "Capital! As good as one of Bret Harte's condensed novels!"

"That is my objection to novels," continued Clara, complacently. "They are not pictures of real life, but machines, and the actors, marionettes. There must be adventures, intrigues, elopements, hair-breadth escapes, broken hearts and ugly scandals—even among decent people. Now, such things don't occur in respectable and refined families. But I suppose a novel that described every-day life as it is, and as we know it, would be a stupid affair."

While he went on with the next chapter, she let her hands rest on her work, and watched some object upon the lake. Pres-

ently she checked him.

"Wait a moment—please! Why do you suppose that little yacht—the one with the red pennant—has lain just there ever since we have been here? Isn't it the one that took out the fishing-party from the hotel? I noticed the red streamer when you pointed the boat out to me from the piazza, after breakfast."

Emmett adjusted his field-glass, and

brought it to bear upon the yacht.

"What eyes and wits you have? It is the very same. There is a party of Chicago men on board, bound to Carp River and Les Chenaux—they call it "The Snows," hereabouts. Some accident has happened to the sails or cordage, or something"—speaking in the deliberate, disconnected way peculiar to one whose eyes by help of artificial agents, have borne his thoughts to a remote point.

Put a spy-glass to the eye of the most material of men, and he leaves his body with you while he goes forth with his mind.

"The crew are busy mending it," pursued Emmett, abstractedly. "The yacht lies so

near land that we can see every face. This is a splendid glass. Would you like to take

a peep?"

observed Clara, lapsing likewise into the ruminative in altering the focus to suit her vision. "The sailors may be busy, but the passengers are having a good time with their cigars, and—"stiffening into virtuous severity—"bottles! Oh!"

"What is it?" asked Emmett, enjoying the change in her visage, attributing it, as he did, wholly to disapprobation of the scene he had mischievously brought to her sight. Clara affected not to hear the query in her absorption in the vessel and occupants. Secretly, she was ashamed of her exclamation and its cause. Why should she be startled when a man lounging on the guards turned so as to bring his features in line with the lens? She saw him very plainly, and at her leisure, as he removed the white visor-cap to screen the cigar he was lighting. His eyes were deep-set and dark; his hair was less gray than his moustache; the face was good and kind, albeit grave to pensiveness when at rest. She almost believed that she could trace the scar that made a diagonal seam across the lower jaw.

Shaking off the odd shiver the sight of him and the inexplicable familiarity she already felt with his personality, gave her, she

said, indifferently —.

"There is the officer who stood behind us last night while Mrs. Dumaresque was reciting. He was hunting for her name in the register this morning. At least, his finger stopped at it, and he caught his breath as if surprised."

Emmett laughed again.

"What a woman! How do you know he is an officer? And why might he not have been looking for the signature of a sheriff's officer, or a creditor, and his sigh

one of relief at not finding it?"

"I heard his friends call him, Major;" Clara picked up her embroidery, and spoke sedately. "I can tell you something else that may surprise you. He feels peculiar interest in your fascinating friend. Nothing is more likely than that she should marry again. When a widow lays by her weeds she must expect to be regarded as a single woman."

Emmett had grown serious.

"I doubt if poor Karen would care to repeat an unfortunate experiment. Her marriage was not happy, or, so I have heard. The fellow must have been a thorough scamp. With all her seeming frivolity, she has one of the sweetest, most generous tempers ever bestowed upon a woman, and a deep, warm, faithful heart. I cannot imagine how any one except a brute could maltreat her."

He was gazing thoughtfully—perhaps wistfully—out upon a smiling expanse of waters. The pretty yacht, the red pennant fluttering like a danger signal, rocked and swung in the trough of the swells now deepening into shorter waves.

"I can never forget how gallantly she stood by me once or twice. I owe it to her influence with her father that I was not expelled from college for a mad prank."

Clara looked surprised and hurt.

"I thought you had always been steady?"

"Never unsteady, perhaps," laughing anew at her alarmed tone. "But prankish. Ask Karen about some of my escapades."

"As if I would discuss your failings with

any one-much less a stranger!"

Emmett reached over to kiss her hand.

" Loyal little wife!"

With a very sober countenance Clara began to set buff stitches upon the paler Before a wife can join heartily in her lord's enthusiasm for another woman, she must be very sure of his fealty to herself and very much attached to the person lauded. Clara was sure of Emmett's love, but thus far, she was not even attracted towards Mrs. Dumaresque. In fact, as she stitched her nameless disquiet into the pale-buff fabric, she was pondering the probabilities that Captain Dumaresque might not have been wholly to blame for the "unfortunate" re-Brilliant women selsult of their union. dom make exemplary wives. Above all, she was annoyed at the thought that the man in whose unsmirched record she felt such worthy pride, had narrowly shunned open disgrace, and that through this other woman's mediation. . Yet Mrs. Gillette had called him one of her best "boys!" Had these women of the world a different code of right and wrong from hers? It would be absurd to call Emmett to account, at this late day, for college scrapes, but she did feel that she should not have been kept in ignorance of them so long. She hoped, in silent fervor, that "Father and Mother" would never hear of them.

"We must not neglect Anne for a more beautiful and bewitching woman!" she aroused herself to say, presently, in forced playfulness.

Emmett cast a lingering look at the little

craft, with the slender scarlet signal fluttering aloft, before he plunged in medias res of Chapter V:—

hot, still and aromatic that now and then Anne loved to go there and steep herself in it. She used to tell Miss Lois that it made her feel as though she was an Egyptian princess who had been swathed in precious gems and spices for a thousand years."

"That is a faulty simile," interposed Clara, judicially. "How can a mummy feel anything? Our teacher of Rhetoric used to tell us to try every metaphor by certain rules. Mixed figures are a fatal defect

tain rules. in style!"

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Gillette did not feel equal to the short voyage to St. Ignace, being, as she confessed, an indifferent sailor. And by two o'clock P. M., at which hour the steamer plying between island and mainland left the pier in the lower town, the wind had freshened into what young Gates, in nautically-ambitious phrase, styled—"a spanking breeze."

The original project of a partie carrée would have fallen through even without Mrs. Gillette's defection. Her daughter first requested the Morgans' permission to take

Miss Manly.

"Her mother is an invalid, and I have come to include the child in most of our plans," she stated.

Next, she preferred petitions from Messrs Romeyn and Gates to be admitted to the

party.

"Surely you need not ask us!" expostulated Clara at this. "We are but addenda—self-invited guests. Don't remind us of that! Pray act as if we were not here."

"Then, I must look less happy," returned

Karen, blithely.

Her unfailing graciousness was irresistible, except to jaundiced prejudice. Bertie Gates described her once by saying that she was "the sort of woman who thanks the man who gives up his seat to her in a street-car—don't you know?"

She was the heart of the company assembled on the forward deck as the boat swung off from the dock. but she made the others feel that they were the veins which fed the heart. The rôle of hostess was her birthright. She gave and dispensed as freely and constantly as heart-beats throw the

blood into circulation, and with no more effort

Organization in social grouping is of minor importance as compared with assimilation. Mrs. Dumaresque was mistress of the lesser and greater arts. Before the prow had ploughed a half-mile furrow, "Gem" M anly (euphemistic diminutive for Jemima) had conveyed a message, modestly and well-expressed, from her mother to Mrs. Morgan, to the effect that their mothers were first cousins, and that she—Mrs. Manly—begged her to disregard ceremony and call upon her that evening.

"She is a prisoner to her sofa," said the girl. "I have never seen her walk across the room. She is a famous genealogist, and the discovery of a new relative is a boon

to her."

Mr. Gates promptly made talk with the bride, apropos to the smallness of the world, and the laws of consanguineous attraction; Mr. Romeyn listened, gravely courteous, putting in a polished wedge of conversation when he espied an opportunity; Emmett, on the outskirts of the circle, chatted with his old comrade, each contributing his and

her quota to the general talk.

Slim, blue-eyed Gem was just nineteen, and on the verge of her first season. The flutter of manner and vivacity of speech which Clara inclined, last night, to reprobate as friskiness and gush, was, in the light of their newly-discovered kinship, the tremulous, eager unrest of the butterfly who was a chrysalid an hour ago, as she balances herself upon a petal-tip before launching forth into the sweet wilderness of blossom and sunlight. She was a little lady, from the crown of her coquettish sailor-hat to the toe of her trim boot, a fact Clara perceived with satisfaction.

Acquaintanceship ripened rapidly into friendship. The youthful matron unbent beyond her wont to meet the merry temper of her companions. Even Mr. Romeyn told an anecdote with a laugh in it, while the shuttle-cock of repartee between Gem and her palpable admirer flew fast and high. Seeing her husband glance over his shoulder in amusement not far from amaze as she recovered herself from a fit of laughter, Clara rallied her dignity.

"There is certainly intoxication in Mackinac air, as Mr. Morgan says. I am forgetting that I am the chaperone of the party."

Mrs. Dumaresque took her up on the spot.
"My dear child, I am here, and on guard! I who was a hundred years old

when you were born! I, who was never as young as Gem, here!"

"It is an open secret that to Mrs. Dumaresque belongs the honor of the discovery of the fountain of perpetual youth," Mr. Romeyn said with a bow as profound as the simultaneous plunge of the steamer would allow.

He was habitually so unsmiling, and looked so drily impassive that Clara already wondered at his close attendance upon the queen of the small court. Gentlemanly to punctiliousness, and unobtrusive to a degree, he yet lost not a tone or look of hers. As a wealthy bachelor of fine education and breeding, he was a decided "eligible" in the market matrimonial. It was as evident that he preferred Mrs. Dumaresque's society to any other as that she vouchsafed him no token of signal favor. She bowed slightly and smilingly, now, and without other recognition of the compliment, resumed her low-toned ehat with Mr. Morgan.

"You are altogether right—as usual. It is nobody's business. Even my wife—while

she is a model of discretion—,'

How she happened to overhear what reached no other ears than those to which it was addressed, Clara could not tell. A new pain, like a red-hot needle, darted into her heart. She felt the blood rush tinglingly to her cheeks, then recede with impetuosity that left them cold and numb. Instinctively, she turned aside and gazed in the opposite direction from the speakers.

The scene was photographed upon her brain by the flash-light of that crucial sec-They were passing the two yellow sand-bars curving about the western cove of The waters were tumbling Round Island. over them, like water-babies tossing and kicking, throwing up white arms and legs through the surf. From west to east, greater waves raced and chased and leaped upon each other, gleaming crest succeeding sunfilled hollow in frantic frolic. Wind-caps were the dancing plumes of a numberless host; there was not a cloud in the illimitable blue overhead, not a shadow upon the face of the deep.

Clara pulled herself together sooner than a weak or more sensitive woman could. Mrs. Dumaresque had a right to her secret. Emmett said truly that it was nobody else's business—and there might be circumstances that altered the case of even a man with his wife. She would never question him, would prove herself the model of discretion he

vaunted her.

The steamer forged gallantly ahead in the teeth of the wind; the noise of cleaving bows and rushing air obliged Emmett to raise his voice again:—

"Yet you still wear your wedding-ring?"

"And always shall. Once married, always married. Neither crime, nor the law that condemns the criminal can do away with the Vow of vows."

Emmett leaned over his wife's chair an hour later, with a smile half-teasing, half-anxious.

"Have the Straits done what the Atlantic and English Channel could not?" he whispered.

She shook her head mutely, her answering smile cool, but not ungentle, and, accepting the wrap he folded about her, leaned back in her chair with such marked disinclination to conversation that Mrs. Dumaresque ingeniously averted scrutiny and direct address until the voyage was ended.

The landing at St. Ignace was ugly and uninteresting. The railway station was hard by, the lines of gleaming rails leading countryward seemed to have scorched and blackened as they ran. A single long, dusty street lay along the water. The air felt arid and still after the "spanking breeze" on board the boat. The quiet town, the old clapboarded church and the pollarded tree beside it appeared to shrivel together in the glare of the afternoon sun.

Clara's color was not yet normal when they pushed back the always-unlocked door and entered the church. The pews were straight and uncushioned; the tables to the right and left of the altar were draped with linen cloths; red Holland shades were drawn down over the windows. A really fine painting of St. Ignatius hung above the high altar. The saint knelt in prayer at a table on which were breviary, candle and skull; the upturned visage, chastened by prayer and fasting, was pure and pale.

Conventional Clara did an unconventional thing when the low-voiced consultation as to ways and action ended in the agreement that the three men should go in search of a vehicle and guide, while the ladies waited in the church grounds.

"I should like to stay here until you come back," she said aside to Emmett. "It is cooler, and not so glaringly bright as outside. Manage it so that I can sit still alone, and wait"

It was Karen who did the managing, and so adroitly that there seemed to be nothing singular in Mrs. Morgan's desire to rest in the shaded interior while the other women explored the church yard and contiguous regions. Even Emmett saw naught amiss.

"You won't be lonely or nervous, darling?" he tarried behind the rest to say.

"I am never nervous—and seldom lonely. I shall be entirely comfortable, thank you."

Not having quite mastered the mysteries of the degrees of discretion possible to a model, Emmett followed his friends, convinced that his sensible wife had chosen, as usual; the better part. The white sunshine was intense on the water, and the wind a bit stiff even for a head as steady as hers.

Clara sat perfectly still for ten minutes, gazing at the pale rapt face of the kneeling saint, her palms pressed hard together. The release from the observation of stranger and loving eyes was like the slow playing-out of She could not afford to let a tense chain. herself quite go, but she must have time and relief in order to think connectedly. all things else—the conscience which was her inflexible guide keeping the helm hard down-she would not be unjust, or even unduly sensitive. This woman, whose early influence over Emmett might have had nothing sinister in it, had a history—which was also, a mystery, one connected with her "unfortunate" marriage, which, he agreed with her, would better remain unknown, even to his It was possible that Emmett would revoke his decision so far as to confide to the keeper of his every secret that which concerned another.

"If not, —" it was a stern whisper that ran around the bare building, where there was nothing to muffle the sibilations, "If not, I will trust him and try not to hate her —and wait!"

She did not add—"and watch!" But the echoes meant it.

The pallid saint, worn with waiting, and haggard with watching against the world, the flesh and the devil; the cheap prints upon the walls; the worn boards on which worshippers sat to hear and knelt to pray, the tawdry touch imparted to the interior by the glazed red shades—she seemed to have known them a long time when she looked back in closing the door.

Mrs. Dumaresque and Gem Manly sat upon the low steps of the vestry, talking with the Canadian custodian of the priest's house. Seeing them from the windows of the adjacent rectory, she had come out to offer the hospitality of the premises, in her master's absence. Neither Karen nor her charge remarked upon Clara's prolonged stay in the church. They smiled welcome at her approach, and introduced the paysanne, who dropped a curtesy, and accosted her in unintelligible patois.

"Je ne comprends pas!" began Mrs. Mor-

gan, stiffly.

"There is the carriage!" exclaimed Mrs. Dumaresque, joyfully, rising. "We began to fear St. Ignace was insufficient to our demands."

Emmett was in the open carriage that stopped at the gate. The other men had walked on and would meet the ladies at the tomb. The housekeeper followed them to the vehicle to offer a bouquet of sweet-williams and pansies to Mrs. Dumaresque, who thanked her in excellent French.

"The old, old story!" smiled Emmett. "Universal fascination!"

A shadow, like that cast by a swallow's wing, flitted over Karen's face. Clara noted it, and the deprecatory glance flashed at Emmett. She was becoming suspicious as well as shrewd. Why was her husband entreated to withhold compliments when the belle accepted them from everybody else? The query lay, unanswered, at the bottom of her heart when they alighted at the grave of Father Marquette.

Mr. Romeyn and Bertie Gates were already within the small enclosure marking the spot where "in 1671, a rude and unshapely chapel, its sides of logs, and its roof of bark," was erected as "the first sylvan shrine of Catholicity" on the point which afterward received the name of St. Ignatius.

The tomb was staringly new, the location unpicturesque, but all hearkened reverently to the story of the pioneer's travels and labors and suffering, told with quiet pathos by the chosen raconteur of the group. Of his longing, when attacked by mortal sickness among the Illinois Indians, "to visit once more his beloved mission at Mackinac, and to bow in the chapel of St. Ignatius." How, growing worse on the canoe-voyage, he asked to be landed on an eminence at the mouth of the river afterward named for him. Of his admin stration of the Sacrament to his neophytes with hands chilled by the last agony; of his holy ejaculation: - "Sustinuit anima mea, in verbo ejus!" and the smile with which, raising his eyes to some object he appeared to see above the crucifix, he expired.

"This was in 1675. In 1677, a convoy of Christian Indians, in thirty canoes, brought his bones to this place, and buried them under the high altar. When the mission



TOMB OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

was abandoned in 1706, chapel and churchhouse were burned. In 1877, the foundations were discovered accidentally, and further search revealed his grave. I have seen fragments of the birch-bark casket, layer after layer glued together, and blackened by fire, and, among other relics taken from the excavation, a ring, marked, "I. H. S."

The driver of the hack leaned upon the fence within hearing, and Karen turned to him, now.

"Have I told it right? The story is so interesting, I should be sorry to spoil it."

The man, who proved to be the proprietor of "The Golden Rule Livery Stables," had an intelligent face, and entered into respectful talk with his passengers.

Just now, the small community was somewhat excited over a queer stone brought down, within a few days, from the hills back of the town. A citizen of St. Ignace had come upon it, while clearing land overgrown with timber and brushwood. Perhaps the ladies would like to see it? They could drive by the store of the owner on their way to the boat.

The proprietor of the "curiosity," a substantial shopkeeper, brought it out to the carriage at the driver's request. It was so covered with vines and moss, when found, he stated, that most people would have

passed it without noticing it. The odd shape caught his eye, and he knocked it off the boulder, of which it was the crown, with his axe.

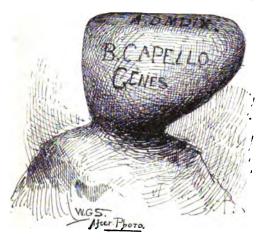
In shape it was like a blunt beak or head; the material was brownish sandstone, the lettering, once deep and sharp, had been shallowed by frost and storm. At the driver's suggestion, the inscription was outlined with chalk, and then he placed the relic in Mrs. Dumaresque's hands.

"A. D. MDIX. B. Capello. Genes!" she read aloud. "1509! Seventeen years after the discovery of America! What does it

mean?"

""Bill Stumps, His Mark!" quoted Emmett, roguishly, and, to his wife, point-lessly.

"It is a trick, of course," she pronounced,



definitively. "Any other hypothesis is absurd."

"It's none of my making!" returned the owner, doggedly. "I never thought of it as anything wonderful until the priest happened to see it."

"I always prefer to believe *Things*," Karen said thoughtfully, when cross-examination failed to shake the evidence confirmed by the hackman and others. "And this is a wonderful thing. We are greatly obliged to you for letting us see it"—giving it back to the owner. "It has given us something to think of."

She formulated her thought when they had turned a corner, and were on their way to visit an Indian burial mound newly opened.

"I believe in B. Capello, of Genoa!"

"Not really!" ejaculated Emmett, from the fastness of his Bill Stumps theory. "I will! The admission widens the realm of my imagination. If the characters were Runic, the tale would be easily read. Few doubt that Norsemen visited America four hundred years before Columbus saw San Salvador."

It was time this folly was checked by common sense as personated by Mrs. Emmett

Morgan.

"Capello' means 'head' in Italian," she said, in serious tranquillity. "It is probable that the inscription was cut by some foreigner, perhaps a hundred—perhaps fifty years ago, in jesting reference to the shape of the natural projection of the rock."

"But the date?" urged Gem.

"Was a jest like the rest. The whole thing was a hoax—a practical joke, that has outlived the perpetrator."

"But, B. Capello! Oh—I see!" with a shriek of girlish laughter. "Big Head!"

Clara crimsoned as the others joined in. Mr. Romeyn was on the box with the driver, and Bertie Gates had found room for his slight body on the wide front seat between Gem and Mr. Morgan.

The sight of the Indian mound averted a verbal retort which might have been less temperate than good taste would warrant.

Two laborers were digging in the loose earth of the burial-place. According to tradition, a great battle was fought in the vicinity by Hurons and Ottawas against their common foes, the Iroquois, about two hundred and fifty years ago. Taking advantage of a sand vein which made excavation easy, a trench was opened, and the slain interred here.

The proprietor of "The Golden Rule" told the story:

"I have, myself, seen more than thirty skulls, big and little, taken out, each with a hole behind the ear. That looks like the massacre of prisoners, men, women and children."

All stood, gazing silently into the pit, from which every third shovelful of earth brought up a bone. The sand was oddly veined with brown-red strata.

"I say!" blurted out Bertie Gates, at length, "do you suppose the noble *red* man's dust had anything to do with the color,—you know?"

Before the irrepressible ripple of laughter died away, one of the diggers picked up a skull, and offered it for the ladies' inspection.

Gem shrank back with a little cry; Clara drew herself up haughtily; Karen took the

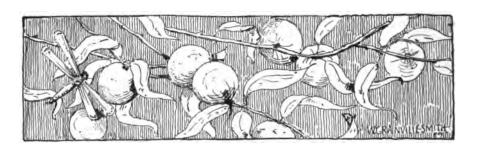


emblem of mortality in her daintily-gloved hands. It was a brown skull with two horrible rows of double teeth all around.

"That awful hole behind the ear is not here," said Mrs. Dumaresque, softly. "I

hope he met his death in open battle. Men, women and children, 'in one red burial blent!' God help the poor creatures He has made!"

Marion Harland.



A GRIEVANCE.



AM a woman with a Grievance. I have a great many grievances, but this is a grievous Grievance, with a large G.

A story-spinner by profession, my business is done

through the mail, and this, it is loudly proclaimed, is what editors prefer. They do not wish to be bothered with untimely visits from hapless authors, urging that early and favorable attention be given to such manuscript as they choose to present. If, then, I follow known desires, uttered or unexpressed, and meekly send through the hands of the postmaster or expressman, such wares as I wish introduced to the

public, is it rash to expect a courteous reply either of refusal or acceptance, within a reasonable time? The fact that a large majority of the editors with whom I have had to do fulfil my expectations, shows that it is not rash.

What, then, shall I denominate that editor—now here is my grievance—who takes my story without comment, prints it, and remains, as far as I am concerned, dumb as an oyster? I wait some months; I hear nothing from it; I write a short, very short letter of inquiry; no answer. When one year has elapsed since the story set out upon its journey, I write again; no answer. Not happening to see the periodical in question, I am quite unacquainted with the story's fate until some friend purs to me, "O, what a lovely story you wrote about 'The Sublime Silence of Selim the Saxon Slave!'"

I gasp, "Where-where did you read it?"

".Why, in the Daily Junebug last June!"
And it is now December! However, I cease to gasp, and turn myself to making out a bill, which, I must admit, is paid after a slight delay. But my grievance remains in force.

A periodical of many years' standing and notable in its chosen field, purchased and printed a story. After a short time, the author offered another, and waited patiently for a decision in regard to it. It is not known whether or no the editor had a stroke of paralysis on receipt of the second manuscript, because no reply can be drawn from that office. A year has elapsed; two briefly respectful letters of inquiry remain unanswered, and lest some sapient persons secretly suspect that they know the reason why, I will add that in every case stamps have been enclosed, or a stamped and addressed envelope. Perhaps the manuscript was never received; perhaps it was received, returned and lost in the mail; but why should a poor story-spinner go perhapsing all her days because of the muteness of an editor who might, could, would, or should have replied in the course of a few months?

Once more; I offer an article on "Microbes" (let us call it) and the editor replies, "We are about to issue a number of our paper wholly devoted to Microbes, and can use your article at that time; payment on publication." The Microbe number ap-

pears, but my article does not. I wait as usual, and after a long, long time, courte-ously inquire the fate of my production. The editor answers, "Your article was unfortunately mislaid, and we do not know when we can use it. It is at your disposal if you wish to withdraw it."

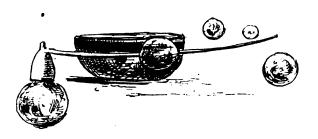
I maintain that this is discourteous and dishonest treatment of a writer who offers in good faith manuscript which she believes to be saleable. It is no wonder that we writers of small calibre mingle our tears as we chant slowly and sadly,—

"I would the fount of Castaly Had never touched my lips; For woe to him who hastily That treasured water sips!"

My story is the product of my thought and labor; I spend patience, paper, pens and postage upon it. Whether it represents five dollars or five hundred, whether my name is Sarah Ann Jenks or Frances Hodgson Burnett, matters not; my story is my property, and represents part of my income, and editor A, B or C has no more right to keep it a year and a half without consulting me than he has to keep my diamond earring.

The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I am a woman with a Grievance.

Eleanor W. F. Bates.



NOVEMBER.

The shriveled leaves that beat the gusty air Fling husky whisp'rings on the moaning wind.

The sumacs glow; the fields are shorn and bare.

And frosts the pools in icy fetters bind.

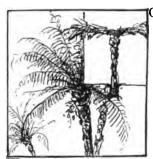
Gone are the feathered songsters. Dull and drear

Hangs the dark canopy of Heaven's dome:
The while belated wild-fowl far and near
With noisy chantings seek their southern
home.

M. L. Murdock.

IN WONDERLAND. NO. 6.

THE DATE-PALM AND ITS FRUITS.



O the wild children of the semitropical East, roaming after the fashion of the no madic tribes, the date-palm yields one of the most useful crops.

The wandering Arab knows by its pres-

ence when water is near; for it shades the springs of the scorching hot countries it loves, its thread-like roots striking down strong and deep, frequently to a distance of forty feet, and drawing up moisture in ample quantities from below. Its fruits furnish him for weeks and months with his sole food; and this "desert bread-stuff" nourishes life admirably. Provisioned with a little pot of date-juice sirup, some cakes of dried-date flour, a jar of date-stone oil, and a goat skin bag of sweet date-wine, he fares sumptuously—when to these he adds the fresh dates that he finds dropped ready for his consuming, upon the burning sand about the desert fountains.

In India, where palm groves of vast extent spring apparently spontaneously and flourish luxuriantly, stretching away in shining lively green for miles, the Hindoo could hardly exist without his dates. He thatches his hut with date-palm boughs. He makes mats and baskets and garments from their stems and leaves. He uses the fragrant fruit as his chief food; and cracks and grinds its kernels, when browned, for drink. Yet chiefest of all, to the Indianman, are goor and tara—the products of the datepalm's sap. Every evening, natives may be seen hanging their odd earthen pots, by means of little strings, around the trees, into which the sap trickles over night through slender bamboo spiles; and every morning they go at sunrise, gathering in the date juice stores. Afterward, under date-leaf thatches, they boil the tara, which is fresh and delightful to imbibe until fermented under that almost tropical sun, when it becomes powerfully intoxicating. Goor is prepared by cooking to a thick and sticky consistency; when it is bottled in earthen jars, allowed to harden and granulate, and

sold in the markets of Calcutta and other cities as one of India's most valuable commodities.

Along the Nile the date is the leading crop. One of the most beautiful sights to the traveler through Egyptian lands is the vast groves of stately palms, their majestic, branchless trunks running up in tall, straight shafts, and surmounted by noble crowns of leaves, bright, creamy flowers and rich chrome-yellow or ripe-red clusters. Mr. Cox tells us, in his Orient Sunbeams, that there are as many palms in Egypt as there are people, and that "a pound of dates per person a day, is reckoned a good provision of this richest fruit." Airy bamboo huts are seen, roofed in with split palm trunks or surfaces of whole palm logs. Palm matting fences serve as screens and boundaries. Ropes are extensively manufactured from palm fibre. Cloth and garments are fabricated of it. Hats are woven from the stripped and slender threads, and last forever. Tents and shelters have graceful interior partitions of green and feathery fronds. Tufts of waving plumes adorn the roofs, where houses of colder climes sport chimneys. Beds and stools are palmy mats, firm of texture, but of refreshing coolness and odors. little plates are of intertwined filaments of palm, fashioned dexterously, to hold the Nile man's favorite *doora* (parched corn), with which the guest is, with generous hospitality, regaled. And jars of dates and doora are ranged in orderly rows beneath the palm-thatched eaves.

In Nubia, so plentiful have dates become that even the sheep are fed upon them, thus producing the finest mutton in the world.

Spain is celebrated for her groves of palms. The roving Moors, it is claimed, were first to fruit with the date the Andalusian shores, and since that time the North Mediterranean's thickets of "palm and oleander" have been widely eulogized in song and story. Lying adjacent are many semi-tropical islands, where mighty plantations of palm trees arise. Some of the island tribes are skilled in drying and pressing the ripe date pulp and moulding it into closely woven native baskets where, covered with a thick, delicious honey evaporated from the date's juices, the preserve will keep for years in perfectly sweet condition.

Perhaps the palm-tree attains its highest beauty in its African home, almost limitless forests of them stretching away against the sky in stately lines. Many of the finest dates in the world are the product of African oases; the fruits, several inches in length, being rich in quality and of superior flavor. Here the Fezzans subsist nearly the entire

year upon fresh dates alone; and great quantities are transported to other countries. So stout become the leaves of these trees in time that, in seasons of strong winds, the plumes of the great woods clash together with a sound like the tramping of a strong army, causing an almost deafening roar. It is ascertained that a peculiar fermenting quality possessed by the sap of some of these species renders it valuable as an export, for manu. facturing into veast for raising bread; and a considerable harvest is yearly consumed for this purpose alone.

In Palestine plantations of noble palms were once found, a man's wealth being frequently estimated by the number of such trees in his grove.

In that and other ancient lands many strange beliefs and superstitions attach to the palm. Its dry branches are blessed and hung upon the walls of a house, from whence they must never be removed, under penalty of divine displeasure. Three bits of the leaf swallowed are supposed to cure a fever. Sprouts planted on Easter-day are thought to insure the land from bad weather; and switches

from its crown, laid crosswise on a table, during a great storm—when the weather has not been propitiated—will most surely, so it is averred, secure perfect safety to the dwellers of that house.

The date borne of the palm is a fruit that promises to become of incalculable importance to California. Here extensive areas

are found possessing a climate similar to the great date-producing countries of northern Af-

> rica, India, and Palestine. Yet it is only recently that palm culture has been even attempted, on any commercial basis, on this shore; although there is probably not a country in the Stateia which the date-palm is not now growing, and, in many instances, fruiting.

It must be kept in mind that only in California and some portions of Arizona, of the entire United States, can the date-palm flourish openly and bear fruits to perfection. It must also be considered that all California datepalms yet of any size are seedling

trees. When stones of imported dried dates are planted we, of course, take our chances as to what

they will bring forth. As date-trees cannot be grafted, if they are not of the best we have to wait well on toward a quarter of a century before finding it out, as there is no means of determining their quality until they fruit. Not until from five to seven years from the seed will they begin to show flowers; not until from twelve to fourteen years will fruit appear, even should they prove

fertile, which is never the case with any tree grown singly. The desert tribes understood the law of sex in palms, and fructified the blooms accordingly, hanging before the blossoms of one tree the blossoms of such another as would render fertilization the re-And when they desired to propagate new growths they chose suckers, or offsets. thrown up at the base of a parent stem of such sex as they wished to multiply. some instances, owing to high cultivation, such excessive refinement of fruit was attained that the choicest dates became seed-These were much prized and of great commercial value; but they could only be reproduced, in young, by suckers; therefore, the earliest California ventures, from imported seeds, fell short of these highest Thus we learn that planting dates in a new land, and bringing them to profitable maturity, is of necessity a task that moves slowly. It requires not only much care, but diligent research—even in cases where every essential of climate and soil for successful growth seems happily combined.

We find already, however, in several near localities, generous avenues of palms, together with the promising nucleus of many fruitful groves. Our western horticulturists are beginning to take steps not only to import the most famous foreign rooted offsets, but also to determine what particular locations along the coast and inland are best adapted to insure the finest grades of dates. It is ascertained that innumerable valleys and plateaus have a temperature closely akin to that of their true home, the desert; where there are ample heats to mature fruits, and that absence of summer rain which is a prime necessity.

At the celebrated Wolfskill ranch at Yolo, in Yolo county, gigantic trees sprung from seeds of the true date of commerce are yearly yielding ripened fruit of most excellent body and flavor. These trees were started in nurseries as early as 1865. In 1877 the initial yield was borne, they being the first dates to mature and command public notice, in the State. In 1885 one of the trees from which this pioneer crop was obtained was removed to the grounds of the World's Fair, at New Orleans. It survivived its trying ordeal of transportation and did well, becoming a centre of attraction for countless scores of people.

At Palm Valley, in San Diego county, a valley protected thoroughly by high mountain spurs, is one of the greatest marvels of the coast; a natural plantation of huge and

lofty palms. Shut in by environing walls, this valley was long inaccessible to the general tourist, and was considered a part of the great desert. Now an enterprising association of capitalists, having secured title to some twenty-two hundred acres, including the grove itself, have laid out lots, streets and drives, all tributary to a charming prospective town—Palmdale. The scenery is decidedly tropical, the approach grand; and Palmdale, preserving a touch of the Orient, presents a novel feature. not excelled in this new-world landscape.

At nearly all the remnants of missions which still occupy—most of them in next to total ruin—a portion of this fascinating shore,

"The palm tree's rustling fan,"

of which Whittier sings, is heard. The trees tower usually in groups of three or more, their thick, rough bodies running up erect and sturdy for perhaps a hundred feet, surmounted by their splendid topmost crown of plumelike leaves. The making up of these magnificent trunks is like the formation of no other growth of wood. Every year the lower feathers of the crown droop and wither and are cut away, so that little bases of leaves are left upright around the. central column - like steps by which to climb into the sky. It is really these leaf ends which constitute the great, hardy stem. Each one, sheathed at its point of starting with a tough brown membrane, when severed from the trunk leaves a woody, fibrous fringe, until the appearance is of multitudinous little stumps sticking out around parent bole. In countries where palms have grown old these steplike projections serve as helps in ascending the tall shaft in order to gather the fruits and to yearly lop off the decaying leaves. These picturesque old growths in California give the padres' valleys a charming, antiquated aspect.

Indeed, the rustling palms and the rusting bells that in some spots mark yet the missions' faded glories, are about all that are left to bear witness to the splendors of a departed day. We wonder what pen can paint its beauties when another century has gone by, and a thousand mighty forests of oranges, pomegranates and palms wave their fruitful branches in this sun, sprung from the nurseries that ambitious man is planting to-day.

Estelle Thomson.

NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.



FAIRY SONG.

Soft Sailor in the golden light, O Thistle-down so pale, With dainty wings of silken white, Ah, whither dost thou sail?

Is it to Fairyland, I pray?
Then I will go with thee;
Sweet Thistle-down, we'll sail away
Together merrily.

The Summer-time is nearly past,
I love not Autumn so!
The Summer flowers are fading fast,
To Fairyland we'll go!

Above the sunburnt meadows brown, So lightly let us fly; But now and then we'll settle down To kiss a flower good-bye!

Irene Putnam.

WHY ONE COUPLE KEPT THANKSGIVING.



OME in, Dearie! No, I have not gone to bed yet. When I have a young girl like you visiting me, I like to sit up till she comes home and make sure that there is nothing she wants before retiring.

Then, too, I want to know if you had a pleasant time. I can see by your face that you did. I am glad you could go to the Bainbridges' this evening. Sit down in this big chair by my fire, and let the old lady have a little of your sweet society for

few minutes.

How cold it is! We shall have a bitter

Thanksgiving to-morrow!

Yes, Kate, I am glad that you like my little Mrs. Bainbridge. You know she was, as a girl, one of my pets—just as you are, child. It was at my house that she met her husband, then only a first lieutenant, and I have always said that it was a case of love at first sight. Perhaps we elderly army-women are too fond of match-making. I confess that when Naomi Rude consented to spend several months with us at Fort Clark, I thought—yes! I may as well acknowledge it—I hoped that Bourke Bainbridge would at least like her. And he did! Behold the happy result, and meditate thereupon before that nice, infatuated Lieut. Rumrill calls He is a gentleman, and belongs to an excellent family. Believe me, there are worse lots than that of an army officer's wife —even if he is stationed away out here on the frontier. We always have our own little colony, and never lack for congenial society.

And, by the way, Kate, I have invited Mr. Rumrill to dinner to-morrow. Nonsense! don't thank me, though that blush is very becoming,—or is it only the glow from the fire? Young people like to be together, and I am glad to have such a charming man dine with us. I invited the Bainbridges also; but, of course, they will not take Thanksgiving dinner anywhere except in their own quarters. Why are they such stubborn adherents to that old custom? Is it possible I have never told you? Put an-

other stick of wood on the fire, and, even if it is late, I must tell you of what Thanks-

giving means to one couple.

As you know, Naomi Rude was a Yankee girl. Not one of the cold, impassive sort, but as warm-hearted as if she had never seen Fanueil Hall or heard of Plymouth Rock. Nevertheless, she was a stickler for time-honored forms and anniversaries peculiar to her home and race. To neglect the proper observance of Fast Day and Thanksgiving would have hurt her conscience as much as would going to the theatre on Sunday. Many people are brought up with beliefs that seem to be iron-clad, but going about the world soon knocks off the casing and loosens the bolts. Not so with Naomi!

When the Bainbridges had been married four years they were ordered to this post. We were delighted at having them so near us, and their three-year-old daughter, Ruth, was the pet of the entire garrison. She is a little cherub, and her father and mother are

simply wrapped up in the child.

As far as I could judge, there had never been a cloud in their sky till last November, a day or two before Thanksgiving. Of course I do not mean that Burke and Naomi had never had a difference. That would be too absurd,—for sensible people cannot live together under one roof and eat three meals a day in company and not disagree sometimes. How flat and flavorless life would be if they could! Yet, there is a great difference between a sun-shower and a thunder-storm.

But where was I in my story? Oh, yes! I remember.

As I said, there was never a thunder storm in that family till last November. It so happened that few of the people stationed here were in the habit of observing Thanksgiving, and, indeed, they rather ridiculed Naomi's notions on the subject. piqued, she was still determined on holding in their own little home, the usual festivities. For days beforehand she was preparing citron, raisins, etc., for pies for the great It was wonderful how much she managed to make of the material she could obtain in such an out-of-the-way place as She did not tell her husband how extensive were her plans, thinking to give him a pleasant surprise. But for several weeks she had been as much excited over her dinner menu and dainty dishes as she would have been had she expected the en-

tire garrison to dine with her.

On Wednesday morning I went over to see how Naomi was progressing in her cooking, and found her in the kitchen, enveloped in a big apron, making pies while Ruth played about the room. Naomi's cheeks were flushed and the dull brown of the large calico apron brought out in bold relief her clear complexion, sparkling eyes, and the rich golden lights in her hair. You never saw more puffy, flaky pastry than she makes, and her Christmas and Thanksgiving pies are always prepared with a sort of joyful solemnity. This day she was full of delight and talked with as light a heart as Ruth's.

I hate to see people at work and not be allowed to take a hand, so I begged Naomi to let me undertake the currants, and, seating myself at the table, was soon busy washing them. You how know fearfully dirty they always are, and these were no exception to the usual rule. In a few minutes I heard the front door open, and Capt. Bainbridge called his wife.

I learned later that he had, that morning, received peremptory orders to ride over to L-, a station some twenty-five miles distant, to look after matters which required prompt attention. His plan was to start at once, spend that afternoon and night in L- and leave there the next day, reaching home early in the afternoon. As he had just received his orders, Naomi knew nothing of his intentions and answered his summons with a happy smile. In a few minutes, Ruth, hearing her father's voice, ran into the hall, leaving the kitchen door open. Bourke and Naomi were too much absorbed to notice this. By the time I had heard several sentences I heartily wished I had closed the door after the child, but now I could not do it without betraying that I had overheard a part of a conversation not meant for my ears. So I sat still.

Naomi's voice was tremulous with tears

she would not shed.

"Why, Bourke!" she exclaimed. " Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving. Surely you

can return to night!"

"My darling! what are you thinking of? It is a horseback ride of twenty-five miles and there is a storm coming. Would it not be better for me to stay at L--- till tomorrow morning?

"But, Bourke, -as if he had not heard

it—"It will be Thanksgiving day!"

He laughed.

"What of that, little one? They think nothing of it in this region. Why, all the fellows laughed this morning when I said we thought of having the usual celebration. My little wife has some old-fashioned notions," he added, annoyed, I suppose, by her disapproving look. "To be sure, we have observed the day heretofore,—but when we are in Rome let us do as the Romans do!

There was silence till Bourke said, with a

little vexed laugh-

"Come, Naomi dear, be sensible. You know I am obliged to go, but at all events, I shall reach home in the afternoon, and for my part, I think we shall find quite enough time between that and sunset in which to be thankful.

It was a hasty, thoughtless speech and cut Naomi cruelly. Her temper, though sweet, was always quick, and at this spark it

flared up hotly.

"Certainly! she said. "Don't trouble yourself to leave L- till to-morrow! If that is the way you regard Thanksgiving it is better that you should not return earlier. Ruth and I can celebrate the day and be thankful without you!"

His answer was hoarse and constrained. "Naomi! that is wicked and unkind! I will do as you wish; attend to my business in L— as speedily as possible, and ride directly home, reaching here about midnight. You may expect me even should it storm. Don't trouble yourself to sit up for me!"

I caught the sound of a frightened sob. "Don't do that!" she faltered. "It is

not necessary! Promise me not to start if it looks like a storm!".

"I shall come, whatever the weather!"

He caught Ruth in his arms, gave her a

hasty kiss, and was gone.
"Mamma!" piped the child.

can we Thanksgive without Papa?"

Without a word the poor little wife ran up to her room, and I heard her turn the

called Ruth into the kitchen, and, closing the door, diverted her mind by remarkable fairy tales till her mother re-

Naoini told me, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts at self-control, of the journey her husband was obliged to take, and then the subject was not again referred to while I was there. But I saw her eyes turn often to the dull, gray sky, and her lips Poor girl! how my twitched nervously. heart ached for her! And yet, what could I



EDITEDBY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

A NEW INDUSTRY.



METHING
was wrong with
Kittie Bowen's
kitchen. The
tins were as
bright, the floor
was as clean,
the stove shining as usual.
The sun came
in as cheerily
as ever through

the wide, low window.

When, a year before, Kittie and Charlie had stood before this window at the end of a house-hunting expedition, she had said of it, "It looks as if it came right out of one of Abbey's pictures. Wait until I put up a muslin curtain, and stand a pot of primroses on the sill, and you will see."

And Charlie had waited and seen the curtain and the primroses, and much more that had made the kitchen the cheeriest room in the house.

But in spite of all this it was dreary enough this morning, for when trouble enters it drives the cheer from the sunniest room, and Kittie's face clearly showed that there was trouble.

She had been gay enough a little while before up in Charlie's room. To be sure, she has set the tray with his breakfast on the hall-table, and stood before the closed door a full minute with hands close pressed over her eyes, before she went in. But Charlie, lying weak and white, missed nothing of brightness from her face, as she sat on the edge of the bed, and made a joke of feeding him with his toast and omelette.

When that was done she went about the room, putting out of sight the medicine bottles, gathering glasses and spoons noiselessly on to the tray, straightening the bright afghan over the foot of the bed, and setting the yellow jar of daisies just where it would rest Charlie's eyes, after his weary, interminable

study of the wall-paper. When the whole room was in dainty order, she pulled up the shade of the south window, that presently Charlie might watch Meg and Tom the length of the street on their way to school.

And when she came down to inspect Master Tom's toilet before he and Meg started for school, they each had a kiss and smile from Mother before they went. But in that half unconscious scrutiny which mothers give their children, she had noted that Meg's shoes were beginning to wear, and that Tom's trousers would hardly last through the marble season.

Little Meg, with the dawning of a woman's unerring instinct of pain in one she loves, came back for a second kiss, and to

whisper hopefully,

"I'm sure Papa will be better to-morrow."
But in spite of the good cheer she had given them all, it was a dreary heart Kittie brought to her kitchen tasks. As she kneaded the bread and fried the doughnuts, her thoughts traveled back over the six long weeks since the last day of their happy carefree life. She remembered just how bright the breakfast table had looked that morning, how Charlie had praised the coffee she gave him in a pretty pink cup, and said no one broiled ham like the little mother; how jubilant Tom and Meg had been because there were oranges!

It had been the first day of March, she remembered, and, breakfast over, Charlie had produced six ten-dollar bills, her monthly allowance for household and personal

expenses.

"It is time you learned business habits, Mrs. Bowen, so please give me a receipt," Charlie had demanded with mock formality.

After much gay badinage, he had compromised upon her promise to give him orange short-cake for dinner. Then she had gayly shown him the fifteen dollars she had saved for the book-shelves they both coveted.

"You are a grasping capitalist," Charlie had replied, "and I warn you, madam, that between labor, represented by your humble servant, and capital, there is a great gulf fixed."

By this time they were upon the front porch, and Charlie had kissed her good-bye in full view of the neighbors. She had stayed a moment to watch him go striding down the street, so strong and handsome, and to wonder if anywhere in the wide world was wife so blest.

In the first place, there had been the happy morning with Charlie and the children. Then, last night, when they had lingered in the firelight before going up-stairs, Charlie had told her that his position as head book-keeper for the great manufacturing house of Dewey & Ellis, accepted with many misgivings, grew daily easier and pleasanter. and how a few kindly appreciative words had made him feel that his work pleased his employers.

Then there were the book-shelves, which Kittie felt she had fairly earned by sundry small sacrifices. She had stopped a moment in the little parlor to note how charmingly they would fill in the niche between the grate and the window. There should be a brass rod and rings to catch the firelight, and a curtain of dull yellow. She would go down directly after dinner and buy the shelves and the silk; then hurry back and make the curtain. When Charlie came home at night, he wild find his favorite chair drawn up to the fire, and all his precious books within easy reach on the new shelves.

That morning, as this, she had started Meg and Tom for school, and the sight of the flaxen braids and close-cropped brown head, going gaily down the street together, had been another note in the morning's happiness. She had smilled as she sat slicing the oranges for the promised shortcake, thinking how much of a boy her tall, broad-shouldered husband really was, in his delight in her dainty cookery.

Afterward, up-stairs, she had smiled again as she gathered his soiled linen into the laundry-bag; this bag, with a highly commendable precept in regard to order, embroidered conspicuously across it, she had given him at Christinas-time, but it failed entirely to correct his habit of flinging his belongings upon the nearest chair.

And then—, there had been the sound of quick steps and a knock at the side-door, and while she stood wondering if it were Mrs. Norton on some informal neighborly

errand, she had heard the door open and a man step hurriedly in. She had come swiftly down-stairs then to find Mike, the Irishman, who did errands and all sorts of odd jobs up at the works. "Mercury," Charlie called him, and she had remembered the absurd nickname, even in the strained intensity of that moment.

For one look at Mike's face had told her that he brought trouble. She had tried to speak, to question him, but there was a queer, parched feeling in her throat, and no words came. She only leaned breathlessly against the door, with a look upon her that had not made it easy for Mike to begin.

"Break it gently to his wife—prepare her a little," they had told him at the works, when they had sent him hastily upon his sad errand. All of which Mike flattered himself he did, when at last he said, his own voice shaking a little:

"Sure it's wan good leg that's left him, ma'am, an' it's mony a man wid a cork leg you'd not be suspectin' o' the same."

And when a look of relief had come over her face that her other worst fear was not realized, Mike was sure he had done very well indeed.

He had gone on with his incoherent explanation, from which she managed to understand that Charlie had stepped from the counting-room out among the men to ask about a consignment of steel, had slipped, in turning back, and been caught in the awful wheels. He had been rescued from a horrible death, but not until one leg was crushed and broken.

"An' there they come wid him now." Mike went on, as a hack had driven slowly up. "But don't you be givin' way to your falin's, ma'am, for it's that same as 'ud take the heart clane out o' the bye."

For her face had whitened at parts of Mike's story, and he had thought her likely to faint, or cry out, or do some one of the foolish things which, in his opinion, women were prone to do upon the slightest provocation. But she had done nothing of the kind. She knew Mike had told the simple truth, and that here, as always, it would be upon a woman's strong spirit that a man's fortitude would depend.

So, when Mr. Dewey and the doctor had hurried in, they found her brave and steady, and quite ready to show the doctor where Charlie should be brought, and to get for him the things he needed to make ready the bed where they should lay him. Shrewd, old Dr. McKee, in the one swift glance he

she concluded, accepting one of Kittie's

tempting doughnuts.

Kittie stood quite still for a moment, with a flush coming and going on her face, and when she spoke, her voice trembled a little between eagerness and hesitation.

"Would you—Do you really mean you'd like to buy things—my things?" she asked,

breathlessly.

Mrs. Norton's tact was superlative. Kittie's question surprised her greatly, but woman-like, she comprehended in a moment many of her little neighbor's perplexities, and answered gaily;

"It's the very thing of all others I would

like. Let's sit down and talk it over."

"You see," she continued, "I paid Sarah three dollars and a half a week. Her board and what she wasted and broke certainly amounted to as much more; besides, for the last year, I've had to have Mrs. McCarty for the washing. If I have her another day for ironing and cleaning, and Mrs. Francis one forenoon for sweeping, I could Let me see,—" going manage nicely. through a woman's mental calculations on "That leaves five dollars and a fingers. half of Sarah's wages; I would be glad to spend three dollars and a half of that every week, for your cooking."

So the two women arranged the details of their scheme, and Kittie caught the first gleam of the silver lining of her dark cloud

of trouble.

"Of course, you can't afford to do this just for me," Mrs. Norton went on, "but I'm perfectly sure there are plenty of people who would be glad to buy wholesome, delicate, home-made cooking. Only last week Mrs. Gray told me that, with their one girl they had to more than half live out of the bakery, and I'll speak to her myself."

Kittie fully appreciated the tact and genuine kindness of this last remark, for Mrs. Gray was a woman of wealth and influence, an acknowledged social leader, and Kittie was shrewd enough to know that her undertaking would be much more sure of success

with Mrs. Gray's patronage.

So absorbed were the two women in their planning that when Charlie's bell rang, they started like guilty conspirators. When Kittie came down, she found Mrs. Norton in amused contemplation of her fragrant loaves and spicy doughnuts.

"We'll begin at once, if you're willing," she said. "I'd like a dozen doughnuts and a loaf of brown, and one of white bread. I suppose it's too late for any dessert to-day,

but I warn you that hereafter I intend to revel in puddings of your concoction."

Kittie thought a moment.

"I might make you a cottage pudding with cream sauce. That's quickly done, and besides it's inexpensive, and doesn't hurt the children."

They both laughed, and Kittie counted out a baker's dozen of doughnuts and wrap-

ped the bread in a napkin.

"You must arrange a scale of prices," Mrs. Norton said. "If I were you I would charge a trifle more than the regular bakery. Your things will be worth more, and I think people will be willing to pay for them."

"Don't fear," laughed Kittie; "you'll

find my prices sufficiently exorbitant."

When they reached the door Mrs. Norton "There are several reasons why I am anxious to try this experiment," she said. 'One is that I know our expenses have been too high, and this will enable me to economize, but my chief reason is Lou. She's just at the age when she needs to be interested in something outside of her books and school. She's always been crazy to mess around in the kitchen, but it was quite out of the question while Sarah stayed. Now I can teach her the housewifely accomplishments of which every girl ought to be mistress, though in the matter of cooking I fear it will be a case of setting the blind to lead the blind," she concluded dismally.

Kittie hesitated a moment. "Why couldn't you let her come to me for a littl while Saturday forenoons?" she asked. "I'm sure I could soon teach her to cook meats

and vegetables nicely."

"Do you really mean you would be willing to fuss to teach her?" Mrs. Norton

asked eagerly.

"I'd be willing to do that, and much more. You can't know what a load you've lifted from me by your helpful suggestions," Kittie answered with a soft brightness in her eyes.

"Well, if you teach Lou even a small part of your skill, the indebtedness will be on my side. But I mustn't stay another minute. I'll send Lou after the pudding at

half past twelve.

And Mrs. Norton took her way across the street, leaving Kitty with a much less heavy heart. She fully realized that what she had undertaken meant a heavy addition to her care and hard work, but it was work in which she knew she excelled, and which she thoroughly enjoyed. If she succeeded

as she hoped, she would be able to keep out of the vortex of debt, of which she had a woman's most healthy horror, and leave untouched the four hundred dollars to meet the expenses of Charlie's illness.

The very next day Mrs. Grav's carriage called at the gate and she herself came in, bringing a basket of hot-house roses for Charlie, and a womanly comprehension and sympathy for Kitty, quite unexpected.

"Mrs. Norton told me of your plan," she said, "and it struck me as thoroughly practical and sensible. So many women under like circumstances, paint plaques, decorate china, or do drawn work, that it's really refreshing to know of one woman wise enough to recognize the need of good cooking.

"I greatly admire the plaques and china other women do," Kitty humbly said, "but I haven't a bit of talent in that direction,

and I have for cooking.'

"I'm sure yours is quite as desirable an accomplishment. I shall speak to several of my friends of your undertaking, for you see," Mrs. Gray went on smilingly, "I have a selfish interest in your success, for it will simplify my housekeeping wonderfully if I can get such things as we like baked out of the house.'

After a few minutes' consultation as to kind and quantity, she rose to go, and as Kittie watched her carriage down the street, she thought how much better acquainted with Mrs. Gray this half-hour of earnest talk had made her, than all the formal calls they had exchanged.

As she carried the flowers up to Charlie's room, she debated whether to tell him of her new business; but she foresaw various objections from him, and she wisely concluded to wait until she could argue from the vantage-ground of success. For Kittie was already beginning to feel confident of

The old adage, "Troubles never come singly," is sometimes as blessedly true of their going, and when Dr. McKee came down from Charlie's room that morning, his

face was decidedly brighter.

"I really believe your husband is getting ready to get better," he announced, cheer-"I don't mean there's any decided change," he added, cautiously; "only several symptoms point that way. At any rate, we won't send for Dr. Burton for a day or

Kittie sang at her work that morning, and when Tom said, "You look real happy,

mamma, as if you'd found something," she only smiled and answered, "So I have, Tom: something I lost six weeks ago."

There was almost from the first a demand for Kittie's bread and cakes, and dainty desserts, and she soon found her only difficulty in filling her orders. She usually stipulated that orders were to be called for, but in any emergency Tom trotted cheerfully about the streets with his flat basket.

"I declare!" his mother said, one day, "If business continues to increase, we'll

have to get a horse and cart."

"Oh! Let's!" shouted Tom, "And paint it red; and hang a bell around it's neck;" and from that day, Tom secretly hoped to be made the driver of a turnout of this startling description.

Meanwhile, Charlie was growing stronger each day, and, at last, the doctor promised that if all went well for another week, he might come down stairs for an hour or two.

Such an ovation as he held, when he got down into the familiar rooms once more! Meg and Tom had been repeatedly cautioned not to be noisy—an injunction quiet little Meg found it easy to obey, but Tom was forced to retire to the woodshed at frequent intervals to vent his delight in boy fashion. Mr. Norton and other neighbors dropped in with kindly congratulations, and, lastly, came Mr. Dewey.

"I'm right glad to see you up," he said heartily; "Don't be in a hurry to get to work until you're quite strong; but some day when you feel able, I'll send the carriage to take you over to the works. All the boys

are anxious to see you."

Mike had driven Mr. Dewey over, and just here Kittie heard his awkward knock at the door.

"Sure, it's a divil of a time you've had, sir," he said, taking Charlie's thin, white hand in his rough one. "But I knowed you'd pull through. I said to myself, when I saw your wife so cool and stiddy the day they brought you home, 'That little woman's grit'll be better for the lad nor all the physic

the docthor'll pour down him."'

All through that summer Kittie worked hard and unceasingly. She found many of her customers quite different from Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Norton, and her new business developed its full share of trials and vexations, but she bore them bravely and uncomplain-When the cool days of October ingly. came, Charlie was able to go back to his work. Mike drove him to and from the office, and he only stayed for a half day at first. He grew rapidly stronger, and was soon able to resume all of his old duties. He will always limp a little, but then, as he gaily tells Ktttie, when she mourns over this:

"What does a lame leg matter to a bookkeeper? Be thankful, child, it wasn't my

arm!"

"And now, Kittie," he said, one morning, "you must give up all this outside business. It's been simply heroic the way you've shouldered care, responsibility and hard work for me this summer, but I can't have my little woman grow nervous and worn from overwork, and, now that I'm about again, it isn't necessary."

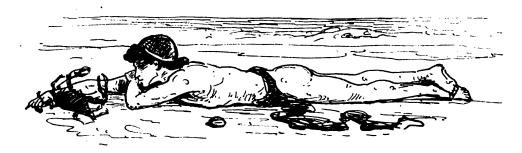
Kittie found it much harder to end her work than it had been to begin it, but Charlie was firmly resolved that she should rest from the long strain so bravely borne. She lingered a trifle regretfully over the last cakes and puddings, for, along with the hard work and worry, there had been much of pleasant intercourse and kindly thought.

"I'm sure, Charlie, it's the work that has kept my spirits up this summer through all the care and anxiety I've had," she said, one

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"Then I'm thankful for the work, dear," Charlie answered, gravely. "For it was only your brave, bright cheerfulness that kept me from giving up. Yes," he went on, after a long pause, "Mike was right. The little woman's grit was better nor physic."

Janet Brooke Atmore.



CHEAP AND GOOD COUNTRY LIVING. No. 3.



our last we spoke of the possibility of a handy woman improvising a hanging meat safe which should be better than any ordinary safe, seeing that the meat

gets the benefit of all the air that blows, a benefit that Europeans understand much better than we. Because, as a fact, meat with a well-dried surface, black and untempting as it may look, is really very unlikely to spoil. It is the moist, damp surface, which quickly becomes sapid, and acquires an unwholesome smell.

The experienced meat buyer, in frosty weather, looks out for the blackened surface, knowing the meat has been long killed and well kept, thus insuring tenderness. The

butcher trims the surface, and the meat within is bright and succulent, for the quick drying of the blood on the outside has simply sealed up the pores. The ignorant purchaser, however, rejects the blackened joint, and so well does the butcher know that the large majority of his customers are thus ignorant, that he takes a lower price if such a joint finds its way to his counter untrimmed.

The swinging safe is meant to hang from the ceiling by a strong ring screw. Its frame should be in the form of an extra large street lamp, without, however, flaring anywhere. This would require a wooden frame, which many a woman could cut from a lathe or two, making four short slips for the edge of the bottom, say fourteen inches long. Eight strips, at eighteen inches, placed, two at each corner, right angles to each other, four more little slips, the same size as the bottom, form the top of the frame. If you succeed in fastening these into a four-sided frame, cover it with fine, white mosquito netting—make simply a longish bag—

gather into a close rosette at the bottom, leaving the top open. When you want to suspend a leg of mutton or roast beef, have a light butcher's meat-hook in a thin part of it. Stand the frame on a table, the covering, of course, will be fastened carefully at all angles of the frame. Gather the top round the middle of the hook with a piece of twine, and hang it.

Of course one side should open as a door, and by no means impossible to contrive, even by a woman, but the really easiest way is not to try and make it square, but round, using light rattan, or even the flattened wire that serves to keep out the bustle or give its name to the old-time hooped-skirt. These are so very easy to make that a supply may be kept of different sizes, some not too large for a spring chicken, others long enough for a turkey. The rattans must be soaked in water for a day or two to render them pliable, made into hoops, and covered with the netting, to form a sort of round lantern.

In very hot climates, such as India and some parts of Australia, they understand a great deal better about keeping meat than in our warm States, although the need in the

latter is just as great.

But the Northern spirit prevails, and it does not occur to Texans, Louisianians and Alabamians to think that they are living in a climate that is almost tropical, and so all these places have plans for keeping meat that partake of the makeshifts, by which the meat is barely kept sweet, and often ruined as to flavor. For instance, in most of the States you order a steak at the hotels, and you get it "corned." Now, anything much worse than broiled corned steak is hardly to be conceived. unless it is the chops and veal cutlets that are served in the same way. Of course the best hotels in the largest cities manage better, but the best hotels in the second-rate cities is where you will meet this evidence of lack of ice and of ingenuity, or rather care; but this same carelessness runs through all food purveying in this go-ahead America, where time counts more than comfort. I say all food purveying—I except those cities, or certain parts of them, where epicurianism has managed to raise its head and demand that, in consideration of good money expended, good food must be cared for and served as it should be.

I asked the reason for the steak being corned, and was told it was the "hot spell." As the thermometer marked from 90° to 100° in the shade for months together, I leave the reader to judge how often broiled

corned steak was the rule. I found, by months of housekeeping in that same city, that I could very well manage to have fresh meat daily, that no more spoiled on my hands there than in the North, although I had no advantage over my neighbors as to ice, but it was a matter of vigilance and painstaking.

In all efforts to save meat when ice is scarce, the aim should be to improve rather than spoil it. If, as soon as the animal heat is out, it is carefully brushed over with oil, put into a stone jar, covered lightly and buried deep, three or four feet, it will keep double the time it would in a safe.

This burying is done in this case to keep air, light and heat away, but in Australia all game that is required to be made tender, but would spoil in the process, is subject to this treatment.

In Madras this is the usual mode of keeping meat, although in an Indian cookery book; written by an English officer for the benefit, no doubt, of those outcoming ladies to whom the new Oriental life must seem so strange and so full of difficulty, I find the following recipe, and as I asked a friend living in the same tropics to test the matter for me. which she did successfully, I do not hesitate to offer the precious "wrinkle," for so it is regarded, I since learned, to those home-makers of the sunny and too ardent South, whose life, unless they take kindly to "corned" broils, which I did not, is a summer struggle to keep the delicious wild fowl, game, fish, and meat in sweet condition that is evidently not produced by artificial means.

Now for the

"INDIAN WRINKLE."

It is not generally known that the fumes of sulphur will prevent the rapid decomposition of meat, and that, even in the hottest climate, a fine, tender mutton-chop can always be ensured by exposing the joint from which it is to be cut to the fumes of burning pastilles, placed in an air-tight box for two or three hours after the meat comes home from market. A joint thus treated will keep perfectly for 36 hours, and be found very tender the day after it is purchased.

The pastilles are made as follows:—
Eight parts powdered sulphur,
One and a half part of powdered charcoal,
A quarter part of powdered saltpetre,
Mix all together, and add just enough
gum water to make them into pastilles
shaped like pyramids. Dry them in
the sun.

The sort of receptacle you require for the fumigation may be fashioned from a well-made packing-case. It must, of course, be quite air-tight, with a close-fitting door, all crevices must be filled with putty and pasted over with strong paper in strips. Hooks must be screwed in the top to suspend meat, and two or three pastilles must be placed underneath the joint and lighted.

This receptacle must be used for no other purpose than fumigation with sulphur. meat, it must be observed, will have no flavor of smoke; but it may be remarked, en passant, that a second such box would be very, very valuable for exposing articles of meat already having a bad odor, but not spoiled, to the fumes of burned coffee or charcoal. I am not hereby counseling the eating of imperfect meat, but it is a fact that meat, but just cool, if packed for a journey of a few hours, will, even in cool weather, often acquire a very disagreeable odor. Sometimes, in order to catch a train, game, poultry and meat must be packed with the animal heat This always causes a very disastill in it. greeable odor, but not the least taste. some parts of the country this bad smell is known as "summery," and once meat is freed from this, it will keep very well.

There are several ways of removing this close smell given in old cooking books, it evidently having been a much more common trouble than it is now—probably because transportation is so quick now.

One hour or two in a box, in which is a saucer of quicklime, or one of smouldering coffee-berries, etc.

The usual plan with unthinking people is to wash the meat off in vinegar and water, or borax and water, and this plan sweetens a joint quickly and well, and, as very often there is very little time to prepare meat, we should have a quick remedy for any little mischance in cooking, if possible, but only avail ourselves of the less good way when time lacks.

I prefer to remove the summery odor by dry means rather than wet, because the skin of meat, once made moist, will rarely, in hot weather, bake to a nice, crisp brown the skin is apt to be tough and leathery.

The ambitious young city housekeeper, when she goes into the country, will certainly want to keep a cow, little dreaming what an incubus she will too often prove. First, her attendant has to be reckoned with, and a very formidable duty that is, then the delicious white food has to be cared for, an easy and dainty duty, if you have the

proper facilities; but in the wooden Queen Anne residence, no provision has, as a rule, been made for the storing and good keeping of milk and cream. Therefore, if she is wise, the newly-made country resident will not vex her soul for the first year or so with "Buttercups," or any daffodil, even of the most golden kind.

Yet, who can deny that half one's longing for country life consists in a desire for abundant cream and milk? This matter is often compromised, and the care divided between two families, a plan which works very well in many cases. If the cow is a good milker. and no children in the nursery, it is quite difficult to dispose of the milk without, what the unaccustomed city lady feels, is a great waste; she cannot help an idea that butter ought to be made, if it comes to the throwing away of skim milk. Therefore, until she sees her way clear and learns the value of curds in various ways, let her not take a whole cow on her conscience, but share one, or buy milk. The suggestion of sharing is made because one often finds two families with pasture enough between them for a cow. There is often a man, too, round the neighborhood, who can be hired by two or three families, neither one of which could afford to pay for his whole time, nor could they keep him employed.

We will presume, then, you have, by this means or some other, an abundance of milk for a family without children. I am supposing such small beginnings, because I find a subject can be made much clearer by being divided into small quantities. For instance, it seems to me I can tell you much more easily and clearly how to manage half a dozen quarts of milk than half a dozen gallons.

No milk need be wasted, although if you have a large quantity of skimmed milk daily and a small family, you may not know what to do with it. Milk pudding for two or three people will not take much milk, and you still have a great deal on hand, because the use of cream for coffee and tea makes that of milk very small. There will also be sometimes sour cream, or cream likely to I may be thought to have in mind a very generous cow, which leaves an embarrassment of milk and cream, for the general outcry of city people in the country is that, if they have a cow, they either have to stint themselves in butter or cream; but it must be remembered that two small families, neitheir to exceed four, are no larger than one large one of nine or ten.

But the fact is, too much is expected of

one cow by inexperienced people. They forget that, while she is fresh she will yield abundance of milk, rich in cream, for several months in the year she has less milk. How rich the lessened quantity may be in cream certainly depends on the feeding and treatment. Indeed, on these two points depends your satisfaction, or otherwise, with your cow.

Butter, however, is not in question. I am supposing you have decided, as I have known so many to do, between drinking the milk whole and having abundance of cream and stinting the new milk and drinking it skimmed blue, never looking at a cream-

pitcher larger than a table ornament, and making butter.

If you have a co-operative cow, or a family of more than five, you will be wise, if economy is not urgent, to enjoy your milk and cream, and not struggle to get abundance of all bovine luxuries,

Without butter, if your family is moderate in size, you will (except when a new calf is expected) have the abundance I speak of, provided the cow is good and well treated (of the last more later). We will next consider how the redundant milk may be used up, even when there is no pig to take it.

Catherine Owen.



GETTING READY FOR WINTER.



UTS are ripening in the woods and the leaves have turned brown. The apples are ripe in the orchard, and tempting piles of them—red, russet and gold—are cart-

ed away for winter use. The corn has been gathered, the woodpiles heightened, and the coal bins filled. The children are going to school; and the air has in it the crisp, exhilarating feeling peculiar to the rapidly-shortening days of autumn.

We have a little fire now at evening, and I bring out my knitting work then, and ply the needles with hurrying fingers, for I begin to realize the need against the surely-nearing strides of winter. There is much to be done. But the urgency of the need of comfortable garments, coupled with the bracing atmosphere after the summer's lassitude, sets my nerves a tingling and I go to work with a will.

The fruit preserving is mainly over, and the cans repose yet in their darkened places in the cool, dry pantry. I will not take them to the cellar until there is danger of freezing, which cannot be soon in there, for the walls were lined with sheathing, then with building paper before the plastering was

put on. The window is on the north, and the blinds are usually closed, with the slats turned just enough to make it not glaringly light. Some of the cans, especially those of tomatoes, are wrapped in brown paper, as the contents will not bear the action of the light, and to can in glass and wrap in paper is much to be preferred to canning in tin.

(I have not come across in any "directions for canning" so simple a method—while none is better—of heating cans as mine: While the fruit is cooking, rinse the cans with warm water and set them, with their tops, on the stove hearth, on which has first been laid a folded part of a newspaper. Do not place them too close to the fire at first, turn them about occasionally, and fill here. They will not break, and are at the place wanted without extra trouble. If more than three or four are to be used, another can take its place as each is filled. Screw the tops on while on the hearth, then remove to the table and make sufficiently tight.)

House-cleaning at this season of the year is not the task that it is in the spring. The family have lived more out-of-doors; there has not been, beside, so much dirt to be carried in; while the screens, gift of these latter days, have insured comparative immunity

from flies.

So the most important work of the falltime remains in the affairs of the wardrobe. And this, unlike house-cleaning, is at its maximum now, when comfort really depends on a certain amount, as well as quality of

clothing.

Closets and bureau drawers must be overhauled: dresses are to be tried on the little ones, tucks let out, and sleeves lengthened; some garments are to be repaired, others refashioned, and the merits and demerits of cloak and overcoat for wear another season descanted upon. An inventory must be taken of the belongings of each member of the family in winter hose and flannels, and all that can be made available of these placed in readiness for draft at sight, for at any time a breath of the frost-king may send us shivering into suitable apparel. A list must be made, also, of necessary purchases, and out of sundry shapeless packages are to come shapely garments by aid of shining scissors and humming machine.

It is better to wear flannel underclothing, either light or heavy, the year round; and, at least, it should be put on at the first approach of frosty nights. Select a good, all-wool variety. The former, because it will not shrink as will an inferior article, and will

save time in sewing, and money in the end. The latter because, to receive the greatest benefit from its use, none but all-wool flannel should ever be worn. The warmlooking red is, not without reason, the favorite color. Make in the style of the combination suit. An equable warmth is thus given to the different parts of the body, and the comfort from wearing the one garment, without band or belt at the waist, is appreciable. A child, properly dressed, will wear over the flannel a waist to which are fastened both outer drawers and skirt, with a dress consisting in some way of one piece, whether "Princess," "Mother Hubbard, or with joined waist and skirt.

And, although grown-folk may satisfactorily buy their ready-made hose, for children's wear none takes the place, in warmth and service, of the home-knit. We owe to the exposed limbs which the present mode of dressing leaves to our girls, and boys as well, as comfortable protection as possible. Knit the best wool obtainable into long stockings to reach above the knee. If ribbed to the heel, though a little slower knitting, they will fit nicely and stay up well. Mittens require but little time in making; leggings must not be overlooked, but may as well be obtained ready-made, and it is folly to crochet a hood when one can be bought quite as pretty, as warm, and as inexpensive. necessary knitting may be done, and often the time hardly missed, by the laying aside of more useless work, by "taking it up at odd times," and by knitting in the evenings, when reading or sewing hurts the eyes. it is a pity that the knitting machine is not yet the success that the sewing machine has proved itself to be; if so, it would be, in its sphere, equally popular and widely used.

In the selection of shoes at this time of year allow for the thicker hose that may not yet have been put on; and good leather, with thick soles, is preferable to thin shoes with much use of the rubber overshoe.

Woolen bed clothing is at once warmest and lightest. And if the luxury of having it entirely of this material may not be afforded, an all-wool blanket for each bed can be provided, with as much woolen stuff in coverlet, comforter and quilt as is possible.

With seeds labeled and put away; with vegetables, apples and golden pumpkins put in the cellar out of reach of an unheralded freeze; with flowers brought from out-doors and placed in the window for winter blooming, or carried to the cellar, the mind is most busied with in-door things. One of

these days the list of the year's principal reading matter must be made out. Old periodicals are to be renewed or new ones taken, and perhaps the annual course of reading of a literary circle begun.

If proper preparation has been made for the coming of winter, it will bring a certain and peculiar leisure common to no other time of the year, for beside the usual absence of settled work, and the long evenings, there will be stormy days when outgoing and incoming will be practically impossible.

So I sit by the light of the fire that I have kindled on the hearth—for it is chilly, though the day has been bright—and see in it an earnest of strengthened home-ties because of closer companionship, and of increased knowledge and quickened thought by reason of time to read, write and think—in the undreaded days just beyond.

Emma E. Volentine.



SOUTHERN HOME LIFE,

" Befo' de War."

(Concluded.)

How to apportion the work among so many laborers was quite a problem, and resulted in a division of toil that would have been amusing to a brisk New England house-keeper, accustomed, as Mrs. Stowe says, to getting "her work done up in the forenoon." It was thought better for the little darkeys around the house to have some light duties; accordingly, one would be detailed to keep the cook in chips, another to keep the fire going in the smoke-house, while the morning work of a third would be to clean the

knives. How they worked can be illustrated by the last. Bob would take his knives back of the kitchen and pound up his brick. The sight of the other children would prove too tempting, and away he would go to stay till Aunt Melindy's voice was heard.

"You, Bawb-b, what you doin' out dar?" Then, with injured innocence in his tone, would Bob remonstrate, "Why, mammy, I'm cleanin' de knives." A knife would be rubbed energetically until Aunt Melindy's.

back was turned, when he was off again at play. A second call would bring the same

reply.

"Mammy, can't Jim go? I'm cleanin' de knives,"—and it was a chance if dinner didn't have to wait at last for those knives. It was a revelation to me when I found that knives could be cleaned in three minutes in connection with dish-washing, instead of forming one distinct branch of household work!

This kind of service naturally made easygoing housekeepers. If they all finished their work in the time required by a white person,—what then? Why, there would be nothing for them to do for the rest of the So they were allowed to take their own time, and a good generous time it was. Then, too, those of you who have ever had colored help know that you pay the price of your peace of mind if you attempt to hurry them, and Southern housekeepers, who could not discharge the inefficient, wisely concluded to sacrifice mathematical precision to peace of mind. So instead of fretting her life away if the washing wasn't out. by eleven o'clock (and it never was out until night) the mistress kept discreetly away from the kitchen and didn't know when it was out—and didn't care—it was Aunt 'Cindy's business to attend to the washing.

With all this family to see after and clothe, the office of Southern "housemother" was no sinecure. On the plantations some of the women were always trained seamstresses, but on the farms and in families having only from six to a dozen servants, the sewing was generally done by the lady of the house and her daughters. So it happened that Southern women brought up under the old dispensation were almost invariably good needle-women. They were taught to sew as a part of their preparation for after-life. This sewing included not only the making of the women and children's clothing, but the men's as well. The mistress had much the same feeling about getting the servants' winter clothes ready that a mother has about her children's. must be provided for first, because they were more exposed and could not sew for themselves; after them, the white family.

The women generally wore in winter bright-colored linsey; in summer, blue and white, or blue and yellow cotton. The men wore blue or brown jeans. I well remember the delight with which we children unrolled the winter linseys as they came from the store, the weeks of busy cutting and fitting and sewing, and then the comfortable appearance of Aunt Rachel with her bright plaid linsey made with a plain, round waist, and skirt reaching her shoe-tops, with a white cotton apron and white head-handkerchief. As she rises before me in this garb, I have a sense of the fitness of things that does not come to me when I see the cheap finery of our Katies and Nellies, who, on three dollars a week, try to rival, in style and material, the dress of their em-The same Aunt Rachel rises beployers. fore me again in a wedding gown of white muslin, most unsuited, as I think now, to her age, color, and previous condition of wifehood, but in which I thought then she looked beautiful. She and the man of her choice are standing in the presence of the family and guests of assorted colors in "mother's room." My sister and one of the children of the neighborhood precede the bridal couple, holding lighted candles, a ceremony from which I, on account of my tender years, am excluded, much to my grief and indignation. They stop before our minister, who is here as well. words are said, prayer is offered and congratulations ensue, to be followed by a repast and a "hoe-down" in the kitchen.

Having clothed the family, let me ask you into the dining-room. You will find here many things which seem strange to you. If it is breakfast, you will find two kinds of hot bread, one generally cornbread in some shape, and the other biscuits, besides waffles, hot rolls, or that peculiarly Southern institution, "beaten biscuit." There will be a cold ham, broiled chickens and coffee. There will be syrup on the table, or perhaps "New Orleans molasses," but no preserves, canned fruit, cookies or anything else sweet. If it is dinner, you will find stewed or fried chickens, ham, six or seven different vegetables (I have counted fifteen at a "big dinner") hominy being always one in the winter, hot bread, and, possibly pie; but more likely, puddings, rolls, dumplings, and other dishes to be eaten with sauces. every meal there will be a pitcher of sweet milk, a pitcher of buttermilk, and often a bowl of "clabber," to be eaten with sugar and Ice-cream and frozen custard were favorite desserts in the northern tier of States, for everybody had a cow, everybody had an ice-house, and labor was cheap.

Everybody ate bacon—everybody had a smoke-house, and such hams I have never seen elsewhere. Old hams, two or three

years old, were considered far superior to those only a year old, while under that they were thought to be hardly fit for eating. After the meat was thoroughly salted, it was prepared in ways that I do not pretend to understand, hung up in the smoke-house, and a continuous smoke kept up under it for Accustomed to such a smokehouse and such a supply of meat and smoke, you can imagine how funny it sounded to me, a short time ago, to hear a gentleman say in my adopted State: "I smoke my hams for a week in a barrel." It may be a good way, but it is on such a small scale! The hams, shoulders and sides, called "middlings," were all smoked. saw a piece of salt pork in my life until I was grown. So important a matter was the keeping of the meat that it was as natural a question for one Southern matron to ask of another, "How is your meat keeping?" as for you to ask of your neighbor, "How are your flowers doing?" It was a calamity, indeed, if the meat failed to

There was a difference in the holidays of the two sections. The Fourth of July was celebrated, if at all, by a barbecue. Thanksgiving we took no account of, often not knowing when the day came, but we luxuriated in Christmas. Christmas-Day was ushered in by the house door being thrown open and cries of "Christmas gif, Miss Ma'!" "Christmas gif, chil'n!" ringing through the room. It was a custom for everybody to try to catch the "Christmas gift" of everybody else (by being the first to say the words), the one caught being expected to pay a forfeit. In the case of servants and children this was often done, the negroes holding you to it inflexibly. With the older ones no gift was expected, but still, "Christmas gift!" was the morning salutation of old and young on this day. our fire-crackers at Christmas instead of on the Fourth of July. There were always gifts provided for the servants, and the week was theirs after the Christmas dinner. it by having dances, "play parties" or "pra'r

meetin's," as their tastes inclined them.

These "pra'r meetin's" were held from kitchen to kitchen, and were sometimes continued till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, being then broken up only at the suggestion

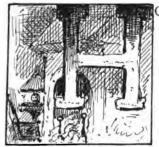
of the lord of the mansion. The regular preaching services were attended by black and white together, there being a gallery, or some other provision, in the back of the church for the black folks. In my father's family was an old man, Uncle Adam, who lived to the age of one hundred and eleven. He was a devout "chu'ch membah," but was very deaf. For years he occupied (at the minister's suggestion) an arm-chair, placed just below the high pulpit, where he

could hear and enjoy the services.

I cannot close without referring to a few points of Southern etiquette. Children were taught respect for their elders, black or Disrespectful language to elderly persons, or, as the negroes said, "sassin'uv old pussons," was punished more severely than almost any other juvenile offence. No well-bred child ever failed to say "yes'm,"
"no ma'am," or "yes, sir," "no, sir." I think no Northern custom strikes a Southern-bred person so unpleasantly as the freedom with which the children say "yes," "no," and "what" to their elders—though I know it is quite the custom to ridicule the addition of "sir" or "ma'am" as oldfashioned and rural. The younger children called the older ones "brother" and "sister" as a term of respect. A young lady was always called "Miss" by her child acquaintances—"Miss Annie," "Miss Sallie," not "Miss Brown" or "Miss Smith." She was addressed so by her gentlemen friends as well, nothing short of an engagement or the closest intimacy justifying the freedom of calling her by her name. When, at the close of the war, young men from the North came into Missouri and Kentucky, and, after a few months' acquaintance, began calling these girls "Annie," "Sallie," and "Mary," it caused such a feminine excitement as was rarely seen. They hadn't been accustomed to it—they "wouldn't stand it!—and they didn't stand it. After a few lapses of forgetfulness on the part of the young men and a few exhibitions of dignified reserve on the part of the young women, the former wisely decided to adopt the social customs of the people among whom they found themselves, and the girls were addressed thenceforward in the style they preferred.

Caroline H. Stanley.

SOME OTHER WOMEN'S HOMES.



W many intelligent women are there in small towns and rural communities who appreciate the opport unity they have of being a power for good to

their less fortunate towns-women? The freedom in the country and country towns from the high pressure of city life furnishes room for that rarest of Christian charities—personal ministration. But the selfish feeling which prompts us to keep our best thoughts, plans and deeds for our own soon contracts the growth of these, until there is only enough to brighten and

regenerate our home sphere.

We surely forget that there is nothing so dwarfing and deadening as isolation. effects on ourselves may be indeed scarcely noticeable, because we have books, thoughts, ambitions and special interests. We say that our society is within ourselves. a community is a unit, which cannot rise to any high degree of excellence so long as it is weighed down by masses of ignorance and And, too, the influence of a community is always measured by the average life of its citizens, and not by that of the exceptionally favored few. The influence of those who are most sordid and ignorant is continually felt in all the homes of the community. This is especially true in the country, where all the children, rich and poor, go to the same school.

Some day our boys and girls astonish and grieve us by reflecting the meanness and coarseness which they have absorbed from our neighbors' children. Our own children have been well cared for, and we have been civil to our neighbors, and perhaps mildly social, but as to assisting this woman, whose life has been limited by poverty, hard work, and long-inherited disuse of the more refined feelings, a help which would probably have borne good fruit and protected our own homes,—that we never thought of.

There are many homes in villages and country where no effort is made to render life interesting, cheering, inviting to the many whose thriftless management make them the

target for the contemptuous Yankee epithet "shiftless!" The wives and daughters work and work, and long, as all women do, for diversion and pleasure, and try, in a forlorn way, to get them. There are, side by side with these, others, who, from greater opportunity or stronger natural bent, are more intelligent, better balanced, or better managers, and to these the large field of personal The chief requisites ministration is open. for this work are a kind heart, a genuine desire to help, a willingness to share the results of one's experience and good fortune, and tact enough to make such efforts acceptable even to the sensitive. There is nothing more disarming to the resentful spirit of independence, which often spoils our best intentions. than genuine friendliness. We must realize that all women are human beings, with the same feelings and capacities for suffering, and that all, even the dullest, know the difference between despair and indifference. and hope and sympathy.

Let us take an interest in our less fortunate neighbor, her children, her work, and cheer her with all the heartiness we can command. Sometimes we can tell her better ways to manage her cooking, her sewing and economies, and at other times we can lighten her heart with tales of our own trials and failures. Let us lend our books—even a good cook-book may do wonders—our

papers, our magazines.

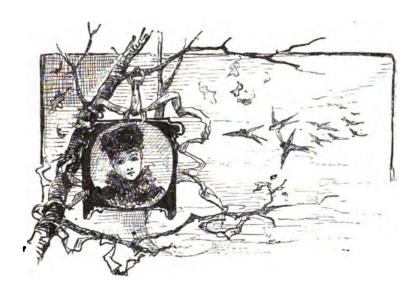
A few such efforts will awaken in us a greater desire to be helpful in this friendly way, and prompt us to think of countless womanly offices which have long been for-

gotten.

The indifference to our neighbors, especially to the less fortunate, is sad and selfish. But what shall we say to the utter indifference towards those who become dependent upon public support? In the large cities charities have become systematized, and their administration is generally carefully looked after by men and women chosen from the philanthropic, the public-spirited, and the generous. But how many women in country towns know anything about the life on their own poor-farm, which is the only "home" that many of their sex know? Numbers of women in every town have never seen the place, and almost none have any idea of the condition of the paupers-what kind of food they have, what clothes, what accommodations, or what treatment. The poor women who, through their fault or misfortune, find their way into the poorhouse, are still women, our neighbors and our wards.

The power of awakening public sentiment on the subject of their treatment belongs especially to the intelligent, large-hearted women of the town. The work is difficult, requiring patience and steady effort, but is still worth the doing. This field of charitable work in the country is more trying to manage than in cities, from lack of organization, but is none the less a pressing duty.

Agnes B. Ormsbee.



CREOLE COOKERY, III.

TANTE ANGÈLE'S GIFT.



ANTE Angèle lived in one of those streets of the Vieux Carré full of the evidences and reminiscences of the French and Spanish domination. The signs over the shops are in polyglot, but French

prevails. Her house was an ancient, sleepy-looking one, even severe. Its great doors were iron bound, and its old fashioned knocker wrought into the semblance of a Gorgon. But when one enters into the arched corridor and sees the lacework of vines clamber-

ing up at its father end, and steps into the light and perfume of its inner garden, it is as though one should look into an old man's heart, and find there the sun and fervor of youth, and the forbidding aspect of the exterior is all forgotten.

Tante Angèle's drawing room was, in a measure, the counterpart of herself. The furniture was antique, massive, but severely simple. No bric-a-brac was here to entrap and anger the unwary, that is, bric-a-brac collected and bestowed after the manner of the moderns. At the bare mention of it, Tante Angèle sniffed, stigmatizing its collection as a vice, such atrocities were harbored under the shelter of its name. Rare bits of crystal, and faience and bronze, were indeed on the chimney piece and in antique

cabinets, set high, not as "serpents in the path." A few oil paintings were on the wall, and, before the fireplace, in summer, a great, sliding screen, of exquisitely wrought brass, which, upon pressing a spring, unrolled a most entertaining panoramic view of Paris, and was a perennial delight to her nieces

and nephews.

We loved Tante Angèle, albeit with a mixture of fear and awe. Her individuality was a pungent one. Her clear cut character impressed itself upon all who came in contact with her. The straightness of life and conduct she demanded of others, she fulfilled herself, and her tongue could cut like a keen, two-edged blade. And yet Tante Angèle's heart beat in sympathy for the anguished everywhere. None ever poured out their sorrows to her, who were not relieved to the extent of her power. Ask the poor, the people of low degree, what Tante Angèle did for them in the dread yellow fever plague of 1855.

Tante Angèle was an octogenarian or more, but she was above a stoop in the shoulders. She held herself erect, as in the days of her girlhood, when it was not considered comme il faut for young ladies to touch the backs of their chairs, at all, at all! Her nieces had the misfortune to have been born in a degenerate age. Another generation, and the descendants of royal scions. and cadets of noble houses would no longer care to preserve even the traditions of the manners of their forefathers. Fèlicie, and Blanche, and Minette would bubble over with laughter, and declare that "nine months of hard benches with no backs in the convents, and beds like the very banquettes for softness, were long enough to suffer peine forte et dure. At least for the vacation, Tante Angèle might be a good angel to them, and sometimes shut her eyes."

Well, one day, -the second of July it was, the frowning old house had been very gay, for it was Tante Angèle's féle, and all her friends and relatives, and nieces, and nephews had called upon her, bringing some offering, books or bonbons, or flowers, and wishing much joy and happiness, as is the Nowhere else pleasant Creole custom. does the moon shine with such exquisite silvery radiance, as in New Orleans, and it seems as if all the flowers that bloom in that Paradise of Blossoms begin to exhale their most entrancing odors, when night closes in. As if, indeed, the souls of the flowers sought to establish a spiritual communion with the silence of the night.

Thus did the flowers bloom and breathe, thus did the moon shine upon that night of Tante Angèle's file, and we had induced her to come out with us upon the wide verandah, had even persuaded her to repose in a fauleuil, instead of the little lyre-backed chair, in which she generally tortured herself, as we thought. When Henri placed the ottoman before her, she so far forgot her usual Spartan contempt for ease as to put her tiny feet upon it.

Children are lightning-quick interpreters of moods. Tante Angèle's moment of involuntary physical relaxation was construed as signifying a loosening of the heart and brain—therefore a good moment for a story, and Tante Angèle knew marvelous things.

"You want your old Aunt to tell always

the same thing, imbeciles!"

But she smiled.

"Suppose I tell you about the grand fête de baptéme of your papa. I was at that time une demoiselle, sixteen years I did just have, and after me, one, two, three, four, five sisters, but not one brother. Papa he grieve for that, he love his little girls with all his big heart, but it was pity to not have one Then, mes enfans, we lived on the plantation, up 'the coast,' and only lived in this house, three, four months in Winter season, for mama, she love opera and bals. You have visit some time that Plantation, mes cheries, but now it is no more the same. Grand-Papa did build that house for Papa, une grande maison, a palace. Ah! mes pauvres pehles, to see it just one time again.! The gardens, the fountains, the park, with more oak and pecan you want to count, and now, all changed, all different!

"Mais, one day, old Zabelle did find a . bèbè for us, a little brother in the yucca How we did rejoice ourselves! We did kiss each other, we did clap our hands, we did laugh and almost we did cry. It is always so easy for women to cry! Papa? Papa was like a crazy man. He did have a heart with more joy than it could hold. With all he did share it. kissed his six girls, and we did feel so gay, so gay. Always till that day, we did reproach ourselves to be not boys, and now we did no more think our Papa could blame All about, did ride couriers from Papa, to tell les bonnes nouvelles. He did send to New Orleans, to buy for Mama another diamond parure, and chiffons, so many, so many that Mama did laugh and call Papa a foolish one. For his six fillettes were jewels and cadeaux, assez faire briller nos yeux.

"Then did he talk, talk with Mama, then with Marie, who did ever carry the keys, and was une domestique de confidence. He did call Jean the cook, and Tonton who did take care for all the pouitry yards, and after he did arrange these affaires to satisfy him, me he did speak with. He did intend to make a grand fete de baptême for the little bêbe, and it was for me to jouer le role of hostess. I had great fear, when Papa did tell me that. Enfin, I did obey Papa, but I think, mes enfans, I did show much gaucherie, not like my beautiful mother. Ah! the most charming, the most beautiful woman, my

"To that fele did come everybody. Papa did invite all our poor voisins and under the trees, he did make long tables, and all the day, did people sit there and feast. He did open wide the big gates, and servants did invite to come in all the people who did pass by. It was so, I did that day, meet your Uncle Trasimond. The negroes too, did have their tables, and so gay they were, more gay than the white people. Henri, your Papa, did have three godmothers and three godfathers, and what gifts to them from Papa! Ah! mon Dieu, the happy, happy days! The Bishop did baptize the pretty baby, but the billet de banque from Papa he did beg Mama to spend in charity. Mama was an angel and did ever try to help the Jean was a famous chef, and Mama did teach her daughters to faire tout le menage. Everything, everything we must ourselves know how to do. When we did say all those things jeunes demoiselles think wise to say, when Mama does give bon conseil, she did smile and say, 'Non, non, mes belles! It is not impossible some day you may be Besides, une jeune demoiselle, even if she be rich, must feel shame to be not able to be the mistress of her menage.' This way did Mama think, and she was grande dame du monde, I can assure you! What Jean did know of the cuisine, must we too learn, and we did each one keep a book, and write in it how Jean did make those plats.

"'Heloise, ma belle et bonne,' turning to me, 'soon you will marry you with Anatole." Here the moonlight revealed my blushes, and my elfish sisters laughed. 'To you will I give this book. For me, I need it not any more, all those things I do carry here,' tapping her forehead. 'You young girls have much to learn. To know how to make all the plats in that book, is to have the secret to keep your husbands' love."

to keep your husbands' love."

And Tante Angèle sighed. Did she

think of Uncle Trasimond? dear, fat, gallant old Uncle Trasimond, who had ever loved Tante Angèle with a deep affection, second only to what he held for the chef d' œuvres of the kitchen?

Tante Angèle arose, entered her chamber, and calling me to her, put the old yellow-stained book into my hands. Then she bade me kiss her good night, and confided us to the guardianship of our beloved old *bonne*, Suzanne.

CHOICE RECIPES.

FROM TANTE ANGÈLE'S BOOK.

DAUBE.

8 lbs. of a round of beef.

I " " fat salt pork.

I onion, I clove of garlic, 4 cloves, salt and pepper.

1 oz. gelatine.

1 pt. vinegar.

Having made several incisions in the round of beef, lard it well by running a thin strip of the fat pork through each incision. This is easily done with a larding needle. Make other gashes in the round, in which insert small pieces of garlic, onion Make a paste of two tablespoonand cloves. fuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful ground black pepper, and one half tablespoonful of salt; rub it well into every gash. Pour the rest of the vinegar over the meat and set aside for several hours. To cook it, put a heaping tablespoonful of lard in a pot; when hot, put the beef into it, having dredged it lightly with flour. Brown it lightly on both sides, fill up the pot with hot water, cover it with a heavy lid, and let it cook slowly for four or five hours. Take up the daube, and put it into the dish in which it should be served. Strain the gravy, add it to the gelatine dissolved in a little cold water, pour it over the daube, and serve when cold.

GRILLADE.

Cut a two pound round of beef-steak into slices the size and thickness of one's palm. Put into a frying-pan a tablespoonful of lard. Cut an onion into slices and fry it a light brown in the hot grease; fry the pieces of beef, and when brown, add a tablespoonful of flour to the lard, blending it carefully that

it may not lump. When the flour has browned, add two sliced tomatoes, and let all fry together a minute or two. Watch carefully to avoid burning. Add now a pint of hot water, salt, pepper, a clove of garlic, if liked, a pinch of thyme and one of savory. Cover the saucepan well, putting a weight upon the lid to keep the meat immersed in the gravy. Let it cook gently over a steady fire for thirty minutes, and serve with a dish of boiled rice.

FRICASSEE.

Cut chicken or any other fowl into pieces, and allow it to lie in cold salted water for thirty minutes. Take out and dry with a towel. Rub each piece with a little black and red pepper, and dredge them lightly with flour. Have two tablespoonfuls of ham fat boiling hot in the saucepan; brown the chicken in this. When well browned on both sides, put in a few rings of onions, and when these are pale brown, add a pint and a halt of hot water, celery, salt and pepper to taste. Cover closely and cook gently until the chicken is tender. Creoles color this gravy very often with Chili Pepper, which gives it a fine red color,

without any burning taste of pepper proper.

TURKEY STUFFED WITH PECANS.

Prepare the turkey for the roasting. To make the dressing, take dry bread crumbs, cold boiled rice, sausage meat or bacon chopped very finc, sweet herbs, celery, lemon peel pared very thin, and chopped fine, two dozen pecans cut small, pepper Work all together with the hands and salt. so that the ingredients may be thoroughly Bind the whole together with an egg, a little melted butter, and a little milk. Put a little lard into a large frying pan; when hot, turn the dressing into it, and fry it slightly, turning all the while to prevent burning. When cooked through, not by any means brown, however, turn into a bowl, and stuff the turkey with as much as it will The flavor of the meat is improved if the turkey lies stuffed several hours before The cook who once fries the dressing for fowls, will never again return to the uncooked dressing, it is so far superior in flavor. I have given no directions for preparing the turkey, dressing, etc., as this operation is fully described in any reliable cook-book. Lylie O. Harris.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRIDDLE CAKES AND WAFFLES.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:
Will you please insert in your interesting pages some recipes for griddle cakes and waffles?

As the cooler weather draws near, one is desirous of having such things at one's table, and good recipes seem scarce.

Yours truly,

A Subscriber.

NEW YORK CITY.

EGGLESS GRIDDLE CAKES.

FOUR cups sour milk.

Two small teaspoonfuls baking soda.

One saltspoonful salt.

Enough flour to make a good batter.

Dissolve the soda in a little of the milk, making sure that there are no lumps left. Add this and the salt to the rest of the milk, and bake.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.

Two eggs.
Three cups milk.
Two cups flour.
One cup cold boiled rice.
One saltspoonful salt.

Beat the eggs light, rub the rice smooth and stir the eggs into this, salt the flour and add it and the milk alternately. Should the batter seem too thick, thin with a little more milk. Stir thoroughly before baking. Hominy cakes may be made by nearly the same recipe, only using twice as much boiled

hominy as rice, and half as much flour, while the other ingredients are the same.

QUICK WAFFLES.

THREE cups flour.
One pint milk.
Two eggs.

One tablespoonful melted butter.

Large pinch of salt.

Two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Beat the eggs light, add the melted butter, salt an 1 milk, sift the baking powder with the flour, and stir in, whipping thoroughly the last thing before pouring the batter into the irons. Have these very well greased, or the waffles will scorch and stick. Grease with a small piece of fat salt pork.

RISEN WAFFLES.

Four cups flour. Four cups milk.

One saltspoonful salt.
 Three tablespoonfuls ver

Three tablespoonfuls yeast, or half a yeast-icake dissolved in a little water.

One tablespoonful butter.

Two eggs.

Make a sponge of the milk, flour, yeast and salt, let it stand all night, add the beaten eggs and melted butter in the morning, and bake.

INCOMPARABLE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

A N admirable recipe for these will be found in the April issue of The Home-Maker, in the department, WITHTHE HOUSE-WIFE.

ACIDS AND THE TEETH.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:

Will you kindly tell me through the the columns of The Home-Maker, whether Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which I have used with great benefit, is likely to injure the teeth, or to whiten the hair?

Yours Respectfully,

F. B.

There is no doubt that all acids are injurious to the teeth, unless very much diluted with water. Acids and medicines which impair the teeth should be taken through a glass tube. They do not whiten the hair.

LEFT OVER FROM LAST SEASON.

Four neighbors take four Household Journals, and exchange. Of course, as none of us could keep house without "Common Sense," (either our own or Marion Harland's) The Home-Maker is one of them. And I want to say a word anent "Chapped Hands" in the March number. It is too late to be of any service this Spring, but if it were labeled "November" and pigeon holed until then, it might do some one some good. It may even act as an emollient on the temper of the waste-basket, which, I doubt not, is chased and irritated, many a time, by the rough and uncouth things thrust upon it.

Many people, of whom I am one, cannot use glycerine, even with the addition of rose-water, upon the *dry* skin. Therefore I put 2 oz. of camphor, and 4 drachms of White Rose (any favorite perfume may be used) into 6 oz. of glycerine, and, after washing the hands perfectly clean, apply the preparation while they are still wet, and then dry carefully and thoroughly, as if they had only been washed.

If that is done several times during the day, and at night, one may wash dishes, or put coal on the grate if necessary, without fear of roughening the lovely silks, or spoiling the dainty embroidery.

Yours respectfully,

Greensburg, Ind.

A. C. G.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

DITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:—

Dear Madam: I saw in your magazine
not long ago an article on marriage between
cousins.

Will you not say something of marriage where there is great difference in age?

I enclose a cutting from the Westminster Review which has troubled me a great deal. Will you tell me what you think of it, and can you refer me to any other articles on the subject.?

The matter is one of very serious interest to me, and I shall be very much obliged for any information. Yours very truly,

Ř. J. D.

Answer.—The Westminster Review speaks of the marriage of old men with young women as a "Widow-Making Vice." Beyond this, the article should not "trouble" any one. As to the physical aspect of the question, it must be remembered that some men (and women) are younger at sixty than their neighters who have not passed forty. In the absence of direct statistical evidence, it may be doubted if the offspring of mature parents are, as a rule, inferior in strength of mind and and body to those born when their parents are young.

The more serious drawbacks to such unions are: 1st, Each age has its own pleasures, employments and interests. The woman of twenty-five who marries a sexegenarian, lives upon a different plane from her husband. He has "seen life," and

longs for the quiet, rest and monotony that are naturally irksome to the young. sedateness reproves her liveliness; his dread of "that which is high" checks her energy; he sympathizes little in what she considers of vital importance. They are a phenomenal man and an exceptional woman who live happily together in such circumstances. When the case is reversed, and the woman the senior, the obstacles to conjugal felicity are yet more formidable. 2d, It is hardly probable that the elder of the parents will live to see their children grow up to man's or woman's estate. It is a sadly common event that the old man dies, leaving a family of helpless little ones for the mother to educate and guide.

The most sensibly practical clause of the cutting you enclose is the quotation from the *British Medical Review*, to the effect that there is no other contract into which people habitually enter with so little thought of the health of themselves and their possible off-

spring, as Marriage.





A THANKSGIVING BIRD.



R. HARDY had been out of work for several months, and consequently the family fortunes were at a disagreeably lowebb. He was a civil engineer, and the worst of that

eminently respectable profession is that there is sometimes a painfully long interval between job and job. Now poverty, like Jack Frost, can give some pretty severe pinches without being seen, and this the Hardy family were uncomfortably experiencing.

They lived in a very pretty house which was rented by the year, and it was neatly, cosily and tastefully furnished. Their one servant had been dismissed a month or more ago, but the house was still as clean and sweet as a flower, for Mrs. Hardy was a brave, energetic little woman, and the three children, helped instead of hindering her. children had yet a plenty of good comfortable clothes, only just beginning to show a little more than was desirable of their wearers' arms and legs, and if some of Mrs. Hardy's dresses had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, surely that was nobody's business but her own. There was a stand of flowers in one of the dining-room windows, and, a merry little canary hanging in the other, plenty of readable books and (last year's) magazines on some corner shelves, and when the snowy cloth was spread, and the pretty inexpensive china and glass set out, and the father, mother and children gathered round the table with cheerful faces, no one, glancing in at the pleasant scene, would have suspected how very little there was under the dish-covers.

For a long while—for love and thrift together can work wonders—the fare, though

plain, was plentiful, but now had come a time when Mrs. Hardy could not find enough of the simplest and coarsest food to satisfy their five appetites. Nobody ever complained, for somehow, each one felt it his or her duty to be cheerful in this crisis, the children for the parents' sake, and the parents for the children's, and for each other's. But Mr. Hardy's heart was very sore as he returned, day after day, from his unsuccessful search for employment, and with a bundle of discouraging letters in his pocket, and Mrs. Hardy was almost betrayed into a sob when one of the children said to her with an air of innocent wonder:

"Mother, it's very curious, isn't it? no matter how hungry you are when you first get up from dinner, in a little while you aren't hungry at all?"

The poor little mother never answered a word. She only stooped and kissed the boy's forehead, and then quietly left the room.

Mabel, the eldest of the children, was eleven years old, and Jack and Davy were nine and seven. Although they knew, in a vague way, that things were going badly and that they must be very careful not to worry mother, they were too young to be oppressed by any care or anxiety, and about this time they began to look forward to Thanksgiving with all the more eagerness that everything seemed, nowadays, to taste so well. A bountiful feast of delicacies on Thanksgiving Day was so much a matter of course to them, that they never once dreamed of disappointment, or thought of ways and means. Mrs. Hardy, resting from her labor one morning early in November, overheard her children in animated discussion.

"I shall beg mother to buy a live turkey for Thanksgiving," said Mabel, "because I want the feathers to make a duster of. Ellie Watts told me at school the other day, about a lovely one she was making, and she promised to show me how to do one like it."

"But then, Mabel," Jack urged, "we couldn't buy it from our old woman in the market, for she always has her's ready picked and fixed, and she's such a favorite of ours, you surely wouldn't like to hurt her feelings by buying the turkey from anybody else, would you?"

"I'd like a live turkey a heap the best," interrupted Davy. "I always did like to hear them gobble, and it's such fun to feed

'em, too."

"Now, I call that downright ungrateful of you, Davy," said Jack, "when our old woman gave you an apple only the very last time you went to market with me."

"Let's ask mother," suggested Mabel. "She will decide in a minute." So they rushed to present their opposite views to their mother.

"Mother, do buy a live turkey for Thanksgiving!"

"Mother, do buy a dead turkey for

Thanksgiving!"

Mrs. Hardy looked into the eager faces with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "My dear children," she said, trying to speak lightly, as if it were a matter of the very smallest importance, "I'm afraid we won't have any sort of turkey this year."

"No turkey //" What a trio of dolefully

astonished little faces!

"You know, darlings," Mrs. Hardy went on, thinking it best to give them a clear understanding of the truth, "your dear papa has not had any work to do for a long, long time, and so he has not been able to give me any money to spend, and the little that I had put away is almost gone. So we must be brave, and do without all good things until better times come."

"Yes, I know, mother," said Mabel, with a little nod of comprehension and sympathy. "Of course, we can't have good things every day, but, oh, mother—not just one Thanksgiving turkey?"

"Just a little, small, young turkey, mother," pleaded Davy.

The mother laughed, but the tears stood

in her eyes.

"There are no 'little, small, young turkeys' this time of the year, you little town boy. They are all accommodating enough to grow big and fat in time for Thanksgiving. If I had the money to pay for a turkey, children," she continued, more seriously, "I should not think it right to spend so much on a single dinner. So let us all be as patient and cheerful, and thankful, too, as we can, with whatever dinner God chooses to send us."

The three children felt very sober after this conversation, and they discussed the question solemnly among themselves. It was hard to be so poor, they decided, but one thing was certain, they must never again let mother know they wanted anything. Did not her eyes keep filling up with tears this afternoon, as she talked with them? But a November with no Thanksgiving dinner in it, seemed very dreary for three little minds to look forward to.

All that night it snowed hard, and by breakfast-time, next morning, several inches

of snow lay on the ground.

"As heavy a fall of snow as I ever saw so early in the winter," said Mr. Hardy, as he turned up the collar of his great-coat before starting out on his usual expedition. He said he could not stand sitting at home and thinking, and went out, no matter what the weather was. "Jack, my boy, if the snow on the front pavement is too much for you to manage, I'll be back presently and help you to get it off."

"Help me! No, indeed, father," said Jack, stoutly. "I'd like to see a snow-drift

I couldn't tackle."

"Big talk—big talk!" said his father, passing his hand lovingly over the little cropped head. "We all think that way when we are little, Jacky. I guess I had better hurry back, all the same, however."

"You'll see," said Jack, with dignity, "one of the cleanest pavements in this city,

when you do return, sir."

And so he did. As he stood stamping the snow from his boots before entering the tidy hall, he could see no neater piece of pavement than the one Jack had so manfully "tackled." "I ought never to feel down in the mouth," he thought, "with such a splendid wife and such brave little children; but, oh, I do—I do! I believe the sweeter they are, the worse I feel."

"Where's my little chap—where's Davy?" he asked, presently. The other children were leaning fondly against him as he sat, warming his cold hands and feet by the dining-room fire, and he naturally looked about

for the third.

"Oh, he's with mother somewhere about," answered Mabel.

But when Mrs. Hardy came in, a few minutes later, she said she had not seen him for a long time. They all fell to wondering what had become of him, but before they had time to grow seriously uneasy, the dining-room door flew open, and a small, comical figure rushed in. His cap was on the back of his head, around his neck was a big woolen comforter of his father's, with one end trailing on the floor; his face was crimson with cold, and radiant with excitement and triumph; a big shovel was hugged tightly to his breast, and in both his bare, purple hands he bore a huge orange.

"Why, Davy!" cried his mother, while the others regarded him in amazement; "where have you been, and what have you been doing? And, bless me, child, how

you do look!"

"I've been working," said the little fellow, with an exultant laugh. "I've been cleaning off snow, too. Jack wouldn't let me help him, because I was too little, he said. So, thinks I, I'll show him what I can do. So, while he wasn't looking, I got the big shovel out of the cellar, and slipped off round the corner, and the first thing I saw was a gentleman unlocking his front door and going in. His back was to me, so I set the big shovel up against the fence and stood on the bottom part of it, and held on to the fence and hollered,—

"' 'Mister, don't you want somebody to

clean off your snow?""

"He turned round, and saw my head so nice and high, and he never noticed where my feet were, so he just nodded and said,

"All right, go ahead!" and went in.

I tell you I pitched in and worked! This old shovel is awful heavy, and every now and then, I'd have to stop and bang my hands together like the hack-drivers do, but I got all the snow off after a while, and then I went and rang the door bell. A lady came to the door-a real, nice, pretty lady like you, mother—and she said the pavement looked as nice as if a man had done it, and then she went in and brought me thisand having reached the climax of his story, he proudly displayed a silver quarter. "And she said, 'Here's a big orange for you, too, because you're such a little fellow,' and she said I might clean off her pavement every time it snowed this winter, and— What are you crying for, mother? Wasn't it right to do it? I thought you'd be so surprised and pleased."

"And so I am, my darling," she said, hugging the little fellow up tightly. "I only cry because I'm silly, and I'll stop at

once."

"And, mother," Davy went on eagerly,

"won't a quarter be enough to buy a Thanksgiving turkey?"

"I'm afraid not, dear," answered his

mother reluctantly.

"But you can put it away, Davy," Jack broke in, "and there'll be lots more snow before Thanksgiving day, and I'll help you as soon as I finish our pavement, and we can earn enough money to buy the biggest turkey in the market. Oh, how splendid!"

The three elated children got their slates, and after much figuring calculated that five more snows in the next three weeks would enable them to make the much-desired purchase, and so, with sanguine hearts and joyous anticipations, they sat down and consumed the small bits of bacon that fell to

their share for to-day.

Never was bad weather so eagerly looked for, so yearningly longed for. Every ray of sunshine was an affliction to the little Hardys, every cloud seemed laden with coming blessings. But, alas, morning after morning a golden flood of sunshine poured into their opening eyes, and the drifting clouds only stopped to leave their respects in the form of rain, and then hastened out of sight. One night, the children went to bed happy in the certainty that the ground was already white with snow, and the flakes were falling thickly, but, by the dawn of day, the snow and their hopes had alike vanished before a warm west wind. And the dinners and breakfasts kept growing scantier and scantier, and the father graver and sadder, and the mother laughed seldomer, though she kissed them oftener, and the children thought more and more longingly of "one good, thankful, turkey-dinner," as Davy called it. Jack made desperate efforts to add a little to the turkey fund, but his parents would not permit him to stop from school, and he had little time to spare after helping his mother. Once or twice, he earned a little by putting up a load of wood or coal for a neighbor, but these small sums never reached the box where Davy's quarter lay in solitary state: they had to put a patch on a gaping shoe, to buy a little sugar for the daily cup of tea that Mother could not well do without and work so hard, and a bundle of kindling-wood to start the kitchen fire. Mabel spent her days wishing she was only a boy, and Davy that he was only bigger, so that they might be, as they phrased it, "of some account." At length came the day before Thanksgiving, and the children gathered round the mother with sober faces.

"Mother," they said, trying not to look so very much disappointed, "of course we can't get the turkey, but there is the quarter, you know,—what had we better buy with it?"

Mrs. Hardy thought a moment. "Well, children," she said, "we ought to have the very best dinner we can, I think, so I am going to make some dried-apple, and potato pies, this afternoon. I have ten cents which I would spend on to-morrow's dinner anyway, so that can go on to Davy's quarter, and Jack can go to market early to-morrow morning, and buy the biggest hen he can get for the money, and I will cook it so nicely that perhaps it will taste like a turkey, and that is the best I can suggest."

The children all agreed that this was an admirable plan, and began to look much cheered up and consoled. The spendingfund was further increased during the afternoon by a contribution of two cents which Mr. Hardy found in the pocket of a last winter's vest, and by a three-cent piece which Mabel discovered almost buried by a passing foot between two bricks of the pavement. Forty cents—they ought to get a very good fowl for that, Jack thought. The making of the pies was very interesting work. They had a great deal of fancy fluting and ornamentation about the crust, to make amends for the homely nature of the interior, and Mrs. Hardy brought the job to a very exciting climax, by making three small pies, with a horse, a dog, and a goose, pricked upon the top with a knitting-needle. It did not take much ingenuity to guess for whom these were intended.

"I'll take the goose, Mother," said Jack, mournfully, "because everybody has put in something to the Thanksgiving tur—din-

ner, I mean, -except me."

"And who has spent all his time in helping his mother, and working as hard as he could for everybody's comfort, I'd like to know? Yes, you shall have the goose, because 'birds of a feather,' you know, always 'flock together,'" and the mother gave her boy a loving look that paid him well for his trouble.

Bright and early the next morning, Jack was off to the market, and to the stall of his "old woman." Her broad, ruddy face beamed a welcome on him from two piles of dressed fowls, a big heap of turkeys on the right hand, and a small heap of chickens on the left.

"Sure, and it's glad I am to see ye oncet more, darlint," she said, giving Jack a hearty shake of the hand. "I was feared ye hed forgot yer ould fr'ind, an' was gone a-patronizin' somebuddy ilse."

"I haven't been patronizing anybody," said Jack, briefly. "I have been hard up."

The old woman looked sympathetic, and wagged her head condolingly. "Ah, its the lot of a many, these days!" she remarked, sagely. "But is it a foine turrkey ye've come for, the day, me jewel?"

"No, it isn't," answered Jack, promptly. "It's the biggest chicken you can let me

have for forty cents."

"Well," said the old woman, reflectively, the many calls for the turrkeys ter-day and the few inquoires for the fowls, so jist turn over thim, deary," and she laid a substantial left hand on the smaller pile—" and make yer chice of the best."

"What, even this fellow?" asked Jack, extricating from among its companions, a carcass about twice as big as they, with long, gaunt, skinny legs, and a dangling, swan-

like neck.

"Him, and welcome," said the old woman, laughing. "Sure, that's me ould Shanghai rooster that's been wid me a many a long year, an' it's hatin' to part wid 'im I was, but he'd got so owdacious wid killin' all the young roosters as soon as they iver fetched out a crow, I couldn't be standin' im no longer. But I wouldn't be buyin' im, darlint, if I was you, for I'm thinkin' it's turrible tough atin' he'll be." But Jack was not to be persuaded.

"All mother said was big," he said, decidedly. "She never said a word about tough! I'll take this one." So he walked off in triumph with his great booty, and his pockets bulging with three fine apples his

old woman had given him.

Mrs. Hardy looked rather aghast as Jack produced, with many commendations, his uncomely purchase, but of course, she did her very best to make a palatable dish of the ancient Shanghai. And, as dinner time approached, he certainly began to send forth a most savory odor, which mounted satisfactorily into the nostrils of the hungry When he was withdrawn from the oven, he was of so beautiful a brown that it quite atoned for the length and slimness of The dinner-table seemed quite his legs. bravely furnished after all the disappointments, and the children sat eagerly down to attack the rare "square meal."

The mother gave the father a loving smile and said, softly, "See how easily they are satisfied. Be thankful a little, dear, if

you can," and he whispered tenderly, in return, "I am, for you and them."

"My dear," said Mr. Hardy as he carved, "this fowl, which you have represented to me as old and tough, does great credit to your cooking. It cuts as tenderly as a spring chicken. And," he added, turning off slice after slice of white meat, "it looks like turkey."

"It always did smell like turkey," asseverated Jack, feeling responsible for his

selection.

"It tastes like turkey," said Mrs. Hardy wonderingly, after eating her first mouthful.

"I believe it is turkey!" pronounced Mr. Hardy, when his turn came to deliver an opinion.

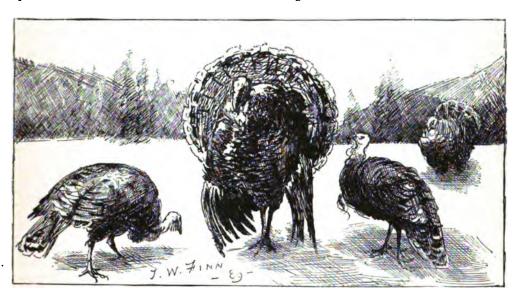
And it was; a young and tender turkey, rather thin and slender, but yet delicious, that had somehow gotten into the place and character of the venerable Shanghai.

How the "old woman" did laugh when

Tack told her about it!

"Sure, an' I must have sould the ould Shanghai ter somebuddy instid of a turrkey," she said, "and don't they think I'm a chatin' ould humbug, be now? But I've niver hurrd no complaints about 'im, so none of me reglar customers could have got 'im. And its glad I am, ye got the good side of the mistake, Jacky boy. I can niver shtop laughin' whin I think what a turrible tough turrkey somebuddy found in that ould Shanghai burrd."

Louisa H. Bruce.



HOME ENTERTAINMENTS.

A TOMBOLA PARTY.

"Come around on Tuesday evening to our Tombola party."

"Tom-what? How do you spell it?"

"Oh, that's a secret! Come and find it

"I shall not be able to sleep with this mystery hanging over me. What is it like? What is it for?" A mischievous glance was the only reply to these questions. I thought I would try another line of attack. "You'd better tell me now, or I'll be asking every one I meet what it is."

"Well, then, listen. There are two kinds of Tombola. Ours is one variety, and other people's is another."

Tombola at the Thompson's that Tuesday night was a great success. It must be recorded in detail as an inspiration for other Thompsons and Johnsons who are in search of something to entertain a party of young people with.

A long narrow table was made by placing close together all the small tables the house afforded. Chairs were placed along the two

sides, and boys and girls seated alternately. Each one was supplied with a saucer fiiled with forty counters, buttons, checkers, etc. These represented forty dollars, each counter, of course, one dollar.

Charlie Thompson stood at one end and was introduced as the auctioneer. He held two sets of cards, one in each hand. His cousin Maud was asked to draw one card from his right hand and place it face downwards under a paper-weight; the remaining cards he laid on the table. The mysterious card that had been drawn was the Prize Card. The second pack of cards Charlie held in his hands, and in his capacity of auctioneer began.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I am going to dispose of these cards to the highest bidders. The duplicate of the card under the weight is somewhere in this pack, and whoever secures that wins the first prize. The second prize is for the one who has the most money at the end of the game. You are at liberty to leave your seats, and buy and sell from your neighbors, but, in doing that, please speak in low tones, so that my duties as auctioneer may not be disturbed."

This was not difficult to comprehend, but every one looked a little puzzled. "Now, then," said Charlie in a lively tone, "how much am I offered for the Queen of Hearts—a beautiful portrait, a speaking likeness of the famous beauty. How much?"

"Five dollars," whispered Minnie Evans, timidly.

"Seven," said her brother. "Nine," "ten," "thirteen," were bid in rapid succession, and then the Queen of Hearts was knocked down at fifteen dollars.

Ten of diamonds was next bid upon, and word went round that this was the prize card.

Up flew the prices till forty dollars was paid by Maud—her entire hoard of purchase money. When the private buying and selling began, and the boys and girls moved around, the fun increased. The auctioneer had to raise his voice to be heard above the confusion, but this only seemed to create more merriment. As for me, I was determined to get the money prize, and I held on to my forty dollars. Not a card would I buy, and I watched the sums around me dwindling away, and felt sure I would have an easy victory.

One after another, amid a Babel of laughter, the cards were sold. Then Charlie took up the set on the table, and asked to have the duplicates handed to him as he named them. There was a breathless suspense as he drew out the Prize Card from under the weight, and called for the Jack of Clubs. And Maud didn't have it after all! Her forty dollars had gone, all in a lump, for nothing.

Then each one was requested to count his money, and I gaily held out my forty dollars. But, to my surprise, others had forty-five, fifty, sixty, and one, even sixty-two dollars! They had bought and sold at a profit, while I had rested with satisfaction over my original amount.

A gilded hammer, symbol of office, was presented to the auctioneer. A set of four tiny chamois bags filled with scent and marked on the outside \$10,000, was awarded for the money prize, and to the one who had bought the prize card was given a new set of cards tied in an embroidered case.

By this time every one was thoroughly acquainted with his neighbor, and the rest of the evening sped away like a dream.

Alice M. Kellogg.



HINTS IN HOME DECORATION.

How to treat a Recess.



N attractive feature in recent styles of furnishing is the fitting up of various nooks and corners. Refined taste requires articles of beauty, as well as of use a bout the

house, and where the two merits are combined, so much greater is the benefit and satisfaction derived.

In many rooms, especially small ones, recesses are seen which the ingenious amateur in household decoration may arrange in a pleasing manner, making the apartment really more attractive than where the wall-line remains unbroken. If space is limited, a recess formed by the chimney may be nicely filled and utilized. By fitting it with four rather broad shelves, arranged in compartments, receptacles can be formed for books and bric-a-brac. The top of the case should be either above or below the line of the mantel, as that may be low or high.

We will, however, suppose the lower shelf to be placed a few inches from the floor, to admit of a moulding in front. The next, eighteen inches above is to be curtained This will in Indian-red or olive plush. afford an excellent place for music, maga-The space formed by the third zines, etc. shelf, placed at a height of fourteen inches, is to be divided by partitions, into three sections; one-half in the center, and onefourth at each end. Any ordinary carpenter should be able to do this work in a satisfactory manner.

The space below the fourth shelf, or top of the cabinet, twelve inches in height, is to be divided by upright partitions into three equal portions. The decoration is an easy matter. These little nooks may be painted throughout in Indian red, to which some varnish and a little drying oil, if necessary, may be added.

The front and edges of the shelves should be finished by a molding of Lincrusta-Walton, which, when colored, will give the effect of finely carved wood. The Lincrusta may be secured by small tacks and painted in oil-colors to resemble the wood desired. Perhaps a dark oak or mahogany will be selected; for the former, yellow ochre, Vandyke brown, raw sienna and black, may be used; for the latter, yellow ochre, crimson lake and Vandyke brown.

In the wide central division of the cabinet several pretty pieces of porcelain may be arranged, with books in the corner compartments. Above, the order of arrangement should be reversed, having graceful vases, or quaint bowls at each side, with books in the middle section, before which a little curtain of the plush may be hung. The curtain should run upon a slender brass rod secured to the case by brass ring screens.

The top of the case should be painted in imitation of the wood selected for the carving, using the same colors. When perperfectly dry, sandpaper smooth, and varnish.

Ornamental objects, as tall jars or pots and other bric-a-brac, with terra-cotta or gold palm fans as a background, will give a finish.

A picture hung above, and draped with a bright colored scarf with rich brocaded or embroidered ends, will complete the useful and artistic arrangement of a chimney recess.

DECORATIONS IN WHITE AND GOLD.

There is an increasing fancy for decorations in white and gold, and though one may not be an adept in the art of painting, it is not a difficult matter to transform old or inexpensive furniture into objects of beauty.

A cane-seated chair, or a willow rocker darkened by use, may be made quite pretty by the following process: The frame work of the chair, which should be smooth, is given a priming of white paint, thinned somewhat with turpentine, and put on as evenly as possible. When this is perfectly dry, it should receive a coat of some good make of carriage gloss paint, such as Lucas's imperial carriage gloss, and if an ivory tone is desired, a little burnt sienna may be added to the white. This, after being allowed to dry, should be rubbed down with emery paper, and another coat of the gloss paint applied, thinning it with turpentine as necessary.

Lines in gold can be added with but little trouble, and when cushions of peacock blue plush are attached to the back and seat, with silk cord and tassels, or ribbons to match, the result is quite charming.

A few pieces of dainty furniture serve to

lighten up a room wonderfully.

In a similar manner, a small standing cabinet, with a frame made of pine, can be decorated. The sides of the cabinet may be filled in with shirred pongee in old pink. The frame, a very simple affair, is made with four uprights, with a top and bottom shelf. The latter, secured at a height of eighteen inches from the floor, and the top one eighteen inches above this. Each shelf may be fourteen inches square. The front panel of pongee should run upon a small brass rod, that it may be easily drawn aside.

The frame work, if a more elaborate effect is desired, may be covered by a moulding of Lincrusta, which is beautiful " picked out " This may be accomplished by in gold. substituting gold for the second coat of white paint. The third coat should be of the white as before directed, and, while still moist, it should be removed from the prominent portions of the design, with a soft linen cloth. This leaves the gold beneath, to show as a ground work. A novel piece of furniture is thus made, which is a convenient receptacle for articles of occasional use, or for fancy work, in the drawing room.

A lovely mirror-frame may be made by the application of gold bronze to an old frame that has been laid aside as useless. It should first be painted in ivory. A stiff brush charged with the gold, should then be held perpendicular, and "dabbed" upon the frame, giving a mottled effect of gold upon an ivory ground. Drape with terracotta pongee, and you will be surprised to find you have a modern bit of decoration, which cost little, and required but a small amount of time and skill to arrange.

A low, broad seat running around the bay window, when prettily upholstered, is a charming addition to the drawing room.

Beautiful effects may be obtained by cutting out flowers, vines, leaves and conventionalized patterns in relief from Lincrusta, and attaching to an object to be decorated, then coloring as fancy may dictate.

A flight of swallows painted upon the chimney above the mantel in the dining room, is a pleasing decoration where the walls are plainly tinted. For this, oil colors

should be used.

A hat rack which will be found a convenience where hall space is limited, may be made at home, by covering a large shield-shape form with plush of a suitable color, for the foundation. Fasten the plush securely on the back of the board with tacks. Along the edges place a row of brass headed nails at an equal distance apart. Six or eight large hooks are to be screwed in, and it is then ready to hang upon the wall. If desired, it may be decorated near the top with a vine in autumn coloring done in Kensington painting.

Enid Ellis Bennett.

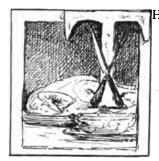




EDITED BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

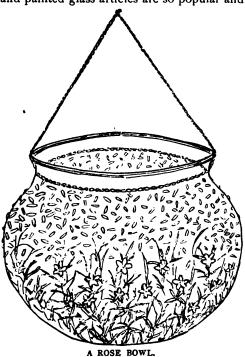
A Rose-Bowl for a Christmas Gift.—Square Piano Covers.—A Bed-Cover.—A Lamp-Shade for Day or Evening.—Crocheted Lace.

A Rose-Bowl for a Christmas Gift.



HE fortunate mortal who possesses even a small knowledge of painting, has less difficulty in preparing Christmas presents than she whose only art is in her needle's use. Every one is pleased to re-

ceive gifts decorated with the artist's brush, and painted glass articles are so popular and



sure of being welcome, that some suggestions concerning them will not come amiss now that everyone's thoughts are busy with plans for stocking-filling. Plain glassware of good, clear quality can be cheaply bought in as good shapes as expensive cut glass. Oil colors are used with megilp as a medium. Articles of ornament, rather than those for table use, are to be selected because, although an occasional cleaning with luke-warm water will do no harm, too frequent washing will affect the colors.

A common gold fish bowl is the basis of the lovely rose-jar in number one. It can stand upon the table, or be hung in a corner by a chain which can readily be procured at a hardware store and adjusted with pincers. The edge of the bowl should be gilded, and if the chain looks brassy, it can be gilded also. The flowers, which are the large crowfoot violets with spidery leaves, should be drawn upon paper and gummed inside of the bowl.

The colors for the violets are cobalt and rose madder, mixed with white. It should be remembered that these have a little more rose color in their tinting than the common violet. A small oval in one petal of each flower (generally it is the lowest one) is of pure white, with little lilac veins. The white spot must not be hard on the outer edge, but blend softly into the surrounding lilac. The center spot in a flower is orange. Chrome-yellow, with a touch of rose madder, will make it, with a touch of Naples yellow for the high light.

The green leaves may be painted with a mixture of Antwerp blue and chrome-yellow, with a little light red, with a little Naples yellow added in the lights, and burnt sienna substituted for the red in the shadows, with a slight increase in the blue.

The decoration over that part of the globe

uncovered by the flowers, is made by loading a small brush with white paint and making a seed-like shape on the glass. These little lumps must be left to harden, and then gilded. Any defect in the shape of the seeds must be rectified while the paint is moist. The glass between should be wiped clean from any smear with a pointed stick covered with a rag moistened with oil.



VIOLETS FOR ROSE-BOWL.

SQUARE PIANO COVERS.

It happens that four subscribers have, within a month, requested advice upon square piano covers. So, feeling quite sure of an interested audience of at least that number, I will describe two home-made covers, which are pretty enough to copy.

One was made of gray, basket-woven burlaps, or canvas, and lined with an old Cantonflannel curtain. around the edge was a border made of four rows of dark blue velvet ribbon, an inch and a half broad, set on with spaces three-quarters of an inch wide between them. Each space was covered with herring-bone stitch joining one stripe to another. The lowest space was done with very dark silk, the next a medium shade,

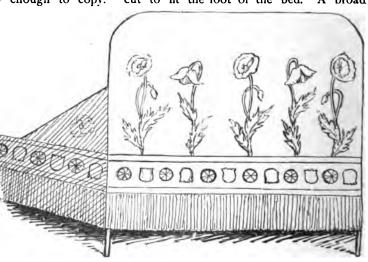
and the upper a very light blue. The upper edge of the top row was held down by a row of deep, far-apart button-hole stitches taken in the darkest shade.

The other cover was made of dark green felt, with a border of braid-trimming four inches wide, of the same color. The trimming was the heavy open passementerie, used freely on dresses two or three years ago. To make room for novelties, one of the fancy stores sold baskets full of it this spring at a trifling price. A quantity of it in a good shade of green being thus secured, the maker of the cover appropriated it as I have stated, adding a second row far enough above to make an inside square upon the top of the piano. The felt beneath the braid, on both rows, was cut out and light green satin put under in its place, showing beautifully through the open scroll-like pattern of Table covers and sofa the passementerie. pillows might be made on the plan of this cover, and other colors or a contrast of color might be used at pleasure.

A BED-COVER.

In an article published some months ago in The Home-Maker, a covering to conceal the ragged uncouthness of an iron bed, was spoken of, but, without illustration, very little idea of its appearance could be given. No. 3 shows it in place, and numbers 4 and 5 are the poppies, flowers of sleep, which are to be embroidered upon it in outline stitch with red shades, and leaves and stems in olive green.

The material is thick gray linen which is cut to fit the foot of the bed. A broad



A BED-COVER.

band of the linen goes around the foot and side of the bed. This band has a decoration of alternate poppy heads and seed vessels, conventionalized. A double threecornered piece of the linen which may be plain or decorated, is added, as shown in the cut, to hold the rest in place.

In iron beds the head is no higher than the foot, and the pillows are supposed to hide the front from sight while the back is against the wall. It is, therefore, only the foot which is conspicuous, and this idea of making a concealment for it comes from a German palace.

A LAMP SHADE FOR DAY OR EVENING.

People who are hungering and thirsting for information regarding Christmas presents that can be easily made at home, ought to be glad to know of a lamp shade that has the double charm of being pretty by day or The upper part is a soft puff of yellow crêpe de chene gathered upon a foundation of stiff net. Falling from the puff is a wide edge of lace crocheted with silk the color of the crêpe.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING LACE FOR LAMP SHADE.

> The pattern of this edging will be useful for many other things if followed with cotton, linen or wool instead of silk. Make a chain of sixty stitches. dation chain.



POPPIES FOR BED-COVER.

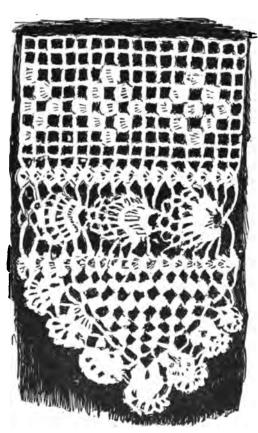
have 9 holes; double crochet in same hole three times, 2 chain, 3 double crochet in same hole. This forms a shell, 5 chain, double crochet in 6th chain, 2 chain, 3 double crochet in same hole, 5 chain, 3 double in 6th chain, 2 chain, 3 double in same hole, 5 chain and turn.

Second row—Shell in shell, 4 chain, 2 double in shell of 2 stitches, 4 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, make 4 holes over in the hole, 5 times pull through together, 4 holes,

5 chain, turn.

Third row—Three plain holes, over and in the hole 5 times, one plain hole over in the hole 5 times, 3 plain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 10 stitches one chain between on top of the 12 double, 2 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 3 double in loop on the end 5 chain, turn.

Fourth row—Three double in first loop, 2 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, catch in second hole of 10 stiches, 5 chain, catch in next; so on, till have 6 holes, 2 chain, shell in shell, 2 plain holes over and in the hole 5 times, 1 hole in the hole five times, 1 hole



LACE FOR LAMP-SHADE.

over in the hole 5 times, 2 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Fifth row—Three holes 5 times in hole, 1 hole in hole 5 times, 3 holes, shell in shell, 4 chain, catch in second hole, 5 chain, so on till you have three holes, 4 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 3 double in first loop, 2 chain, 3 double in next, 3 chain, turn.

Sixth row—Three double in first loop, 2 chain, 3 in next, 2 chain, shell in shell, 5 chain, double in second loop, 2 chain, double in same hole, 5 chain, shell in shell, 4 holes, 5 times in hole, 4 holes, 5 chain, and turn.

Seventh row—Nine plain holes, shell in shell, 4 chain, 12 double in loop, 4 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 3 double, and so on till you have 3 holes and 5 chain, turn. Repeat going back, shell in shell, 2 chain, 10 stitches, 1 stitch between on top of the 12, 2 chain, shell in shell, 4 holes, 5 in hole, 4 holes, 5 chain and turn.

Eighth row—Three holes, 5 in hole, 1 hole, 5 in next three holes, shell in shell, 2 chain, catch in second loop 5 chain, catch in next, and so on till you have 6, 2 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 3 double in first loop, so on till you have 4 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Ninth row—Repeat, shell in shell, 4 chain, catch in second loop, 5 chain, so on till you have three loops, 4 chain, shell in shell, 2 holes, 5 in hole, 1 hole, 5 in hole, 1 hole, 5 in hole 2 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Tenth row—Three holes, 5 in hole, 1 hole, 5 in hole 3 holes, shell in shell, 5 chain, double in second loop, 2 chain, double in same, 5 chain, shell in shell, 2 chain, 3 double in first loop, so on till you have 5, 5 chain, turn.

Eleventh row—Repeat back, shell in shell, 4 chain, 12 double in loop, 4 chain, shell in shell, 4 holes 5 in the hole, 4 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Twelfth row—Nine holes, shell in shell, 2 chain, 10 stitches, 1 stitch between on top of the 12, 2 chain, shell in shell, 4 chain, 1 double in first loop, 4 chain in next, next same, next same, next same, next twice, 4 chain, 1 in next, so on around the point, making 12 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Thirteenth row—Three double in first loop, 2 chain, 3 in same, catch down with short stitch, 4 chain, 3 double in third loop, 2 chain, 3 in same, catch down, so on in every other one till you have 7 shells, shell in shell, 2 chain, catch in second loop, 5 chain, so on till 6 loops, 2 chain, shell in shell, 4 holes, 5 in holes, 4 holes, 5 chain, turn.

Fourteenth row—Three holes, 5 in hole, 1 hole, 5 in hole, 3 holes, shell in shell, 4 chain, catch in second, 5 chain, so on till 3 loop, 4 chain, shell in shell, 1 chain, shell in shell, catch down, 4 chain, shell in shell

till you have seven, 3 chain, turn.

Fifteenth row—One double in shell, 5 chain, I double in first chain, double in same shell, 5 chain, double in first chain, so on till you have 5 in same shell, catch down, 4 chain, same in shell, so on till you have 7, shell in shell, 5 chain, double in second loop, 2 chain, double in same, 5 chain, shell in shell, 2 holes, 5 in hole, I hole, 5 in hole, I hole, 5 in hole, 2 holes. This forms one point.

ADVICE COLUMN.

CLEOFAN.—Suggestions for piano covers are given in the accompanying article. Thank you for your kind commendation. If you want extremely simple white curtains that will still be stylish, get white Swiss muslin with solid polka dots as large as half a dollar, but if you are not forced to be so economical, get scrim and make up with edging and inserting of cluny lace. The width and quality of the lace will govern the price of the curtains.

EDNA.—Instead of getting a conventional "set" of furniture, why not pick up odd pieces that will conform to the peculiarities of your quaint old-fashioned parlor?

MRS. HEMPSHILL.—Furniture gimp with

glue at the back for sticking it on, is what you want to edge the new square of baize on your desk.

Mrs. B. F.—Use red matting for a dado, and cover the remainder of the walls with brown butcher's paper. Use fish-netting to curtain the doors, crossing a pair of oars above Drape the mantel in the same each door. way at the sides and if possible have a set of shelves above the mantel made out of the prow of a row boat, or effect an imitation of one. Fill the shelves with shells and carry out sea-effects wherever you can. But even if your cottage is by the sea, you would be wise to furnish, at least, a part of it in a more conventional and warmer looking When summer manner than you suggest. and winter must both be spent there, it is best to prepare for both.

EMILY AND OTHERS.—Description of two piano covers are given in this number.

Miss V. A.—Your letter was answered by mail.

E. C.—Use for your table a large square or oblong of white linen handsomely embroidered or drawn. This will show the wood, which is considered desirable at any meal but dinner, and will not be too large a cover when the leaf is down.

A SUBSCRIBER.—If you wish to dress your bed in white, the way you have suggested is the prettiest. The latest styles discard the pillows altogether and substitute a French bolster covered with some rich upholstery material, and the bed is covered with a spread of the same. Bands of plush are used on the sides of the spread.

Mrs. Perry, Virginia.—Both your questions were answered by letter.





SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.



ONE of the prettiest sights in the world is a flock of bright, eager children gathered about a gentle, sympathetic woman who has forgotten her cares and important duties to enter into the

pastimes of youth. What a divine gift is sympathy! No need to entice the children to her: they read in the eyes and smile a welcome which they, the guests of this world, are always craving from grown people who are the custodians of all knowledge and delights, and who dtspense or withhold at will.

They feel keenly the injustice of being shut out. Every day dawns upon some interesting and unfamiliar scene, and speculations crowd their little brains, and questions rush to their lips without order or premedi-What makes their goblets of water "sweat?"—why do people have to wear clothes?—why can't babies talk?—what are worms good for? These are some of the queries that assail the first grown person Frequently they are they can get to listen. hastily silenced by elders who have no time to give them: more often they are turned away because the person addressed does not know how to answer them. Mothers, whom a thousand frittering cares have made forgetful of school lore, are called upon to describe the habits of ants, and to explain the principle of lightning rods; they are called away from sewing and and cake-making to look at some object which has excited lively curiosity in a little mind, and in the hurry of the moment they rarely give the matter a serious thought.

Sometimes they are inclined to say, petulantly—"Don't bother me—go to your father—go to your teacher; I don't know anything about it."

This is a mistake. To the child, his mother is all-wise, and she should be cautious of shaking that sweet confidence. When asked about something entirely out of the range of her experience, a moment's reflection advises a wise mother to explain frankly that that matter must be referred to a person especially concerned about such things. She cannot be expected to describe precisely how a gun is made, but the promise to let him see an armory some time, will show an interest in his ideas, and preserve his respect. A peep into the proper book will sometimes qualify one to give the needed information, and such moments are well employed.

Miss Muloch has a pretty little anecdote in one of her stories, which sounds natural. Little "King" Arthur's mother is obliged to plead ignorance upon some subject he has asked about, he responds gravely, "But, mamma, you ought to know!" Which rebuke she takes to heart, and studies up he matter in hand to satisfy him.

Of course one has to discriminate between importunate chatter and honest curiosity. But a plea for an interested hearing of the child's ideas or feelings should not be disregarded, whatever else remains unfinished. One cannot estimate the effect of a cold rebuff upon a sensitive child. The world, a moment before glowing with beauty and alive with agreeable suggestions, grows suddenly dark and still, faith dies, and everything seems against him. A little sympathy cheers the present moment and is remembered with gratitude long after the scheme enthusiastically unfolded by the child has become absurd to his riper years.

Mothers, who see each day some odd

manifestation, perceive with wonder the extreme diversity of their children's natures. Some are born utilitarians, and have not the smallest toleration for superfluities. A lovely pair of little eyes will turn indifferently from a beautiful object to ask succinctly, "what is it for?" while others will dilate with pleasure at the sight of exquisite forms and colors, betraying a purely sensuous gratification. Thus early in life is drawn the sharp line between the mechanical and artistic temperaments.

Children see everything and understand comparatively nothing, so their query nearly always is, not "what is it!" but, "why is it?" Instinctively, they search in the mysterious depths of reason for an all-embracing law which shall explain the use of things. They cannot be hastily dealt with: a half-truth is a pernicious thing to them, for they will fill in outlines to suit themselves. Undoubtedly, satisfying them takes time. But who doubts that the utmost pains is not too much to bestow upon the fair developing of a child's mind and soul?

A mother, on whom the chief care falls, should feel that her vocation is supreme. Success in every other way could not compensate for loss of influence over her children. There are matters which should only be broached to the sympathetic parents, whose counsels are disinterested. The day that a child finds a broad sympathy and patience with his fancies denied him at home is an unhappy one for that household.

There is afloat in society an air of skepticism that children cannot breathe healthily, and they need to be fortified by absolute confidence in the counsels breathed into their ears by loving parents, if they are to pass uncontaminated through ordeals that meet them on the very threshold.

This is a busy age, and doubtless the affairs of mature people seem more momentous than the importunities of the young. But we give due attention to their physical welfare; the busiest parent pauses to examine an ailing throat; there should always be time also, to enter into the troubles of their hearts.

Women have of late spent much energy in mental development. Has it made them better mothers? Do they know more of the workings of their children's minds, and are they better prepared to instruct and befriend them? If not, they have dropped substance for shadow.

There is no other study so interesting as living children, and none which brings such a rich reward. Their innocent confidence compensates for a world of cares, and the simple utterances of baby lips often contain a truer wisdom than those of our older, and less single minds.

"And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns."

Florence H. Brown.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

She sits in the gathering twilight,
A woman bowed with age,
And reading, of all life's record,
Only its brightest page;
Sits and dreams of the children
Who left her long ago,
And listens for little footsteps
Which longing mothers know.

In fancy they're here beside her,
As she had them long ago,—
Susie and Ben and Mary,
Ruthie, and little Joe;
And her heart throbs high with rapture
As each fond kiss is given,
And the night is filled with music,
Sweet as her dreams of Heaven.

Such wonderful things as they tell her—
A nest in the apple-tree,
And the robin gave them a scolding
For climbing up to see;
And a wee, white lamb in the pasture,
Down at the foot of the hill,
And such a great, ripe strawberry
That Sue found by the mill.!

She listens to all their prattle,
Her heart abrim with rest;
She is queen in Love's own kingdom,
Each child is a royal guest:
Queen? 'Tis an empty title;
More than a queen is she,—
Mother of young immortals
Who gather at her knee.

She brings their welcome supper, And they sit down at her feet, Tired, and hungry, and happy, And she laughs to see them eat; Then she smooths ouf their locks' wild tangles With a loving, tender hand, While she tells some wonderful story Of the children's fairy-land.

Then the knots of rebellious shoe strings Are patiently untied, And the children, in their night-gowns, Kneel down at mother's side; And, in voices low and sleepy, Their little prayers are said, And the good-night kiss is given As she tucks them into bed.

Then a quiet comes about her, Solemn, and still, and deep, And she says to herself in fhe twilight, "My darlings are fast asleep;" Yes, fast asleep, fond mother, In their beds so low and green, With the daisies and clover blossom Each face and the sky between, Eben. E. Rexford.



ACCIDENTS VS. DISOBEDIENCE.

"Didn't you see that child tumble?"

"Oh yes, but she didn't hurt herself."

"Are you going to take no notice of it?" "Notice of it? Why, she didn't hurt

herself one particle!"

"Do you mean to say you are not going to punish her at all? She was very awkward; don't you think you ought to try to to break her of it?"

"The idea of punishing a child for getting a fall! She is no more awkward than other children. Every child has its bumps. They are so close to the ground that little falls don't hurt them."

"But, for the child's good, you surely will take some notice of this. She ought to be taught to look where she is stepping, and this habit of falling be broken up. Don't you think you ought to send her to bed, or not let her go driving this afternoon, or at least go and shake her. I think it is dreadful for her to be so careless."

"I don't understand you! How could I be so unjust? Shake my baby, and punish her because her precious little feet have walked the world too short a time to take firm steps! You have strange ideas of right, and it is very evident you do not know a mother's heart.'

"Hum—yes—but—yesterday afternoon your baby fell and you shook her and called her a naughty, naughty girl and kept her at home from the little tea-party, and sent her out of the room in disgrace. Why was she naughty yesterday, and not to-day?"

"It was not for falling yesterday that I

punished her, you know very well, but because she was disobedient, and had broken my lovely jar that I had told her not to touch."

"Then you punished her because she disobeyed you, and not because she was so unlucky as to fall and break the jar?"

"Certainly I did. I can not and will not

have a disobedient child."

"My dear, you are mistaken. You told her not to take anything on that table. She took that box off and you saw her take it and told her to put it back. She took that book, and you let her have it. Then she started to take your handsome jar, and, when you called, she turned and fell and broke the jar, and you know what followed. If she had put it back on the table in safety would you have punished her for disobe-

dience? She was no more disobedient in touching the jar than the box or the book. Baby eyes don't gauge obedience by money value. Honestly, did you punish her for disobedience, or for an accident?

"For all the handsome jars you own I would not have a child feel me so unjust as yours must you; for I heard the sobbing lips say, 'I did't mean to break it; I slipped.' Children understand justice well, and, alas, for us and them! injustice as well."

Does the little incident need location or names? Could its location never have been your home? Could the mother never have borne your name, the child that of your little one? No? Happy mother and blessed child!

Margaret Montgomery.



DRESS FOR BABIES.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:
I have two children, a three-year old boy, and a little daughter, of thirteen months. Living in the country as I do, I do not have the opportunity to learn much of styles in children's dress and my visits to New York are too short and infrequent to allow me to spend much time in running around to different shops to find what I want. Can you tell me where I can go to get children's dresses, cloaks and underclothing?

A Subscriber.

You will find a children's department in nearly every large dry-good's store. At Best's Liliputian Bazar, 60 and 62 West 23d Street, you can procure every article of babies, and children's wardrobes, from shoes to hats. This establishment is entirely trustworthy, and the prices they charge are not exorbitant.

Eds. The Home-Maker.

Basking Ridge, N. J.



THE COMING HOME-MAKER.

(TAKEN FROM LIFE.)

A household fairy! canny ways,
Eyes dark with feeling, accents winning;
Deft little hands, and heart of grace;
Chidings (twixt kisses) for the sinning,—
Betray her place and lot at home.
Brows all sedate, with curls o'ershaden,
Bely soft curves and downy bloom,—
A motherly bud, this bonnie maiden!

Marion Harland.

"LIGHT INFANTRY."

There is a popular fallacy abroad, and secure, I fear, in a good strong foothold, to the effect that bachelors are not fond of babies. It is an unmitigated slander. All depends as much upon the baby as upon the bachelor. There are babies and babies, just as there are bachelors and bachelors.

Some babies ought to be apologiezd for, in that they are alive, and some bachelors ought not to be allowed to live even with an But to say in a sweeping, denunapology. ciatory, general way, that bachelors don't like babies, is a libel on the bachelors, and a reflection on the babies. We don't understand babies very well, to be sure, and it is a trifle disconcerting to have an animate object of whose construction, arrangement, and disposition you have no knowledge, thrust bodily upon you, as is the playful custom among young married people, when they can bring their baby and their bachelor friend into conjunction.

You call on your friend who has been somewhat recently blessed; you know his wife but slightly, and, naturally, you have not even a sight acquaintance with the new arrival; but you know about the general character of fresh importations from babyland, and you would willingly postpone the meeting. However, you are allowed no Jack thumps you on the back and choice. says, "Old man, you must see the boy," and the young mamma blushes, and twinkles, and says, "Oh yes, of course you want to see baby the very first thing." Of course you don't, but you recognize the truth and say, "Dear me, yes!" So nurse is called, and comes in with a limp, squirming bundle, all white cambric and lace, terminating at one end in an appallingly explosive looking head.

Before you know where you are, Jack has seized the bundle, and with the remark, "Isn't he a dandy?" thrusts the alleged baby into your most unwilling arms. Now, I leave it to any law-and-order-loving member of the community, whether or no any one, bachelor or spinster, matron or patriarch, could love such a baby, introduced to one in such a manner! You may be interested, and you are certainly awestruck, for you never suspected a live human being could be so small—but, love it? no! certainly not! And your chances of loving it grow less, as a shout goes up from Jack at your

expression of unrest, and the pretty mamma says reproachfully, "I'm afraid you bachelors don't love babies,"—and that's the way we get the reputation of not loving babies. Now I'd like to know whose fault is it? Cer-



tainly not the baby's, and certainly not our

own, for we are equally helpless.

Most bachelors have a very pleasant feeling in their hearts for the little ones, and as soon as the youngsters have a suggestion of intelligence, we are delighted to meet them, and become their stanchest friends, their aids and abettors in fun and frolic, and, still later, we not unfrequently serve as guide boards, pointing pleasant and profitable roads.

I am a bachelor. I own it with humiliation, but that is neither here nor there; I am a bachelor, and I speak feelingly. Give us a fair chance, and you'll see that we do love your babies!

I have some friends who have a tiny girlbaby, just beginning to walk and to talk, just beginning to show quaint little traits like her mamma, and droll suggestions of manner-



isms, like her papa. She is dainty, and sweet, and altogether lovable. Why, the very "chappiest" bachelor in town must find such a winsome little maid a thing of

beauty and a growing joy.

There are houses in which the baby pervades the place. A very small baby can fill, to the exclusion of everything else, a very big house. It reminds one of the story of the old Greek, who, at the death of a tiny infant, made a very large funeral, and then apologized to his friends for the small size of the corpse, as being an inadequate motif for such a tremendous commotion. very much the same way with some live babies, only their parents don't apologize.

You go to pay a call at a certain house; in the grounds you see the gardener coming mysteriously towards you. He says, "excuse me, sir, but please go up softly; the baby is asleep." You go up to the house with the tread of a burglar; you are admitted by a maid, who shows you to a dimly-lighted drawing-room, and flits noiselessly away with your card. After a time, madame comes in, saying, "I must keep you very quiet, for we give up everything to baby, at this hour, -and then you sit and carry on a conversation in whispers, like a couple of dynamite plotters, until you feel that to be alive is almost a crime, and that making a noise is the unpardonable sin. And presently you go away, and you don't love that sort of a baby, and small blame to you for it.

Then, again, look on this picture. know a certain busy woman, in whose house dwell a couple of babies, such babies as bachelors do like. You might call at that house six times, and not suspect a baby; on the seventh call you might be made glad by a small voice calling from the stairs, "hullo, ole feller!" and, looking up, see your tiny friend, madame's healthy, handsome, vigorous boy baby, struggling away from nurse to get down to his bachelor friend. When you find a bachelor who doesn't like that kind of baby, you may make up your mind that he is abnormal. He is not a "sure enough" bachelor; he is intended for a married man.

Frank Chaffee.

HOMEMAKER ART CLASS.

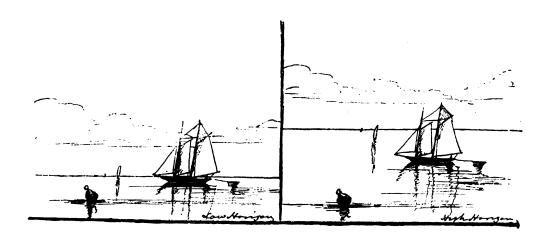
HINTS FOR MARINE SKETCHING.

Drawing marine effects, or composing them differs in one important respect from most landscape or figure painting. I refer to the fact that the horizon or the prospective point of view is always clearly visible. The line of the sea is practically straight and invariably rises to the height of the eye above the water. This very greatly aids the artist in placing the various objects in the drawing, if he understands the fact. We have known of some marine artists who have never distinctly apprehended this fundamental principle of their art. however, it has been thoroughly understood, then one of the chief difficulties of either drawing from nature or of composing, has disappeared. Even when there are large waves whose ragged summits break the straight sea-line of the offing, there is no difficulty in knowing how high to place them if one applies the principle stated above.

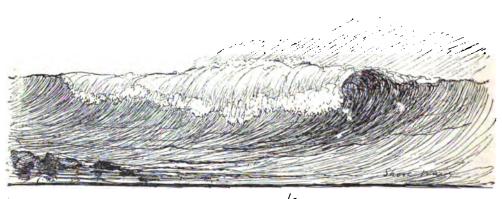
There is another truth in studying the sea which greatly aids the artist. In drawing the figure, it is now well known that a careful analysis of all the parts enables one to draw it not only more quickly, but more correctly, especially in representing action. precisely the same way, an analysis of the conditions which produce waves will enable the artist to represent the form and motion which are the essential qualities most commonly apparent in marine effects. are not always and everywhere the same; quite the contrary. But to represent this fact naturally, one should study causes or reasons for waves and wave-forms. A wave is the effort of a motion to find vent or expression. Given a certain degree of action where the water is shallow, the action must develop itself by raising the water acted upon, until the depth is so reduced that the water rises, wall-like, and then curls and tumbles forward; this is what we call a roller, or surf. In proportion as the water deepens. the inclination of the movement to express itself in this way, decreases; and where it is very deep, it never breaks as it does on the shore. Hence, a painter who has learned this truth will never make the mistake of representing, as some do, shore-waves around a ship which is in deep water. For the same reason, the deeper the water, the longer the waves in proportion to their height; and hence, also, the shoaler the water, the larger will be the crests of foam. The white caps of very large out-at-sea waves are proportionally small. A large billow is really a moving hill having no such sharp, clean-cut edge as a shore-roller; it is a mound of water composed of many small waves.

Another point to consider is the fact that action of water cannot be seized satisfactorily by realistic attempts to paint waves rushing twenty to twenty five miles an hour; but rather by a close observation and distinct apprehension of these principles, with a thorough memorizing of impressions. If one has mastered these principles, he is also thereby prepared to paint the sea in a calm, suggesting, with repose, the tremendous power that is only slumbering, and at any moment may offer a fresh display of its energy.

If one has proceeded thus far, he will then more easily perceive the perspective degrees that mark the lessening size of waves. They proceed with a regularity of gradation that is precisely illustrated by the lines of pews in a church; after the first two or three, the lines rapidly decrease in width, and entirely merge in each other long before the horizon is reached. If ships are included in a drawing, their apparent size diminishes in the same degree. It is a curious fact that this truth of marine perspective is not rarely misapprehended by artists of repute. The space of the tenth of an inch between the horizon-line and a ship may sometimes reduce that ship from a vessel of a thousand tons to a mere toy-boat. I remember an American painter abroad who had made this inexcusable error in a number of pictures he was about to ship to the United States. I called his attention to the mistake. He slept over the suggestion, and the following day re-painted every ship, and added materially to the effectiveness of his otherwise excellent pictures. appreciation of this truth will sometimes enable an artist also to add wonderfully to the









HOME-MAKER ART CLASS. See page 161.

aerial, as well as the linear perspective by so representing ships in the extreme distance as greatly to increase the feeling of space.

Another point to consider is the value of sacrifice in drawing or painting the sea. Waves are full of an infinite number of minute forms, subdivisions and reflecting surfaces. To attempt to give even half of these is to lose all the effect of life and movement. Hence, great simplicity should be practiced. Seize and render only a few dominant suggestive lines, and leave the imagination to

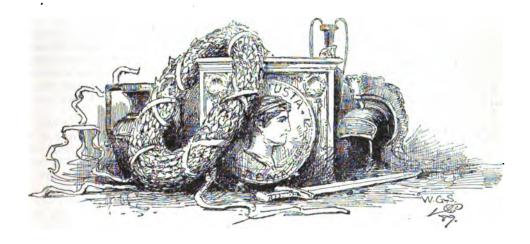
supply the rest.

For the same reason, if you have ships, boats, rocks or birds in your picture, let them be few and arranged in lines that are in harmony with the flowing lines of the sea, remembering, always, that the place for your picture is in the centre of the canvass. The study of clusters of boats and ships is very profitable, as no art is equal to nature in this respect. One who proposes to draw shipping should also, by all means, study the principles that enable a ship to float, and the general model as it is when seen out of water, in order that he may suggest, not a flat board on the surface, but a heavy body having form and weight below, just as some artists draw a draped figure in the nude and then paint the drapery over it. A ship in motion can only be properly suggested by one who can stand at the wheel and sail it

himself. He who would draw a galloping horse must understand how it feels to be in the saddle. Too many artists imagine that anything resembling a ship will answer. But if one would follow in this particular the same principles as apply in other departments of art, then he will see that it is just as important in this branch as in others to draw with knowledge, and to represent objects as nearly as possible for that critic or beholder of the picture who knows the most about what is the attempting of the design. It is not essential that every rope or other detail should be represented; indeed, it is often preferable for an artistic effect that only a few suggestive lines be shown with a few nervous, effective touches. But as in drawing the figure of a man, even if but an inch high, so in drawing a ship, however small, whatever is represented should be in such manner as to indicate that the artist could have given every detail correctly, if necessary, The artist who ignores this principle will never be a master of his art, however showy his canvasses.

The application of color in marine painting is too wide a subject for our limits, aside from the fact that in no other department of painting is there so great an opportunity for individual style and expression.

S. G. W. Benjamin.





THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

(Concluded).



UT suppose we take these lessons to heart and give up worrying and fretting, what then remains? We are in danger of rusting. There seems to be nothing for us to do: a long life of in-

terest in "affairs," has left us-when the affairs are taken out of our hands-stranded, and as out of occupation as Othello. Shall we then drift—or be gently, it may be even tenderly, pushed—into the easy chair in the corner, with our knitting? or, under the pretense of "doing nothing," become a sort of upper servant in somebody's nursery, or sewing room? and, having no real interest in these things, proceed as fast as possible to lose our faculties, and degenerate into that most deplorable state of childishness I have called "old age?" Shall we not rather rise in our might, and fight this soft-cushioned danger?

Blessed among women at this crisis, is she who has a hobby. If she has none, and lacks the mental force to find one now, it is best to hold on to affairs with an iron grip. Do not let the daughter relieve you of housekeeping; let not the household be reduced to smaller dimensions; never drop out of step with the world by dwelling constantly on the "old way," but be ready to discover the value of the new; keep your pronunciation up to date, if you have to change it every year; and while dressing quietly, never patronize the "old-ladies bonnets." Resist the rocking-chair and slippers so seductive at home, and go out to hear good music, and see good pictures. To sum up, keep up as lively an interest in all these things as you can, and you will do much toward holding on to your life, although "the aim in life is what the back-bone is in the body; without it, we belong to the lower

order of beings, not yet man.

But if you have a hobby, you are happy; the secret of perpetual youth is yours. duty is plain; mount your hobby, or, to drop the figure, throw yourself into work, heart and soul. If your taste is for art. arrange a studio, undertake big things; forget your years, and go to work as though you had a life-time before you; you have, if you manage it rightly. If it is literature that draws you, set up a den or a workshop and give yourself to that. Work hard; undertake some long task, requiring time and research, such as younger bread-winners cannot give; lay out the plan systematically, read and write and study it with your might, expecting and knowing you shall finish it, however long. It will be a fountain of life to you. If your fancy is for botany, or for flower-culture, undertake something in that line. Interest yourself in the growth and collection of orchids, or something else; throw your whole heart into it, and be young forever!

There may arise in some timid soul a terrible query: What will Mrs. Grundy say? Doubtless she will say something; it is eccentric for a woman, of, say, sixty years, to set up a studio and hire a teacher, or for a person "with one foot in the grave," you may say, to lay out work for half a century. But if you cannot brave a little talk, even a little teasing, you may as well sink into the cushions and begin your slide downward. You haven't the mental force to fight the enemy.

"Éven old age," says a wise writer. "should be animated by a purpose. An aim is antiseptic; it resists the invasion of decay.

There is no such anodyne for the ills and pain of life as absorption of the attention on worthy objects." I know of a woman who lived to ninety-four, and, up to the last, managed a large plantation, riding daily on horseback, and overseeing her workmen. who, being negroes, needed much oversight,

Mrs. Summerville, one of the illustrious mathematicians of our time, as well as a most womanly and lovely woman, learned a new science after she was eighty-two, and published a book upon it when nearly ninety, working four or five hours a day, and at the same time enjoying society and its amusements. Goethe lived to be nearly ninety, and was, to the last, as vigorous of intellect, and youthful in interest in the world as at fifty. Our own Maria Mitchell has but lately, at quite an advanced age, dropped the harness of daily teaching, and that because of impaired health, and not at all of mental failure.

Instances might be multiplied; these are a mere sample to show the result of congenial occupation in keeping the mind, and

therefore the body, young.

Of course the aid of simple living and hygiene are not to be despised, but, as a matter of fact, hard as the hobbyists of this or of that school have worked, they have not been able to prove that any particular course of ordinary life (excessive abuses aside) is unfavorable to long life. People have lived to be a hundred, using tobacco all their lives; some have indulged lavishly in liquors, or drunk oceans of tea and coffee, and others have been strictly temperate; here one has grown old on vegetables, there one on beef and pork. There is absolutely no rule yet discovered better than a generally temperate and comfortable life.

So much had been written when there came to hand some remarkable statistics in a paper in the "Popular Science Monthly." The writer, by means of several thousands of circulars, sent to aged people of New England, collected a vast amount of interesting information. He found men of eighty-five to ninety-five doing their daily work as farmers, blacksmiths and carpenters;

and women doing likewise their work, among them one of ninety-two who does her own cooking, washing, ironing and garden-All of which fully confirms what is affirmed above, that constant work and a mind at rest conduce to long life and the retention of the faculties, while hygienic living has apparently little to do with it. know how opposed to modern ideas of wholesome diet is the ordinary one of New England: salt pork, fried meat, heavy bread, badly-cooked vegetables and few of them, and unlimited pastry of the most indigestible sort. The statistics prove even more, a curious fact to which I call the attention of the hygienically crazy, that a place suffering from the most unhygienic conditions, no sewerage, bad water, damp ground, etc., furnished the largest number of very old people, in proportion to the inhabitants. I don't say these things would be harmless to minds filled with modern ideas; on the contrary, it is very probable that some people would not live a month there. But what I affirm is, that this state of mind has a good deal to do with it, I know a family who go to the most violent extremes of sauitary notions, will hardly allow any plumbing in the house, and would consider it suicidal to have it in a bed-room. They are constantly putting in improvements, having regular visits from Germicide Societies, and all the other new-fangled things they can get hold of. They are a healthy-looking, and certainly a hearty-eating family of three, yet their doctor's bills are hundreds of dollars every year, and it is the rarest thing that all of the three are well at the same time. also another family who never give a thought to the plumbing, have it in bedrooms, live in an old house with old-fashioned pipes probably half worn out, eat what they like, and haven't enriched the medical profession a hundred dollars in twenty years. Simply the mental attitude.

Believe me and live! Youth and old age are from within! There is the magic rule, the secret of perpetual youth;—keep from fretting; keep up a hobby; and keep busy. Olive Thorne Miller.



A PLEA FOR THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.



ONG and story unite to glorify one title, and to degrade another.

No household name is so loved and honored, so long remembered with a ffection and spoken with tenderness as the

name of mother. By a strange paradox, there is no member of the family circle in remotest ramifications who generally the object of vilification and the mother-in-law. What ridicule as remarkable change is it which passes over the loved member of the family by which she is degraded from her high estate on the marriage of son or daughter? Does all her sweetness become bitter, as a natural and inevitable process of the result of the addition to, or the subtraction from the domestic circle? Or, is the ignominious title—for such it has become—undeservedly and thoughtlessly applied?

Undoubtedly, there are two sides to the shield. The worst representative of the class is not wholly responsible for the reproach cast on her position, neither is the new son or daughter wholly free from blame in the difficulties which often arise in the new rela-Countless mothers err by reason of over-sympathy for the beloved child who is just entering the new home. How the fond heart longs to impart the result of its own rich experience of life as a guide to the young couple! And how ardently the young man or woman longs to make the experiment for himself or herself, and prefers that the mother-in-law should keep her advice for a time of need! Shoals and quicksands may be ahead in the domestic seas, but let us test their dangers for ourselves, say the young couple. And the dear mother-in-law, whose interest is all centered in her children, who would willingly encounter all the difficulties and bear all the burdens in their stead, whose heart beats so truly for her own, and whose hands never tire when working for them, finds her advice unheeded, her very presence often unwelcome, and some day hears herself carelessly spoken of as a meddlesome "mother-in-law."

The fault of the mother is often a lack of

suitable selfishness. No woman, and especially no mother of a married child, has a right to extinguish her individuality, or to merge it in that of the child. It is a sacrifice unnecessary and generally unwished-for, and results disastrously for both parties. By a singular law of our humanity, that which is given freely and unreservedly is seldom appreciated at its full value. Let the dear mother keep her own home, or, if that be impossible by reason of infirmity or lack of means, let her cling to her one room in a boarding-house, if need be, in suitable proximity to her children, so long as she is able, rather than enter the family which has no welcome for her. Let her retain her interest in social and benevolent circles, and not too soon defer all matters involving the exercise of judgment or mental labor to the younger ones. Let her not lay down her pen, and delegate the duties of friendly or business correspondence to the daughter or granddaughter, until absolutely failing powers render such renunciation imperative. She will be respected all the more if she has some interests independent of her family. advice will be more highly valued so long as she is able to ward off the dread imputation of being superannuated. Her own domain, even if a small one, enables her to give hospitalities, as well as receive them. There is always some goody in grandmother's closet for the small caller, and, say what you will of the principle, the world, even in the form of a little child, has a degree of respect for one who has bounty to bestow.

Then the mother-in-law's visits are more precious, if not continuous. This is so generally true of all friendly visits which more or less interfere with the routine and necessary business of the household, that the statement implies no lack of respect to the dear mothers. There are a few blessed households in every place in which the secret of happy living is so well understood that the mother-in-law, who, let it always be remembered, is also the mother to one member of the family, is a constant and welcome guest. No one hears of a mother-in-law in those homes. She is mother to son and daughter, and each thankfully acknowledges the advice and assistance which she bestows. The new daughter, in whose early home the lessons of deference and

FASHIONS.

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obedience were taught, is not impatient with her new mother even though her suggestions have an old-time flavor. She adopts such as may safely be used, and does not wound the motherly heart by ridiculing or conspicuously

ignoring others less valuable.

In many a household, a debt which can never be repaid is due to the mother-in-law. Whose watchful care and experience brought the sick children safely through trying illness, and saved the father and mother many a wakeful hour? Whose purse opened freely when financial disasters threatened to overwhelm the young business man? Whose hospitable home threw wide its doors for an asylum when overwork and anxiety threatened to result in serious illness to the head And who uttered no comof the family? plaint at the invasion of the quiet so dear to elderly people, and the disturbance of her plans and general upsetting of the household arrangements caused by the influx of a big

family of children, nurses and their belongings, when sickness or travel deprived the younger home of father or mother? Surely no one but the mother-in-law.

No man, young or old, who smartly and in public, jests about his mother-in-law. can lay the slightest claim to good-breeding. In the first place, if he has proper affection for his wife, that affection includes, to some extent at least, the mother who gave her If there are grievous faults to be condoned, he remembers the many years when there were childish misdemeanors to be corrected, and youthful follies to tax her patience to the utmost. And, lastly, as every true woman is said to see her own child in every other, the man of fine thought and gentle breeding sees his own mother in the new mother, and treats her with the same deference, and, if necessary, with the same forbearance which he gladly yields his own.

–Helen Marshall North.



AUTUMNAL GLOWS.



OW, forecasting the autumnal styles of foliage, s h o p-windows glow with new and surprising Eiffelcolors. lizardred. green, corenlle. mauve, Etrus-

que, vert de gris-are but a few achievements of the modiste's imagination and the dver's art.

The display of silks is especially beautiful and varied. Brocades lead the brilliant procession. One bright woman, whose toilettes are the admiration of her acquaintances, and yet not a sinful drain upon her purse, went, in August, to a leading drygoods house, the head of which was a personal friend, and asked to look at his book of advance samples. Grasping the situation at once, she proceeded to another emporium and purchased a gown-pattern of "out-of-date" brocaded satin for \$2.50 per The same sold, a month later, for This is but one of many ways in \$4.00. which brains may supplement moderate means.

Brocades in new and old colors are embroidered with wreaths and clusters of flowers, natural in size and color. Black silks and satins are "powdered" with buds and blooms, the favorites being violets, daffodils, buttercups and daisies-in-bud. The high price and *prononcé* patterns of these fabrics lead to combinations of them with plain black, or white crêpe de Chine and lace for evening gowns.

A vert de gris brocade sprinkled with mossrose-buds, forms the bodice and train of a dinner-gown, the V-shaped front and tablier being laid in soft folds of creamy crêpe de Chine, caught, at infrequent intervals, by knots of moss-green ribbon velvet and tiny

rose-buds.

"Combinations" still prevail. Those of silk and wool have held over a season, and commend themselves to women who must make over and turn, and who cannot condemn a gown as past-worthy without a pang. Black, or dark-colored cashmere, merino, and camel's hair, are serviceable for housewear, and look well on the street, made up with striped silk of harmonious tint and style. Velvet and wool are used together again, after some years' retirement from the field of fashion.

Woolen stuffs of all kinds continue to gain upon popular favor. The full, soft draperies to which they lend themselves are artistic; they do not grow shiny, or rub into holes, or split, as do silks and satins, and, when excellent in quality and tailor-made, they serve the wearer at every turn, except for dinner and evening parties. "Face cloth" is one of the handsomest and most useful of these. It can be made with simple elegance, or elaborately with braiding and embroidery. Braiding is as fashionable as it was last year.

The inconvenient bird-cage attachment, heretofore considered indispensable for the right support of the mysterious tournure, has been superseded by a single, short, strong steel, which holds the drapery in

place.

Evening-gowns are less fussy and richer than formerly. Indian gauze, gaze de soie, gaze de Chambery, and mousseline de chaffon, combined with brocade, are worn by debutantes, and less expens ve nun's veiling of the best quality, made up with crêpe de Chine.

An imported gown, which could easily be copied by a girl with deft fingers and quick wits, is of yellow gaze de soie, embroidered in polka dots and draped over a yellow silk petticoat. The drapery is confined lightly by strips of black velvet and two large rosettes of black velvet with floating ends.

A narrow cincture of black velvet does duty as a belt, and fastens with a knot and flowing ends on the left side. The bodice, cut rather low, is crossed diagonally by a band of velvet partially buried in folds of the yellow gauze. The slippers are black satin, with small buckles of topaz; the stockings are yellow, of open-worked silk.

A slim brunette would look well in this costume, while her blonde sister may study

this:

Over a white satin (or surah) petticoat is an over-dress of white India gauze. white silk or satin bodice fits closely, and is covered with gauze, "fulled in" at the top and gathered in narrower folds at the The neck is low and pointed, ending upon the shoulders with a gauze frill; the "baby-sleeves" are finished with high bows of gauze ribbon, striped with satin. The skirt is trimmed above the hem with similar ribbon, and draped à la Gree; a narrow ribbon sash is passed twice around the waist, and falls long in the back. White satin slippers, open-worked silk stockings (white), and a white gauze fan, complete the costume.

A third—and one which may better accord with the peach-down and kittenish immaturity of a debutante in her teens—is of dotted silk net (white). The skirt is plain and full, and trimmed with three narrow frills, headed with gold-colored ribbon laid on loosely and caught up every few inches by tiny bows holding clusters of daisies and buttercups. The waist is cut low, covered with folds of net, and trimmed at the neck to match the skirt. It is sleeveless, but bunches of flowers, loops and strings of ribbon fall from the shoulders upon the arm. Stockings and slippers are white, embroidered in silver and gold.

The same style of gown may be made of black dotted net, and is even more effective than the white. In this case, slippers and stockings should be black.

Gloves match costumes whenever it can be done, in home and street-dress. Glazed kid is preferred to the gants de suède. Boots are worn to match, with patent leather

vamps.

A novelty in dress-hats is the crownless toque. A handsome "specimen" is of lizard-green velvet, laid in a puff over the fore-head, and narrowing toward the back. High in front are three ostrich tips (black). The crown is a tiara of black jet, showing the hair within the round.

The large hats worn last winter re-appear,

but with rolling brims, instead of flat. Plumes, tips, wings and whole birds are again in favor for trimming.

As the Parisians refuse to reject the diaphanous bag, known as the Hading veil, it is likely to remain popular in America.

Thanks for information in this department are due to Madame Barnes, 57 West 22d Street. Also to Lord & Taylor, and E. J. Denning.



UNDER LYDIA'S SPELL.

Dame Fashion, under Lydia's spell,
Dreams back the days when life was
sunny,
And plies her shears and needle well

In shaping Lydia's garments funny;
Now in the "Empire" she appears—
O, marvelous waist and skirt so graceful!
Now in "Directoire's" broad revers,
In "Restoration's" bodice lace-full.

O, garment of the by-gone days!
The old Dame's eyes gleam gladder,

brighter,
To catch reflection of the rays
That shone when her old heart was
lighter;

She sees again her fair, young face
In dimpled Lydia's,—smiling, sunny—
A dew-fresh flower amid the lace
Of old-time gowns so grand and funny,

W. W. Gay.



THE TIME OF PEACE WITH PLANTS.

"In time of peace, prepare for war," is a very old proverb, applicable even to our plants, for we must be continually preparing for flowers by sowing seeds or striking cuttings, long weeks in advance of the time

when they will be wanted.

Next summer we would like a nice variety of plants in our flower beds, and our wants, perhaps, will be larger than our pocket books, and we can plainly see the war ahead. A little care in preparing, in this time of peace, will avert the distant war without the slightest aid from the exhausted treasures of the pocket book, and this is how to do it: We have a few Geraniums, Fuchsias and Abutilons in our window, a neighbor has a plant or two of Coleus and Begonias, another, a Hydrangea, Roses, and so on.

Now by arranging to make as many cuttings from the plants as possible, and then growing the cuttings, and exchanging the plants when grown, we may all have as large a collection in our beds as we desire and at very little trouble. This, of course, can go on from year to year, until we have all our hearts desire, if this time ever comes.

If plants are tall, weak or spindly, making cuttings will improve the old plants, but if too many cuttings are made, the flowering stalks will be cut off, and the flowers, for the

present, sacrificed.

Those named below should be started by cuttings at the dates opposite, to produce good-sized plants next spring: the second list are to be grown from seeds, planted at the dates named; the others may be sown on a well prepared seed bed in the garden.

TO BE STARTED FROM CUTTINGS.

Fuchsia,	January.
Carnation, Coleus.	" and February. February.
Verbena,	"
Geranium.	" "

Heliotrope,

*Chrysanthemum,
Lantana,
Begonia, February and March.
Impatiens,
Roses, monthly,
Salvia Splendens, March.
Abutilon,
Hibiscus,
Hydrangea.
Wax Plant,

TO BE RAISED FROM SEEDS.

The first five are to be sown in boxes in the house and transplanted when large enough. All others to be sown in the open ground.

Balsam,	March
Zinnia,	"
Calendula,	"
Asters,	April.
Anagallis,	• " "
Candytuft,	"
Morning Glory,	"
Sweet Peas,	"
Calliopsis,	"
Eschscholtzia,	".
Mignonette,	"
Scabiosa,	"
Nigelia,	"
Portulacas,	"
Tropæolum,	May.

We cannot do without, at least, a few flowers of Lily-of-the-Valley this winter. They are easily produced and very ornamental. In order to secure a profusion of bloom, this plant (*Convallaria Majalis*), requires a great amount of seeming abuse, sufficient to kill nearly anything else but the meek little Lily-of-the-Valley.

Procure now what are called pips, young roots with flowering stems, and plant close together in pots or boxes of sand, allowing

^{*}Chrysanthemum started from cuttings in February will flower during October. If wanted for later flowering pinch off the buds as they appear; if kept pinched back untilabout September first they will not flower until the following apring.

the pips to be an inch or so above the sand. Water them well, and place the boxes or pots in a carefully selected place out of doors, where the water will pass freely from them; cover lightly with coarse litter or manure, not using so much, however, but what they will be subjected to the action of severe frosts, as freezing hastens the bloom. Allow them to remain in this position until about the first of January, and set them in a cool cellar for a week; then bring them into a warm room (the kitchen is most desirable), and place them on the warm water tank of the kitchen stove, or in a position where the sand can be kept as near 90° as possible. Water freely at all times, except when the flowers begin to develop, when moisture must be withheld, as it is injurious to the flower.

In this way they can be made to bloom in ten days to two weeks after bringing them into the heat.

Sphagnum Moss, used by florists in filling wire work and baskets, may be used in place of sand in growing Lily of the Valley.

A more simple mode is to plant the pips in soil or moss, keeping them in a dark cellar, watering well until the shoots have pushed up, when they should be brought to the light and heat.

We take this occasion to warn our readers to avoid the artful Tree Agent, who supplies trees or plants of any kind, bearing foliage and flowers in color and shape according to the desires of the purchaser; rose bushes on which are grown roses larger than cabbages, cherry trees producing cherries larger than plums, and many other wonderful humbug fruits and flowers.

Several years ago a tree agent in Michigan purchased the entire stock of fancy, artificially colored Pampas plumes, with which a druggist's window was decorated, and exhibited them, taking orders for trees or shrubs, at from one to five dollars each, which would bear these plumes in any color desired, and the orders were filled with the cheapest stock of any kind which the tree agent could buy. The result was, that the

purchasers, after devoting much time and labor to the care and culture of their prize plants, were disgusted to find their investments to be nothing but common lilacs.

Let us not be deceived, either, or led into paying exorbitant prices by high sounding names. I was called upon to supply the name of a plant lately, the label of which had been lost and the name forgotten. At first sight I pronounced it a Trumpet Flower, and was taken to task for giving an aristocratic plant so common a name.

Indeed, it was no common plant, because a high price had been paid for it, several dollars, and a name furnished to correspond with the price. "Well," I remarked, "if it is not a Trumpet Flower, it must be a Bignonia radicans (strictly speaking Tecomia radicans)." This was it, the very name the lost label had borne.

The joke I enjoyed alone, as I did not wish to cause the destruction of a good plant, but they are all one and the same thing.

Last year I imported from Europe a stock of Collomia seed for trial. Last summer the plants grew quite tall, bearing flowers of a dull color. The seed was not considered worthy of preservation; but this year plants from the self-sown seeds came up on the same ground, being of a dwarf habit, bearing flowers of a beautiful soft, delicate, light pink. The flowers are borne in clusters similar to verbenas.

The seed will be preserved this year, and a paper sent free to any subscriber of this Magazine who wishes it.

Subscribers desiring them will please send their addresses as early as possible to the office of The Home-Maker, 19 West 22d St. New York City.

All queries concerning plants, their habits, diseases, parasites, or any other point upon which subscribers may wish information, will receive prompt reply through these columns. Address all questions to The Window and Cottage Gardening Department, The Home-Maker, 19 West 22d St., New York City.

E. C. Vick.



BOOKS READ IN THE ROCKING CHAIR.

(Hints about Home and Farm Favorites. By Gordon Stables, M. D., C. M., R. N. Frederick Warne & Co. London and New York.)

The title-page further informs the reader that the much be-initialled author has also written, The Practical Kennel Guide, and Diseases of Cage Birds. If the other books are as excellent in their respective lines as is this, the lover of home-pets should secure them without delay. Yet one can hardly imagine what can be left unsaid by the little volume upon the subjects of which it Dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons, doves and canaries, rabbits, goats, ferrets, "fancy" rats and mice, Guniea-pigs, hedgehogs, squirrels, dormice, tortoises, monkeys, silkworms, donkeys (for whom a special plea is entered,) are introduced and described in sickness and in health. Clear directions for their management are given, and each, in his turn, would seem to be the "favorite" with the sprightly showman. He says, with somewhat of the genial quaintness of Isaak Walton, that "Donkeys, in my humble opinion, are most kindly-dispositioned, exceedingly willing to work, very affectionate, and possessed, strange as it may seem to some, of a funny disposition,"

The idea of Neddy figuring as a domestic jester, is new and agreeable. That Mr. Stables does not consider "jester" and "fool" as interchangeable terms is evident from his admonition to remit the "bit and buffet" principle so prevalent in the management of his client. There is a pregnant moral in his remark;—"If the animal's parents have been well-used, so much the better, for bad treatment makes an obstinate fool of a donkey, and fools atways beget fools."

The amateur poultry-keeper could not do better than to make careful study of chapters 4 and 5. While not a word is wasted, and the student could easily carry in his vest-pocket the few pages devoted to the keeping of fowls, their ailments and habits, and the profit or loss involved in good or bad management, he could not name a point that is not covered, and well.

(The Wooing of Grandmother Grey. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Lee and Shepard. Boston.)

This exquisite volume is a foretaste of the good things prepared for Christmas by a firm eminent for the beauty and variety of its holiday books. The frontispiece of the dear old grandmother reminds one, in its quaint, pathetic simplicity, of what Emerson says of the shadow cast by the cottage housemother upon the window-shade; "It tells a story of so much meekness. affection and labor, as almost to draw tears."

In poetic merit and graphic limning, the story recalls the best of Will Carleton's Farm Ballads. The drawings, by Charles Copeland, are worthy of the text. The engravings and plates are made by the John Andrew & Son Company.

(Hints on House-Building. By Robert Grimshaw, author of "Grimshaw on Saws, Plumbing Catechism, etc., etc., etc., Practical Publishing Company. New York.)

It is a pity to handicap with the name of "hints" so comprehensive a collection of practical rules for constructing a home. From the selection of a site for the dwelling, to the arrangement of flour-bins, and hooks for hanging clothing, not one important particular of building is omitted. Without a symptom of "the crank" in the matters of drainage, sinks and flues, the author's

views upon sanitary provisions command the serious attention of those who are meaning to build, or remodel. One recognizes the householder and husband, if he does not suspect a woman's hand, in the condemnation of "so-called oil-cloths which are really prepared by doping a poor grade of burlaps with a mixture of clay and glue. If there is anything"—he breaks forth impatiently—"which looks poverty-stricken and God-forsaken about a house, it is a kitchen oil-cloth, forlorn as to corners, pieced out as to pattern, and piebald and mangy as to color and surface."

His ideal kitchen-floor "would be," he says, "of narrow boards, secret-nailed, alternating dark and light, and well filled with silicate, or some such filler. Such a floor would defy mud, grease, kerosene, water, and even an occasional small coal. It could be mopped up in the twinkling of a house-cloth; and in the center a loose length or so of carpet, or a few mats, would

keep the feet warm."

Mr. Grimshaw's "wonder if anyone ever thought of a front for a kitchen-dresser, like the cover of a roll-top desk," interests the practical home-maker. Also, his dictum (would it had come sooner!) that no "bed-chamber should lack some means of heating it without discomfort to the occupant. In case of sickness, it is often very awkward to have no fire and no warmth in the bed-room, and not at all convenient to have a sick-chamber heated from any other room."

There is humor with sound sense in the remark that, "while I don't believe in making a house look as though it had been vaccinated for bay windows, and had "taken" splendidly, one or two often redeem an otherwise thoroughly ugly, unhomelike, and

inconvenient dwelling.

It is seldom that THE HOME-MAKER so cordially commends a "Hand-book" upon any subject. But this modest "booklet" is excellent through and through, and must be helpful everywhere.

(The War of Independence. By John Fiske. George Washington. By Horace Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.)

Nos. I and 2 of *The Rwerside Library for Young People*, promise well for the series. These neat little volumes will do more to ground our young people in the

early history of our nation than the textbooks of the schools. Mr. Scudder's Life of George Washington teems with event and incident so well put that they seem new. It is a charming biography for old and young.

(English Lands, Letters, and Kings. From Celt to Tudor. By Donald G. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.)

A careful, scholarly and most delightful book in the best style of an author beloved exceedingly by the American reading public. Mr. Mitchell has accomplished a notable thing in what he modestly styles, "very familiar and informal talks with my readers about English literary people, and the ways in which they worked, and also about the times in which they lived and the places where they grew up." He has given us an incomparable reference-book upon English literature, from Aldhelm to Ben Jonson, yet one which the college lad or girl will read He could never be dull, but with avidity. there are not ten writers of the English tongue who can impart such freshness and sparkle to every page as we find here.

He is especially happy in the treatment of the literati of the Elizabethan age, including their Royal Patroness. None of the flowers of poesie "proceeding" according to her eulogists, "from her sacred selfe," "would," Mr. Mitchell admits, "have ranked her with any of the poets of whom we have made particular mention; but for fine, clear, nervous, masculine English, to put into a letter, or into a dispatch, or into a closet-scolding, I suspect she would have held rank with any of them. If not a poet, she led poets into gracious ways of

speech."

Mr. Mitchell defines his position upon the Shakespeare-Bacon question in this graceful passage: "It is quite possible that all these men I have named will have encountered off and on, at their tavern-gatherings, the lithe, youngish fellow, large-browed and with flashing eyes, who loves Rhenish too, in a way, but who loves the altitudes of poetic thought better; who is just beginning to be known, poet-wise, by his 'Venus and Adonis"—whose name is William Shakespeare—and who has great aptitude at fixing a play, whether his own or another man's; and, with Burbage for the leading parts, can make them take wonderfully well."

The sketch of Robert Greene, the author of the celebrated lampoon upon Shakespeare

which has made capital for the Baconians, is exquisite in pathetic beauty, as is the description of Philip Sidney's last days.

(Personally Conducted. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons and others. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Stockton's genius for giving crisply-descriptive titles to his books was never more conspicuous than in the present case. A smile and a sigh come together to the lips of him who has viewed pityingly the fagged-out horde of conducted-by-contract tourists, led like driven, if not dumb cattle, through the scenes so graphically portrayed in this work that the flavor of the Campagna, the coolness of mountain-tops, the ancient glory of Venice, and the modern glories of Paris do not seem to come to us at second-hand.

While written for young people, there is not a touch of "talking down" to limited comprehensions. The pictures, sketched in strong, broad lines, of storied climes and their peoples, are worthy of Mr. Stockton's

happiest mood.

(The Master of Ballantrae. A Winter's Tale. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by William Hole. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The character-drawing in this, the distinguished author's latest novel, is by far the most skillful he has ever achieved. bombastic concert, united to incorruptible integrity and unflinching loyalty to the family he served, of Mackellar, reminds us of Betterton in Wilkie Collins's Moonstone, but he is more deftly delineated and with subtler shades of foible and motive. The Master, with all his brilliant qualities and varied villainies, will be to many a study inferior in interest to his plodding brother. "My Lady's" portrait evinces a fineness of discrimination and knowledge of the intricate workings of a proud woman's heart, which is a new development of true artistic power. Altogether, if this is not Mr. Stevenson's greatest work, he has done nothing better of its kind. It is a serious, highly dramatic, and well-sustained composition.

(Emerson at Concord, by Edward Waldo Emerson, Houghton. Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

The gentle sage of Concord comes very near to the hearts of his lovers in the book written by his son, and, as we are told, "For the 'Social Circle," in Concord, Massachusetts." If the Circle were rounded and retained for no other end than that this portrait might be given to the outer world, it has achieved a noble purpose.

The "Memoir" is one of the few books which one must read with pencil in hand. While Emerson's every thought was a white stone lettered with a lesson for the world, his simplicity of heart, manner and speech were as remarkable, and in their way as beautiful, as his intellect. To turn a page of the "Memoir" is to reveal a flash of thought or

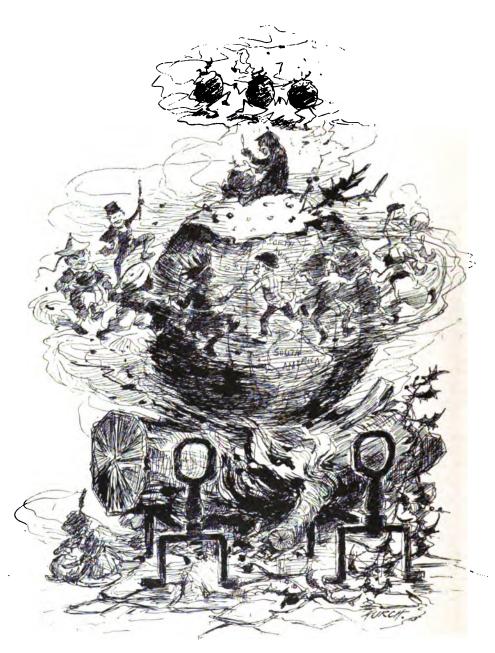
gleam of quiet humor.

No purer pleasure can be suggested for family readings around the evening lamp than this volume. The influence upon old and young would be like what he says that—"The ablution and inundation of musical waves" are to himself—"a bath and a medicine."

(Picturesque Alaska. By Abby Johnson Woodman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.)

Another book for evenings at home, and from the same house. Miss Woodman's style is admirable, always, and her story of the newly-opened region she has explored as few women have patience and physical strength to explore countries where inconvenience means danger to the traveler, is full of intense interest. The Indian in the Rough is painted with distinctness that leaves in him little to lure the imagination. Without once verging upon coarseness, the author shows him and his black-a-vised squaw with soot-and-oil, laid on, "some say, from vanity, and others, from an inborn love of hideousness;" his "dirt, squalid poverty and suffering," his superstitions, moral deformity and cruelty, with the same faithful crayon that describes the glaciers, towering peaks, the mountain-inclines painted with mosses of lovely hues, and a hundred other wonders of a land we are wont to consider as bleak, and barren of all that usually attracts the tourist.





CHRISTMAS ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

THE HOME MAKER.

VOL III.

DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.



T this blessed Christmas-tide,
THE HOME-MAK-ER passes the word of peace and good-will around the world.

Asia, Africa and Europe are

represented in our holiday-offering, while in our own America, the North has given up and the South not kept back the responses of cheer and sympathy; East and West bring tribute fit and worthy.

The official pen lapses from the perfunctory third person in the salutatory of the season. This is our festival. Now, if ever, the world is akin. The symbol The Home-Maker holds aloft is not "the slender crosslet of sepulchral yew," scathed with fire and quenched in blood, borne by the Highlander from peak to peak, and clan to clan, but the torch of homeloves and home-joys. If the flame it flashes into shadowed places were not enkindled by Heaven, there is no holy light upon earth.

We cannot be too happy at Christmas. It is a beautiful custom in some households to exclude all possible topics of dispute or causes of solicitude, to cultivate for that

one day the joyous spirit of childhood; to receive every gift with uncritical delight, and obey, literally, the injunction not to take anxious thought for the morrow. In such homes Heaven is begun below for that glad day. Poetic fables of isles where the skies never weep are more than fulfilled in the divine isolation from the everyday world of work and worry.

There is sublime meaning in this pretty "make-believe." Who will study and apply it? In how many of the thousands of homes to which this page will go, will the experiment be made of living for twenty-four hours, the Millennial, which is the *Real* Life? The life to secure which for men, He, who was born a Babe in Bethlehem almost 1900 years ago, lived and loved and suffered for Himself all that we can ever know of pain and longing and endurance.

Whatever comes to us is of the Father's will, and for our good. This is an Eternal Verity-From the failure to accept this, the key to the kingdom of Heaven, as a little child, arise the forebodings which, more than actual sorrows, fret heart and health away.

For twice twelve hours, then, let us believe simply and trust entirely; love our neighbors as ourselves, rejoice and be glad in the day the Lord has given. The present Christmas will thus be made to us what no other has ever been, the brook by the way, drinking from which we shall lift up the heads whitened by years and bowed by care. It is but returning for a little while to the mirth and hopes of childhood, but with taste ripened by knowledge and judgment mellowed by experience to appreciate the good, and shun the evil that is in the world. The memory of such a respite from care and sorrow will move us to lessen the griefs of others, to bend our best energies to the work of hastening on the glorious time when peace shall rule the world, and sorrow and sighing flee away.

In writing this, we do not forget the gaps in scattered households, the vacant chairs and empty arms, and the hearts that will not be comforted this side of the dark gate that shut our darlings into eternal safety, and us out in the wilderness. For those who do not believe in the Beyond, Christmas is the dreariest of anniversaries; the "dear bells" that ring it in are sadder than the toll that bespeaks the passing of a soul.

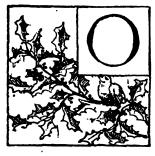
Hearth and house-place are haunted by associations that mock the loneliness of survivors, by loves that have nothing to feed upon. For those to whom solemn belief at this season takes on the strength of sight, felt Presences fill up the places that seem to others void. We may be sure that THE BIRTHDAY is kept by the host who sang the first Christmas Carol, and that the children whose clear, sweet eyes do always behold the face of the Father who gave His Son to us, remember what the Day was to them when here.* It is faith, not fancy, that suggests the pleasant talk our fathers, mothers and friends hold concerning us and the unutterable "Things" held in reserve against our coming.

This, too, we will receive into good and honest hearts at this Christmas-time; keep holy tryst with the unseen belovéd, and for their dear sake, swell the tide of innocent gladness in the souls of those who still dwell with us in earthly homes.





THE EVIDENCE OF THE NEGATIVE.



NE afternoon (one "evening" we call it in the South) three days before Christmas, Miss Betty Lorrimer went out in the woods, with her camera.

to take a few views.

She told her half sister, Mrs. Esmeé Cabot (the Gardiner who married a Northerner and, at twenty, was left a widow with one child) and Mrs. Cabot's sister-in-law, Mildred Cabot, that she should be back before supper, in time to show Aunt Tempe about the new salad.

Esmeé and Mildred had watched the stately shape as it passed with a little flutter of black skirts, out of the shadows of the great gum trees of the avenue, into the clearing before the store where the thin line of planks, (by courtesy "the sidewalk") shone whitely, and the great pile of brush on the river bank made a pretty etching in purple.

Beyond, the horizon showed the cotton gin, and between were the store, the smoke house and the ordinary buildings of a plantation; while, on the right, the river ran musically into a circular red haze of willows, which defined the forest.

Back of the two women, was "the great house," better deserving the name than most of its class, for it was built in that ample colonial fashion which is now again revived; being, as it happened, a loving copy of the first owner's paternal mansion on the Mississippi.

Gen. Phillip Gardiner built the house. He was the great personage of the region, but out of his four plantations there remained to his grandchildren, only La Rose Blanche.

There were two grandchildren, Judge Roger Gardiner and Esmeé Cabot, born Gardiner; and there was a third owner of the plantation, Betty Lorrimer, whose mother was the second Mrs. Roger Gardiner, the old General's daughter-in-law; but whose father was Evelyn Lorrimer of South Caro-Betty was a little maid, just seven years old on her mother's second wedding day, that fatal day on which Arkansas rushed out of the Union "before breakfast." One may therefore make a shrewd guess at Miss Betty's age in the year of Grace, 1888. protest, however, save for such intrusive statistics, no man alive—even with the sun full against Miss Betty's brilliant face—would dare to give it a year beyond thirty.

Roger, Judge Gardiner, was Col. Roger's only son. He, on this same wedding day, was a lad of sixteen. What a lad can do in war, he did; fighting through it all, until, for Arkansas, the cause was lost. The last year of the war Esmeé was born, and before the poor baby was a year old she was an

orphan. They were all children together; but Betty somehow reared, and, after a fashion, educated the child. She had a small property through a Northern aunt and this property being in ready money, lifted the heaviest of the mortgages. Thus, Betty, also, was part owner and, gossip said, greater part manager of the plantation. They were rich people now for Arkansas. Mildred Cabot admired the trim fences and straight furrows of the fields; and there were enough clean new houses to gratify her New England eye. But, to-day, she was looking solely at Miss Betty. Decidedly, she thought, the Southern gentlehad the carriage of a princess. What a fine figure and how well she walked. "I wonder"—she exclaimed, speaking her thoughts aloud.

"Wonder what?" asked Mrs. Cabot, smiling. She was peering down the wood vista

to see the ox cart and the Christmas tree and her only child, Clement Cabot, whose yellow curls ought to be dancing above the green spikes.

"I wonder why Miss Betty has never

married," said Mildred.

Was it her fancy that a faint color crept into Mrs. Cabot's cheek and that she dropped her white lids over her dove-like eyes, like a person suddenly confused? But, again, why should she be confused?

"It has not been for lack of opportuni-

ties," said Mrs. Cabot.

"I daresay. Haven't you ever wondered

why the Judge and she never—'

"His heart is in the grave," interrupted Mrs. Cabot, solemnly, that is, in as solemn a tone as one can manage who speaks with her mouth full of nails, for she was nailing up a box of mistletoe and holly to go North.

"Then he would better fish it out," Mil-

dred, the irreverent, replied, dryly.

Mrs. Cabot hammered at the box, pounding her fingers rather more than the nails, "Betty told me to leave it for her to do," she moaned, "dear! I wish I had minded her!"

Miss Mildred, however, pursued her subject remorselessly and her pretty blue eyes noted every sensitive quiver of Mrs. Cabot's face, as well as how red she had grown,

stooping over the box.

"Of course," said Mildred, "if she had cared for him, such constancy could be understood and is very beautiful and poetical, and all that sort of thing; but she didn't; she treated him very badly, I understand. Didn't she run away from him on their wedding day? Or something awful?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Cabot sadly, "with Col. Munro Holland. They said at the last moment he persuaded her to run out the side door, jump into his buggy and go. She didn't even take a change of clothes with her. She left a note in lead pencil to beg them to forgive her; she had gone away with the only man she ever loved. poor thing, it was her misfortune more than Roger's, though he had a brain fever after it; though Betty would have it that it was quite as much the cold he caught riding after her in his dress-coat, with her brother, to see that villain did marry her. Yes, Sister Milly, he was as bad as that; his reputation was notorious! And, afterward, it was pitiful all she went through, for she clung to him as long as she lived, though they used to have dreadful quarrels, for Susy was high-spirited. But on her death-bed she sent for Roger.

Do you know? he had broken his leg. It was that time they had the log jam in the river at the overflow and Roger rescued two men and got his own leg broken, dear boy.

"Ah, me, how well I remember that day. Clem was sick with one of his awful stuffy colds and I was sitting by him; and Sister Betty came in with the note. 'Roger gave it to me,' said she. It was a dreadful thing, Mildred, to see Betty so pale. She is always so gay and laughing, speaking a little short sometimes, even; but never bothered by things, laughing everything off and ready with a plan; but she was pale as pale, and her hand trembled, too. 'He was getting over it,' that was every word she said while I read the letter. I expect I looked ready to cry, myself, for, you see, Roger was all the brother we had and he had been so wretched, and, lately, he had grown cheerful again, like old times. I understood what she meant as well as if she had talked hours. That death-bed scene would bring everything back. Well," Mrs. Cabot sighed, "I reckon it did. "Twas after she died that he had her picture painted and hung up in his room and he always has flowers before

"But how did he get there?"

"Oh, Betty drove him. Such an awful night, too—thundering and lightening, and the roads fit to mire a snipe, as we say."

"But why didn't one of the darkeys—"

"Mercy! Sister Milly, there isn't a darkey on the place could have driven Pomp and Lochinvar that night; it was all Betty could do to hold them."

"But it was quite a matter of course for Miss Betty to risk her life!" thought the girl, indignantly; "they let *her* do everything."

Mrs. Cabot, like all good narrators, was borne on the current of her tale; she forgot the reserves of pride which had kept her

dumb hitherto.

"What passed within that chamber," she said, "no one but Roger will ever know; he came out with a face whiter than the dead woman's, for she had died there in his arms. All we know is that she entreated him to care for her child until we could know if her sister would take the little thing. So, that very night Roger fetched her home. She wasn't a very nice little girl," said Mrs. Cabot, deprecatingly; "she had such a high temper and would kick and scream and throw things at people, and it was really dreadful the lies she told. But after all, she was so pretty and so sweet



MISS BETTY LORRIMER WENT OUT IN THE WOODS WITH HER CAMERA.

(See page 181)

when she wasn't in a passion that we all felt distressed when her aunt did send for her. Poor Roger! it was a terrible blow to him. He reckoned we should keep her always; and he never did see much of her tantrums, except that once she threw a cup of coffee at him because he wouldn't let her pour syrup over the table cloth to make a bayou. But it wasn't very hot. Poor Roger! he has had so many disappointments, and he has borne them beautifully."

"He seems pretty comfortable now," observed Mildred, dryly. She did not share in the family adoration of Roger.

"Ah, that is only outwardly," said Mrs. Cabot, to which the younger woman made

no reply.

She waited in the doorway until Miss Betty had disappeared. An opal haze veiled the distant forest, now red, now purple. Nearer, Mildred could see the gleam of the ruined gold on the maple limbs, or smears of green on the live oaks, or the still brilliant scarlet and yellow of the dogwood leaves; for December in Arkansas spares some relics of the splendid pigments of Clumps of mistletoe, with wax white spangles, clung to the tree limbs everywhere, a strange sight to a northern eye. And there was a glossy green holly tree at the gate.

It might have been ten minutes, or it might have been half an hour that the New England girl stood looking at this soft and unfamiliar scene before she perceived any sign of life beyond a few cattle, a scampering flock of sheep and half a dozen black Then the new form of life took the shape of a horseman, who presently rode into the gate and up the avenue. Dismounting, he showed himself to be a man of middle age (his hair was quite gray), slight and not tall of figure, with delicate features and a very gentle expression. He had large liquid blue eyes with long lashes. He wore only a mustache, and when he courteously removed his hat one could see that, if gray, his hair was not thin, but curled thickly over a handsome head. He was dressed rather smartly, in a striped flannel shirt under a loose coat, with riding leggins buttoned up above his knees, and a soft, gray hat. Mildred was aware that Miss Betty had given him the hat, and fancifully stitched the shirt, while his sister Esmeé had bought the leg-

Roger Gardiner, (for it was he,) greeted the young lady courteously, and inquired where Miss Betty was. When Mildred replied that she was gone for the afternoon, he looked faintly annoyed.

"You don't happen to know if she looked over those accounts of sales?" said he, "or

--or anything else."

"Yes," Mildred said, "they are all made out; on the library desk; and the MS. you wanted copied on the type-writer is

done, and lying there, too."
His brow cleared. "I might have known Betty wouldn't neglect anything," said he, "though indeed it is a shame to put so Thank you, Miss Mildred." much on her.

He went in; and Mildred shrugged her pretty shoulders, thinking; "He depends on Miss Betty, indefinitely. Thanks to her, he can write law books in peace, while she manages the plantation and makes money for him. And his heart is buried in the grave, is it? Well if I were Miss Betty, I should let it stay there forever!"

Entering the house, she walked up stairs

to her own room. Thus she had occasion to pass Judge Gardiner's door, and it It revealed a strip of wall stood ajar. whereon hung the portrait of a lady; below the picture a table standing against the wall, and on the table a vase overflowing with La France roses.

Now, the roses in the garden were gone.

"He fetched those from Little Rock," said Mildred, "he gets them twice a week. Ah, he is a goose! Poor Miss Betty! I suppose she is a goose, too."

She sighed as she settled herself in her own chair in her own room and turned her thoughts on a more important subject, namely the three Dillingham dolls which

must be dressed that afternoon.

It was not until the supper bell rang that she went down stairs again. The table stood ready, the lamplight on silver and glass and snowy damask; and the bunch of red swamp hack berries in the center. There was a blazing fire in the great fire-place and the flames polished the edges of the old mahogany furniture and painted fantastic images in the silver on the side-board, and drew the dark features of the canvass Gardiners into a flickering semblance of life. Mildred had a passing thought of the pretty scene and its significance. There was a certain repose and dignity about this simple, peaceful life under an ancestral roof, where work did not mean a feverish conflict, nor success a savagery of triumph and victims under the chariot-wheels.

"Who knows? Perhaps I have stumbled into Arcadia," she thought fancifully; then, all at once, she perceived that Esmeé looked anxious and the Judge was elaborately

cheerful.

Miss Betty was not in the room. said that she had not returned.

"Doubtless she is taking photographs in the dark," said the Judge. "I know she took them until it was dark, anyhow, and then she has to get home."

"It's not like Sister Betty to promise anything, and not do it," said Esmeé, "she certainly did say she would be back to help Tempe make the salad."

But they were obliged to sit down without

either Miss Betty or the salad.

As the evening wore on, Esmeé grew fright-The Judge continued cheerful, but he readily agreed to take a horse and ride out into the woods in search of the missing photographer. Before this they had questioned the servants only to discover that Miss Bettie had assured Tempe, the cook,

that she would be back before dark, on account of the salad.

One woman had a word in addition: she had seen Miss Betty talking with Tom.

"Where is Tom? Send him here," said

the Judge.

"Wall, Tom he done gone ayfter de caows; yen't got back yit," was the answer.

The Judge glanced at the clock. It was now nine o'clock.

"I reckon she has stayed somewhere all night, Sister Esmeé," said he, "and like as not she has sent a message by that trifling Tom. But I'll go, anyhow."

His confidence, whether real or not, cheered Mrs. Cabot for a little while, until no less than four negroes appeared, con-

ducting Tom.

Mildred had nicknamed Tom, Thomas-à-Kempis, on account of his voice of silken softness and a peculiarly meek dejection of manner. Tom was a poor counsellor in distress, since his mind turned to gloom as naturally as a cat does to cream. Tom it was, on those occasions when Master Clem was missing, who had always observed "a powerful funny bit er trash floatin' daown de ribber, an 'looked like it didn't ben a log, needer!" And it was Tom who found the movements of the wild hogs suspicious, and "'lowed dey ben got somefin', looked like dey ben chawin'-like." So on through every danger which could overtake a boy of five—Tom never slighted one. Naturally, he had an unwavering faith in his own especial ill luck. He was also superstitious to a degree; scrupulous about the "dark of the moon," and vastly civil to "conjure men."

It did not imply that Tom was any cheerfuler than usual that he should appear before his mistress, grinning. Grief and fright, as well as mirth, find expression in a negro's teeth. Grin he did, however, and his mild, brown face, with its flattened Roman nose and full African lips, was inclined at just the angle to show most of the white of his rolling eyeballs.

"Dar's Tom, Miss Esmy, bress de Lawd!" called the chorus; "he seen Miss

Betty."

"Tom," said Esmeé, "did Miss Betty

tell you where she was going?"

"Ya'as'm," said Tom, "she say she aim fur ter draw* de big slash daown by de big bayou. Dey's right smart er swag lan dar 'baout. Reckon she done got mired

"Miss Betty knows better than to get mired up," cried Esmeé, impatiently, but she turned pale.

"Wall," said Tom, "she cud git in dem

ar quicksands aout mistrustin—'"

"She knows where they are."

"Naw, Miss Esmy; naw ma'am," said Tom with patient melancholy; "she pintedly does not, kase she did ax me whar ben dey all."

"And you told her, didn't you?" said

Mildred.

"Ya'as'm. I tole er dat I didn't know."
"You Tom! go and put the gears on
Snip. Put him into the cart. I'm going to

look for Miss Betty, too."

Mrs. Cabot struck into the conversation with a decision that startled Mildred. Never before had she seen her gentle, delicate, timid sister-in-law excited. she caught a glimpse of the fiery energy which underlies the Southern languor. Esmeé swept Tom's frightened excuses away like chaff. Almost before Mildred realized that they were going, she was listening to their swift wheels. Esmeé would not have her company; Tom could drive; somebody must be home to welcome Betty. "Besides, there are all the candy bags," she said, forcing a kind of smile, "there is so little time and Betty was so particular about

Mildred staid and worked over the candy bags, and tried to persuade herself that she wasn't frightened. Ten o'clock came; eleven; then Esmeé returned.

Her single, haggard, eager glance about the room told Mildred how fruitless had

been her search.

"Wa'll," said Tom, gently, "I knowed we-uns wudn't fine er. Fore I got home I yered a kinder yowlin', wailin', hollerin' noise, an' I does be sho', now, dat ar ben Miss Betty, a sinkin' an' sinkin' in dem meshes, an' a hollerin' on we-uns! In cose we-uns cud'nt fine er, kase she done sinked plumb unner—"

"'Tom, you'd better go to bed." Mildred cut the meek prophet's deliverances short, seeing that Esmeé could bear no more,

The two women made a pretense of cheerfulness until midnight; at the striking of twelve Roger rode his jaded and mud splashed horse up to the window. Alas! he had found no clue. To be sure he had seen a teamster who had met Miss Betty near the gipsies' camp, but this happened hardly more

^{*}The negroes always speak of "drawing a photograph."

than an hour after leaving home. Roger had ridden to the camp only to find the gipsies gone. He now had parties of his tenants out, searching the country round. Miss Betty was greatly beloved, and they could be trusted to hunt with a will.

"And the station?" said Mildred.

"I telephoned Carter at once. haven't seen her. No, ma'am, I incline to the theory that she has found some one sick or suffering in some of the cabins, and is staying there. Very likely she has sent us word and it hasn't reached us. See, sister, there are our lights? We will visit every house, for ten miles, before morning.

He would not wait longer than to swal-

low a cup of coffee.

In the morning he rode into the yard just as Tom was ringing the breakfast bell.

"Dey all ain't slep a wink," said Tom dolefully, "reckon ye didn't find nary."
"No," said the Judge, conscious of an ir-

rational craving to kick Tom.

Although every cabin, one may almost say, every inch of ground on the plantation, had been visited, not so much as a creature was seen, who had met Miss Betty. It was as if that gentle yet determined lady had sunk through the earth.

Roger tried to eat breakfast with the others; but here, little Clem's innocent prattle of jarred on the elders' strained

"Auntie's going to paint my wagon, if 'hs in a hurry, and most Christmas," said Master

"She was never in too much of a hurry to do something for a child," said the Judge, and choked, and got his face behind his

"Tom makes me mad," Clem went on eagerly; "he says my auntie's gone to Heaven, and I told him he was a liar, and I

kicked him."

Nobody reproved the child's display of temper, though ordinarily he would have esteemed himself lucky not to be sent to bed at midday for such a performance. Judge jumped up and walked to the window, Mrs. Cabot put her handkerchief to her

"Miss Mildred," said the Judge, "won't you drive with me? I am going to look at

the gypsy camp by day-light.'

To go anywhere or to do anything is a relief at such anxious hours. Mildred accompanied him with eagerness.

"There is one house where the mistress was away," said the Judge, "but I have

thought, maybe, some of the children may have seen her—Betty. It is that miserable Maybe you know about them. The father is the worst scoundrel on earth. We ran him off the plantation, a year ago. But Betty was sorry for the mother and the children, and we let them stay. She used to help them in all sorts of ways. Do you reckon you ever saw such a kind-hearted lady as she is, Miss Mildred? Always seeking to do good and making light of it."

"Yes, indeed," assented Mildred, heartily. "Are you just beginning to realize that Miss Betty is a saint, even if she does like funny stories and isn't easily swindled?" she thought. But her heart softened to his simplicity, so unlike a Northerner's reticence;

she had never liked him so well.

The Judge had drawn rein in front of the glade which served the gipsies for a camp.

"The question is," said he, "Did she go on further? If she did, the only road goes by the Teagues' house, and they may have seen her. I wish to Heaven I knew why those gipsy fellows made off so suddenly!

He was visibly uneasy. Gipsy camps are a common feature of Arkansas landscapes during the Autumn and early Winter. traveling South, always camped for a day or two at La Rose Blanche, buying supplies at the store, trading horses, and made free, with Southern lavishness, with wood and game. Did a few gaps appear in a fence, were a few pigs or chickens missing, or did a cow come home with no milk for the children, there might be a little grumbling; but the gipsies sold horses cheaply, paid money for their supplies, pleased the settlement with an occasional bear and dog fight; hence, on the whole, their arrival made rather an agreeable break in plantation monotony.

Miss Cabot, however, had the New England distrust of all tramping creatures; she suspected them as soon as she heard

that there were gipsies on the place.

"You don't think they—they could have done her any harm?" said she. The very energy with which he repelled the notion convinced her that he did think something of the kind.

"What motive," he demanded. "what possible motive could they have had?"

"They might take her away to get a ransom, suggested Mildred, 'like Charley Ross, you know.'

"You are almost as bad as Tom, Miss Mildred," said the Judge, lightly. Nevertheless she could see that the cloud on his face deepened.

They found Mrs. Teague washing and the children "packing up water," (that is, fetching it in buckets from the creek near by) except the baby, whose activities were safely confined to a large box, where he was consoled with a pork rind.

Mrs. Teague declared that all her brood were with her, picking cotton "only jes Tommy; she been fixin' t' make a pone er bread. Tommy, you come aout! How came ye runnin' way from the wash?"

Tommy (at full length, Tommasina) stuck a shock of red hair and two scared-looking red-brown eyes out of the cabin door. "I ain't done nary t' nobody," whimpered Tommy.

Mildred, with the utmost gentleness, explained that they didn't suspect her of anything, they only wanted to ask her some questions.

"And if you answer them truly, and tell us everything you know," said the Judge, "there will be some oranges at the store."

"Miss Lorrimer, she done prommus weuns a orange on the Christmas tree," chirped the smallest girl.

"And I know of a doll Tommy is likely

to get, too," said the Judge.

Tommy's expression was so blurred by freckles that it was not easy to be sure when she was moved, but she gave an audible sniff.

"Did Miss Betty pass this way, yesterday?" said Mildred, coming to the point.

"Naw'm," answered Tommy, in a faint voice.

" Didn't you see her at all?"

"Naw'm," was the answer again.

"Well, why didn't you say so to us in the first place?" cried the Judge.

Tommy said "Dunno," and, this time, the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

They questioned her further, only receiving a more extended repetition of her denial. She hadn't parted lips with Miss Betty Lorrimer. She hadn't put her eyes on Miss Betty Lorrimer since Sunday. She knew where bad little girls went who didn't tell the truth, but she couldn't help it, she hadn't seen her, she hadn't. Here she lifted up her voice and wept.

The inquisitors drove away, feeling as if they had been torturing a child, yet each of them convinced that the child was lying.

"What motive, though?" repeated the Judge, "she can't care to screen the gipsies." He made a passionate sweep of the whip through the air. "This is maddening! I don't know which way to turn. I tele-

graphed all over, this morning, to find the whereabouts of these gipsies. I ought to be getting answers, soon. I'm going to see them, to get the truth out of them. And if they have dared—" only the swift pallor that swept over his face and the tightening lines of his mouth completed that sentence.

Mildred recoiled from the fire of his glance. How gentle he had seemed, indeed she had called him weak, and half despised him with the intolerance of girlhood; and now—"that is the way men look when they kill!" she thought, timorously. She was afraid of him.

He may have perceived her emotion; because, at once, he smoothed his face, and added with his usual gentle courtesy, "I pray of you, Miss Mildred, that you won't let Esmeé know anything of our suspicions."

"Surely not," exclaimed Mildred.

But when they met Tom half way up the avenue, they perceived how little their own caution would avail. Tom having met the teamster, had promptly shifted his catastrophe; being, now, persuaded that "po Miss Betty ben killed up by dem triflin', thievin' gipsies."

"You fool," roared the Judge, "what

would they kill her for?"

Tom's dejected mildness was unshaken. He went on in the same soft, sorrowful drawl. "Waal, Jedge, she did have a right smart er money wid er, kase she did guv me a quarter an I seen er puss ben plumb full. Ya'as, sah; it ben so."

The Judge had gone perfectly white, but he made an effort to rally, helped Mildred out, flung the reins to Tom and told him to take the horses to the stable—he was talk-

ing nonsense.

"Lord grant I is, sah!" observed Tom, piously, while he clambered partially into the wagon, letting one leg swing outside, negro fashion; "but, Jedge Gardner, ye knows yo'seff, sah, how dem gipsies jest Ye knows deynatchelly takes to stealin'. uns done tolled away my best yearlin caff, las' year. An' ye knows, Miss Betty, how feery she ben. Laws, she wudn't be skeered to contrairey 'em. Like's not ef dey try robbin' of 'er she chastise * 'em right smart. Mebbe hit 'em a clip wid them poles, or her picter trick. Miss Betty, she ain't feered er de debbil an' any. † Doan' ye mind, Mist Roger, de way she run in an' resky dat ar Teague's baby dat time you ben 'way in de

^{*}The word is commonly used by the negroes in the sense of reprove or scold

t All.

Rock?* My, my! My, my! He ben a knockin' dat chile raoun' scandilus. De way Miss Betty run in an' grab it, an' de way dat er debbil man haul off, an' hit Miss Betty plumb in the mouth! Ya'as'm," addressing himself to the interested Mildred, heedless of the Judge's black looks, "Ya'as'm, he did knock 'er two teef plumb aout, but she jes' kep' holdin' de baby wid de one ahm an' grab up dem teef wid de torrer an' stick 'em in so dey growed back."

"Drive over to the barn, Tom," the Judge rapped out, unable to contain him-

self longer.

Not so Tom; he meant to have full expression of his opinions. In a tone of pathetic sweetness he inquired: "Jedge, ain't ye willin' fo' me to do my bes' mos', t' holp ye fine aout consarnin' dis nickquity? I got important information, I has."

"Out with it, then! Make haste!"

"Ya'as, sah." If possible, Tom spoke more slowly. "I aims ter. Mist' Roger, does ye mind 'ow ye guv dat Teague de bud -cut'im mos' in two wid you' hoss whip, longer dat ar? An' does ye mine de way de critter swar he pay you aout yit? Wa'al, he lit aout, an' we-uns 'lowed to nebber meet up wid him agin; but 'fo de Lord, Jedge, dat Steve Teague ben longer dem gipsies! I seen 'im, my black seff; yes, sah. An' I lay dat debbil put dem gypsies up ter debbiltry." His eyeballs enlarged with a new glimpse of horror, and his voice sank. "Laws, Mist' Roger, does ye reckon dey cud of frowed Miss Betty in de ribber, caount er dat bein' de safes' way ter git rid er a corp?"

The Judge lifted his hand in a fury. Tom, imperturbable as he was, jumped back on the

seat.

"Looked like ye fixin' to hit me," he mumbled.

"I certainly shall, if you don't go," said

the Judge, sternly.

"Wall, sah, I on'y put it up you'd wanter yere ever'ting I knowed—an' I got a tele-

graph fo' ye.'

He had the discretion to draw the slip of paper from his pocket, before the Judge could speak. "Dey telephone hit frum de station t' de sto', dis minnit," said Tom, "will I go now, sah?" And without waiting for further orders, he did go rapidly.

The Judge handed the dispatch to Mildred. She read these words: "Gipsies

passed through here this morning. Had camera in one wagon." It was dated at a little village about ten miles away, and signed by the deputy sheriff.

"That Teague," said the Judge, "is capable of anything. He set fire to the mill once, and I am sure it was he who fed broken glass to my horse, this fall. And the child—do you remember the strange looks of the child? But she will have to confess, now!"

Mildred felt sick with horror, but she could not keep her eyes off the Judge who was pacing the road in front of her. He turned on his heel to face her. In spite of his blood-shot eyes and the strange bluish white tint of his skin, he was absolutely composed. His next speech was uttered in a very quiet voice.

"I hope you won't say anything of this to Esmeé, yet, Miss Mildred. I am going to muzzle that black fool—" he indicated the flying figure of Tom—" and then telegraph for them to arrest Teague and his companions. Then I shall go back to the Teagues and fetch the child, here, for you to examine. Mind you keep her under watch until I send you word. I shall go off on the four o'clock train to see the gipsies."

Mildred, afterwards, wondered if she answered anything; she could only remember

creeping up to her room.

Passing the Judge's door, she could see that the flowers before the picture were withered.

"He has forgotten his saint," she thought, in a dull way. "Oh, poor Miss Betty, does she know?" With that, she ran into her own room, and I dare say, was the better for her flood of tears.

Truly enough, Roger Gardiner was forgetting his saint. Perhaps there had been a good deal that was perfunctory about his worship, for years. He was an absentminded scholar, singularly pure in his life and faithful in temperament. So ineffaceable was the memory of the awful wreck made in his heart and life by that false first love of his whose repentance, it may be, served him as cruelly as her treason; and so gradually was he eased of his pain, that he continued to regard himself as an inconsolable man, a torpid recluse, sometime after he was really very comfortable indeed. Little by little, he had grown to depend on Miss Betty, to consult her, aim to please her, rely on her sympathy, effectually, to love her.

But he called himself only her good friend and brother. He did not even figure her as a guardian angel; there was too sad a lack

^{*} Little Rock.

of sentiment about Betty; one's guardian angel does not make jokes and frankly love Betty was his comrade, feargood eating. less and reasonable, and trusty as the best man in the world. Ah, she was more to-day! A hundred heart-shaking memories of her tenderness, her unselfish gaiety haunted him. He saw her face as it looked the day his mistress betrayed him. Yesterday, he could have sworn that he did not know how Betty looked; to-day the image haunted him, the pathetic composure, the anguish of pity in the eyes. He remembered her face, again, on that wild night when poor Susy died. Poor Susy who never had loved him. Why, in Heaven's name, because of her futile, piteous repentance, of that last chill kiss, must he cling to this weak ghost? A sudden, fierce light seemed to beat on his heart. anything had happened to Betty-by the horrible stab of the thought he realized what Betty had become to him!

He did not guess even yet how long and faithfully and hopelessly Betty had loved him; he would not lift his eyes presumptuously to her soul; being hers, it was sacred.

But sure it is, Miss Lorrimer's lover who galloped down the lanes never carried a heart beating more imperiously.

Meanwhile Mildred was hidden in her chamber, afraid to venture out lest she should meet Esmeé. After what seemed a very long time, she heard Clem's noisy little soles pattering through the hall and, directly, the thud of his small fists on her door.

"I got somefin! I got somefin of Auntie's," he shouted.

Mildred opened the door. True enough. he was holding the black velveteen bag that Miss Betty kept for her plate holders.

"I found it, me," he repeated proudly, "right out on the piazza, just after breakfast.

"Yes," said Esmeé, appearing on the stairs; "lie did. I can find nobody who knows anything about it.'

"Could she have dropped it?" said Mil-

dred.

"How could she, and we not have seen it -right under our feet! Besides, lying out there all night there would be frost on it,

and it is as dry as dry. Feel it."

Mildred not only felt the cloth, she examined the bag. Within were two plate holders and the instantaneous shutter;

nothing else.

"Mildred," said Esmeé in a low voice, "some one brought that bag here, and whoever that was, knows about Betty!"

"Have you any idea who brought it?"

"Not the least bit on earth. No strange person has been seen about the premises, or at the store, either. There were only two customers before nine, in fact, our Tom and Tommy Teague—"

"Tommy Teague!" exclaimed Mildred. "Yes, you know the Teagues who live by the creek. She came for molasses."

Mildred's head reeled. Here was a new element of mystery. Why should Tommy care to return the bag, supposing it were she? She would only increase the risk of detection. What good could it do either her or Miss Betty? At this point, her attention was brought back to Esmeé, who was say-

"Mildred, if Betty took any photographs, they are in those plate holders. You used to help her, do you know enough to get

them out?"

"I can develop them. Yes. If they haven't

been tampered with."

"They will tell us at least some place where she was," said Esmeé, "and we can go there and hunt. See-" She plunged her hand into the bag and drew out the holders —"only one has the black side out, the way she leaves them after she has taken a picture. Look, Mildred, there is writing outside!"

Mildred, in indescribable agitation, read the memorandum, made out in the usual "Gipsy camp. 2.45 P. M. Bright Inst. Ex.* Stop 25." Her trem-Light. bling hands could scarcely reverse the holder to read the corresponding entry on the other side of a "Cypress Brake" taken at 3.30 P. M.

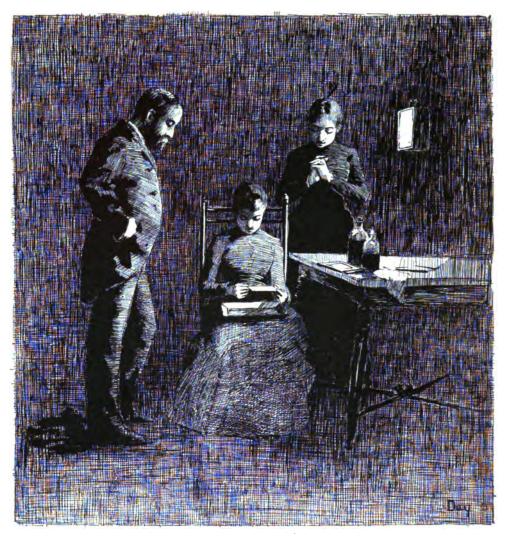
At least, Miss Betty must have left the camp safely. Mildred drew a long breath of

relief.

She was as eager as Esmeé to get to work. Therefore Roger, entering the house presently, found Tempe, Norma, Tom and little Clem all trying to look through the "studio" door.

Esmeé and Mildred were in the "Dark Room," a tiny closet which Miss Betty and the plantation carpenter had ingeniously partitioned off "the studio" and darkened with tar paper until only an amateur photographer could breathe in the malodorous and stifling hole. The red lantern was burning, sensibly increasing the horrors to the nose. But the plates had not been removed.

^{*}Instantaneous Exposure



"THE SKY!" GASPED ESMEÉ.

Mildred ran out and told Roger of the new clue, begging him not to go until they could examine the plates. He agreed, considering that there would still be time for the train.

She asked him about the Teagues. He had no good news. He had found the newly washed garments drying on the bushes—apparent sign that the family was not far distant. Notwithstanding, the door was barred and not a creature, human or brute, was visible; the mules and wagon were gone out of the tumble-down shed and a certain lop-eared Arkansas hound from his usual basking place before the door.

He inclined to Mildred's belief, that

Tommy Teague had brought the bag early in the morning. Her motive he could not guess. The more willingly he consented to question the negatives.

Ten minutes later the red lantern glare illumined a curious scene.

On the table lay the two plates of the "unexposed" holder, proved to hold nothing—mere blackness and glass. Before the table Mildred sat, holding and gently swaying a black rubber tray; in the tray was that which looked like a pane of glass, painted greenish white and submerged in a colorless liquid.

Faint clouds flitted over the opaque white, coming and going with the motion of the

liquid. Soon there appeared something not so evanescent—a dim stain in one of the upper corners, which spread and deepened.

"The sky!" gasped Esmeé.

The stain was darker and darker, almost black. Transparent white outlines shaped trees, a bank, a flaming log, covered wagons, minute figures of horses and men and women, even children. It was like a picture on a slate, only drawn with infinite del-

"The gipsy camp!" cried the Judge.

They knew, however, that Betty visited the camp; it was the next plate which they watched with the most painful solicitude.

Miss Betty had timed her exposures well; novice as Mildred was, the negative rapidly discovered itself; there were tall cypress trunks, doubled by the water that shone below, a ragged thicket of trumpet vine, tar blankets and bamboo briar, huddles of cypress knees doubled like the trees, and in the foreground a great black boar lifting his

dripping tusks and cruel little eyes.

"I know the place," said the Judge; "it is half an hour's walk from the camp. Away from the direction which the gipsies took, for Old Man Hines saw them at Mosely's Ferry between four and five. Let me see the camp again, while you fix the slash, Miss Mildred. Ah—" He was studying the wee "Don't picture with a strange expression. you see something here? These fellows are striking camp. They are putting the gears on the mules. Do you understand? Perhaps it means nothing and perhaps a great They were ready to start before Betty left them, and they must have started directly afterward, while she was gone, and traveled in the opposite direction-

"Well but I don't see the point of all that, Roger," said Esmeé, bewildered.

"Never mind! I'll explain it later. There's enough point in it for me to decide to go to the camp and the slash instead of taking the train after the gipsies."

Mildred nodded. She had followed Roger's

reasoning.

"Another topic for reflection," said the Judge, "is that the sole road between the camp and the slash, lies past the Teagues' cabin. Unless Betty waded ankle deep in mire she must have passed the Teagues. As soon as we have looked at these places, I am going to follow the Teagues. We would better take Clem with us, I reckon, or they will fill him full of their diabolical notions.

The Judge's opinion was verified the instant they opened the door by Clem's

appearing in person, and announcing, wide eyed, that Aunt Tempe was "crying out loud." "Why was she crying?" Oh cause Auntie was dead and she'd broke the yellow bread bowl, setting it on the stove. She said wouldn't Aunty have chastised her well for that, and then she hollered out "Oh Lordy! Oh Lordy!" cause Aunty never would chastise her no more! and sat down on the floor and cried hard. It appeared that Tom had tried to comfort her with the suggestion that no doubt Miss Betty's ghost would be "projeckin' raoun an' chastise 'er!" But so far from comforting, he had nearly frightened Norma, the cook's heiper, into hysterics: and had been driven out of the kitchen by the indignant Tempe, herself.

Clem, therefore, accompanied the party. They visited the deserted camp, first, finding not so much as a foot print of Miss Betty; thence, went on to the cypress brake. Here, in the soft mud they could still see the impress of two slender soles, one on the log, one below, where she had evidently clambered over to find firmer ground for her Clem was in high glee and an tripod. enthusiastic searcher; continually bringing his mother noisome relics of the gipsies' tin-can larder with the demand: "Wasn't that somefin of Auntie's?" He had torn his clothes on the under brush and muddied his stockings. Now, he completed the demoralization of his garments by plunging over the log after "somefin shining," and sprawling headlong in the black ooze. His uncle hauled him out, a lamentable spectacle, whimpering "Mummy, dey is somefin shin-

"You hush, you naughty boy," cried Esmeé, indignantly, "look at your clothes! Please, Roger, scrape him off a little with a

"But, look, mummy, dey is-"

"There are water and puddles that shine," retorted his mother who had leaned over and pushed her own gloved hand in the She wiped her fingers on her handkerchief and adjusted her gown. stooped and kissed Clem's little crest-fallen "There, honey, mamma knows you were doing your best to hunt. Never mind. Uncle Ro will hunt in the hole, to be sure.'

But the faithfulest probing with the Judge's stick brought nothing to light. They did make out a short trail, foot prints back to the road where they were lost. Though they hunted a long while they found

no further signs.

Returning home, Esmeé was the bravest

of the three. The reaction from the momentary hopefulness of an apparent clue made both Roger and Mildred more despondent than before.

The Judge, indeed, could not be prevailed upon to stay when they reached home. He would only wait for a bowl of soup and a glass of wine before he rode away again in

his quest for the Teagues.

There followed some dreary hours. Esmeé, who continued strangely hopeful, made Mildred lie down and served her with a cup of tea.

"How can you keep so cheerful?" she

could not resist asking.

"Oh well," answered Esmeé, "somehow I can't help feeling that she has just gone off, somewhere, and will be back soon. I have, what Tom calls, a 'resentment.'"

"There goes Tom this minute," exclaimed Mildred, "why, he is driving Peter and Ross in the buggy. Where's he going,

Esmeé?"

Esmeé had left the room. Directly, Mildred could hear Clem and his mother, outside, going through the rites of the toilet preparatory to supper. "What made her go without a word?" mused Mildred.

When Norma entered with the lamp she asked the girl where Tom had gone.

"Dunno, Ma'am," said Norma, "Sayd Miss Esmy did sen' im wid a telegraph."

The Judge did not return for supper. At the meal Esmeé's abnormal hopefulness continued. She did not shun the subject of Christmas and answered the child's eager: "Will Auntie be here then?" with tears in her eyes, to be sure, but in a firm, round voice: "Yes, dearie, I hope so."

After supper, Mildred questioned her about Tom. Yes, Esmeé answered fluently enough, he had gone to the station to get a y telegrams which might be there and to

make inquiries.

But wouldn't they telephone the dis-

patches?

Maybe, but Esmeé wanted to be sure; would Mildred mind helping her with the candy bags? They all were so behind with the Christmas work, being so anxious about dear Betty.

"She speaks as though the anxiety were ended," thought Mildred, "I never saw such strange people as Southerners are."

She could not refuse to help with the candy bags, though her fingers were twitching with nervousness. The hours crawled on, somehow. A few people, the employees of the plantation, the clerks, the engineer,

the stockman, the overseer's wife, came to inquire if there was any news. Esmeé grew restless as the evening waned, her cheeks flushed, she would walk to the window and look out; she was perceptibly on the alert for any sound.

For her part, Mildred was so worn out by anxiety and exertion that about ten o'clock, she threw herself on the sofa to incontinently fall asleep. She was awakened by voices and footsteps and a swift rush of fresh air

through an open door.

Before the dying fire stood Roger Gardiner and the child, Tommy Teague. Roger was pale and stern, Tommy had bewept and smeared her face into a mask of miserable

fright.

"Here she is," said the Judge, "she won't do anything but take on and cry, but I think a night's rest will help her to her senses."

"I didn't do nary," howls the girl, "I nev' put my eyes on Miss Betty. Oh, Lord a'mighty!"

"You never put eyes on me?" spoke an

unforgetable voice in the hall.

Miss Betty, herself, stepped calmly into the room.

Behind her stepped Thomas-à-Kempis, meekly grinning, having left his horses to their own forbearance.

He assured Norma that for one minute "dey didn't ben nuffin' on earth 'cept huggin's and kissin's an bellerin's!"

"Who all did beller?" cried Norma.

"Everye one," replied Tom impartially, "fo' de lawd looked like I ben in a prarer mettin'! looked like dey cud'nt give Miss Betty's mouf room t' talk."

Tom's presence really was of some use, since he promptly stopped Tommy Teague

at the window.

"Naw, sissy," he said softly and sadly, "I caynt turn ye loose, nohow, kase I low ye ben a doin' of some turrible meanness an' mos' like ye got t' go t' jail if not t' be hanged, so jes' res' easy whar ye be twell ye fin' aout!"

Tommy, seeing retribution at her throat,

set up a lamentable wail.

One question of Miss Betty pierced the din: "Did none of you get my note?"

"Oh, there was a note, then?" said the

Judge.

"I told you there was," cried Esmeé
"Of course! Tommy Teague, you hush!"
"Yes, Tommy," said Miss Betty quietly,
"your turn will come quick enough."

Tommy choked her sobs and stared at

Miss Betty as it is supposed the victim does at the snake.

"I found," continued Miss Betty, "that I must go to Little Rock. There were some Christmas gifts. The idea came into my head. I sat down and wrote a note explaining that I should walk to the cars. That note and the camera, I gave to Tommy Teague and paid her fifty cents to take them to you-"

"We never got it, Betty!"

"We were so frightened, Miss Betty!"

"We had parties out all night, hunting." The chorus made a fine medley of these sentences.

"I meant to speak to Mr. Carter, too," said Miss Betty, "but it was dark when I got there, and I barely jumped on the cars-I hadn't time to buy my ticket, even—"

"That is how they didn't see you," said "But we got part of your camera, the Judge. Betty. If we hadn't, I should have been chasing over the country for you this minute."

Esmeé explained about the plate-bag. "Who brought it, I don't know," said she.

"Tommy, of course," answered Miss Betty, cheerfully. "Come Tommy!" to the terrified little thing; "we want the whole truth, now, and I promise you nobody shall punish you if you tell it."

"You-all won't sen' me t' jail nur guv me the bud, nur let yo' big doag t'ar me t'

pieces!" gasped Tommy.

"Certainly not," said Miss Betty, touching one sharp little shoulder kindly; "poor little trick! who has been frightening you?"

Cowering at Miss Betty's feet, Tommy sobbed: "It's paw. You won't let him git

me an' cut aout my tongue-

"Never /" said the Judge, "we'll put him in prison, honey. And unless prison camps have changed mightily," he muttered, "he'll get even his deserts.

At that assurance, Tommy's miserable confession came on with a flood of tears. Teagues feared their father more than anything on earth; poor wretches, the scars that he had given them would burn at the thought of him!

Teague, truly enough, was with the gipsies, but he had chanced to be at home, asleep, when Miss Betty passed his cabin. On waking, he saw Tommy setting out with

the camera on her shoulder.

He strode up to her, snatched away the camera, bag and note; and out of sheer malice forbade her to mention either his theft, or her meeting with Miss Betty. . He persuaded her that she was responsible for the camera, and that the Gardiners would torture the thief with prison, chains, whippings and the rest, promising her a hundred awful fates at his own hands, if she betrayed

"An' he sayd—ef I ben—a good gell—an' —didn't tell—" sobbed Tommy, "I cud go off t' Unk' Josh's t'-Promised Lan'-an' he'd—gimme 'lasses ever' day. Maw did cyar' me t' the cyars, but he fotched me back. Oh dear! I didn't aim t' do ye mean, Miss Betty, an'—an' paw drapped the black bag an' I fund hit—an' I toted it back—right straight!"

"She certainly did;" said the Judge, "we won't harm you, Tommy, though you have caused us some awful hours. What is your

sentence, Betty?"

"I think she would better go straight into the kitchen and get something warm to eat," said Miss Betty; "riding all the evening without a bite, I'll warrant! Give her plenty of molasses, Tom.'

So Tommy found mercy, which one may hope did her soul good as well as her stom-At any rate, Mildred, a little later, saw her at the kitchen table placidly pouring molasses over her bread, while Tom edified a black circle with her misdeeds.

Before this Miss Betty and Roger had been left alone. Long ago, Mildred had guessed Miss Betty's secret; perhaps, now, when Roger pictured his desolation and self-reproach, something in her eloquent eyes gave a tender hint to him, also, emboldened him to open his heart.

At first she started, then she hid her crimson face in her hands. He pleaded his cause with ardor; it was natural enough for a Southerner to slip down to one knee like the knights of old; in that attitude Mildred Cabot positively saw him, passing by on the veranda, outside.

He dared to put one arm about Miss Betty's waist. "Betty, dearest, won't you look at me, speak to me, tell me I am not too late?"

Betty let her hands fall and looked at him with painful embarrassment.

"Roger," said she, "you mustn't go on. I have to—to tell you something first.

Roger turned pale.

"No, not—this way. I can't when you hold me so.

He sprang to his feet instantly and waited. "You can't tell me anything that shall part us," said he.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Betty, trembling. (Miss Betty, the gay, the imperious, trembling!) "You were always so fastidious about ladies' appearance and so severe on deceit. I never—it was different—if you hadn't asked me—" She grew entangled in her own sentences. "Roger," she broke out desperately, "do you know why I came home?"

"No, Betty," said the Judge.

"I came home because Esmeé telegraphed ne. Here is the telegram."

The Judge took the yellow paper out of

her hand and read:

To Miss Elizabeth T. Gardiner:

Care J. R. Downs, 300 Rock Street, Little Rock, Arkansas.

"What you lost is found. Greatest anxiety about you. Come home at once. Tom at the station."

"What you lost!" repeated the Judge. "And Esmeé! Did Esmeé know and let us

have the horrible—"

"Esmeé knew nothing," interrupted Miss Betty, "until she found— Tom had a note and a package from her for me. She told him she had a strong presentiment I was coming. He is so superstitious he believed her. It wasn't until this very evening, in the slash, Clem really first found it, but Esmeé secured it, without any of you all suspecting. It was out of goodness and loving kindness, to screen me, she kept silent when she found it. But she guessed at once."

"Found it/" cried the Judge, "in

Heaven's name, what is $\dot{u} \nearrow$ "

Miss Betty averted her face, but he could see the crimson creeping up to the roots of her hair. In a low, broken voice she said: "It— it was my false teeth!"

Never a word said the Judge, and Betty

could not see his face.

"They are only two," she pleaded, "Teague knocked them out. Everybody—but Esmeé, thought they grew again, but they didn't; Mr. Downs made me a—a plate. And they came out while I was scrambling over that abominable log, and I couldn't find them. I dare say this mortification is a just punishment for my unchristian vanity, but it did seem to me I couldn't go back and let you see me. It came to me like a flash to make a pretense of those Christmas presents and go straight to Mollie Downs.

"If I had for one second dreamed that I should cause you all such pain and anxiety, I never would have gone. I would rather have humbled myself and let you know."

"But Betty, darling," said the Judge, clasping her now without a protest, close enough to whisper the words in her ear, "Sweetheart, I always knew about those teeth. Downs told me all about them when

he put them in!"

But I don't believe that Miss Mildred Cabot to this day can quite understand (for of course she values at its real worth Tom's preposterous tale of a presentiment) why Miss Betty departed so suddenly, or how she happened to return in time for the Christmas plum pudding.

Octave Thanet.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Two thousand years shall soon have piled Sepulchral stones on them, Since, meteor-heralded, the Child Was born in Bethlehem.

But in the soul through lapse of time The meteor grows not pale; That story, simple yet sublime, Is still a living tale.

And though by ages overstept, Untouched of their decay, The stable where the Infant slept Stands in all hearts to-day!

For we who know the Saviour's blood A stained world cleansed afresh, Must view with reverent gratitude His coming in the flesh; His coming in the windy shed,
And in the wintry night,
Who after preached the Word and led
His people to the light!

As much to me to think that thus
He first drew mortal breath,
As that He later left to us
Dominion over Death.

And still I see in every star
Rolled on its silvery rim,
A white hand beckoning from afar,
To lead us unto Him.

And still the Christ-child hath His birth, And angel voices fill
The winds with songs of peace on earth
To men of holy will!
S. F. Quintero.

THE ANGEL OF POVERTY GATE.



HE was a gentle little woman, with the light of a coming revelation shining in her blue eyes, and the rose of an incurable disease flushing her thin cheek. She was so small as

to seem fitted to the name which had been bestowed on her in babyhood, by one who had gone to the war and never come back. Perhaps it was for this reason that "Dollybaby" had clung to her so long, or perhaps it was just because Lydia Jane was too heavy for the small shoulders to carry gracefully.

She lived at the toll-gate and kept the gate when Daddy or Tom, (for Dolly had a Tom), went to town, which they frequently did, seeing that the dram-shop lay on their way. And it was during one of these excursions that I dropped in to see little Dolly.

"Morning," said she, briskly, panting from her exertion in "pulling the pole" on an obstinate traveler. "Better?" in answer to my query. "La! yes. Told Tom this morning the cool weather would soon set me straight. Why I'm heaps better than I was last week. Just seemed as if them hot, dusty days would choke the life out of me. I'm getting strong now."

There was a piteous note of inquiry in her voice and such a pleading in her bright eyes that I had to turn my head to avoid betray-

ing my thought.

"Why, deary me, don't you think I look better?" she persisted when I did not reply.

There was a little offended quiver in her voice that died away into a sigh, so I hastened to assure her that she indeed looked much stronger. And as the morning wore on, Dolly's shyness gradually disappeared, till she had unfolded her common uneventful story; how she had married Tom at twenty and the good start they had, which, somehow, had melted away; how her mother had died and Daddy had come to make his home with them. And then, with slow step and trembling hands, she went to the bureau and drew forth some little garments, passing her hands reverently over them as she told how short a time they were worn, and how the great heart hunger even yet stayed with her.

"Not that I'd have it back," said Dolly, "the world ain't any too easy on pore folks, but Oh! if only sometimes I could just hold it in my arms one minute. But I've got Daddy and Tom," she ended brightly; "and they're the two best in the world—'ceptin'—well, sometimes when they ain't quite theirselves, you know."

As I passed them on my way home, twisting from one side of the road to the other, I understood how "the two best in the world" sometimes became not quite themselves, and, thinking of that slender, bent figure standing at the gate all day in the sun or wind, my heart grew hot with anger against

man's selfishness and weakness.

As the country road stretched farther and farther behind I could hear Daddy huskily shouting, "Whur, O whur is all our loved ones?" and with a faint echo Tom's drunken answer floated back: "Safe, safe, over Jordan." Over and over Daddy repeated his plaintive, maudlin query, till the whole air seemed ringing and sobbing and wailing with the tones of it. And as the two unsteady figures became mere black specks on the road, the answer still quivered drearily above the croaking of frogs and chirping of crickets: "Safe, safe over Jordan!"

I knew that Dolly, poor little Dolly, with immortality already at her feet, would spread the table and feign not to see their drunken disgrace, the while she crept into the shadowy corners to dry her eyes. She would press an extra cup of tea on Daddy, whose thick tongue would utter no denial. She would linger near Tom, ready to obey his slightest request; flushed with shame to think that he, her own dear Tom, should be red-lidded and uncertain of speech and hand. And all the while she would be beating in upon her suffering heart the old story of woman's misery and fidelity and divine patience.

As Dolly became more communicative she entrusted me with her one great wish. "I thought if Tom could get something to do," she said; "painting or such, I might keep the gate now that Daddy is gone to Missoury and I'm so much stronger, and—and I might do something to kind of help along a little. Tom's a mighty good hand at paintin'," she added, proudly turning to smile at him as he looked up from his hoeing.

All the way home that evening that phrase "to help along a little," kept repeating itself to a sort of mournful air that trembled forth

from some forgotten recess of memory. "To help along a little!" And I thought of the philosopher preaching contentment to the poor; of the rich bidding the poor be glad of their poverty, since riches bring only vexation of spirit. And I wished that philosophy and wealth might sit in that humble toll-room for a while, and watch the patience and meekness of Dolly's worn face; that they might hear forever the plaintive, anxious tones drowning their sophistry and hypocrisy; that they might sit at the table and have Dolly before them, flushed with the heat of cooking, sickened with the odor of coarse food, weak with the many steps, yet compelled to endure it all, day after day, even unto the dreary end.

God forgive him who, dwelling not with poverty, yet pretends to speak knowingly of its sharp prods and bitter draughts; who, from a blooming paradise, prates of the Gethsemane of others; who, from his throne of royal-purpled ease, watches from afar the Calvary where others bleed and suffer and die, and thinks he knows aught of their anguish. To him poverty is a dispensation, a state wherein souls are strengthened and genius developed.

But bring it close to him, so close that he must eat with it and sleep with it and go wherever it goes, and he will recoil from it in horror as an undeserved curse. Strip off the garment of sentiment with which he has clothed it and its ugly nakedness will forever banish his dreaming.

I think Dolly felt all this in a dim uncertain way, for she sometimes spoke of the difference in lives, not bitterly or complainingly, but with a calm acceptance of facts that was infinitely touching.

"Seems as if some folks get a heap of sufferin'," she said one day, after a paroxysm of coughing. "And then others don't get none. Some skimps and manages all their lives and others just keep on gettin' and wastin'. But I 'low its all right," she ended cheerfully. "Folks can't have everything, and I've got Tom!"

Poor, foolish, loving Dolly, who saw in Tom's weak face and shambling figure the perfection of manly beauty. Tender little woman who, wiser than the world, saw behind the outer covering of weakness and sin, the poor enfeebled will that was always going to be strong and yet never quite suc-True womanly woman, ready to shield her beloved with almost maternal tenderness, glorifying the man's pitiful love for her till it outshone all the meaner attributes of his nature.

The summer waned and the falling of the leaves was come. All along the white stretch of road, and bordering the garrulous creek, bloomed the yellow asters and golden-There were breaths of cold in the morning and evening that made the cheerful blaze welcome. There were bursts of heat at mid-day, like the last gasps of the dying summer, and Dolly's strength ebbed with the falling of the leaves.

Daddy came home, and "the two best in the world " sat all day in the bare toll-room, looking drearily at each other and at the leafless branches beating a tattoo on the window-pane.

"And how is Dolly this morning?" I Tom looked at Daddy and asked one day. Daddy looked into the room beyond, before he answered.

"Dolly ain't so peart," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"No, ain't so peart," echoed Tom dis-

Daddy sat twirling his thumbs for a moment and then looked up with a moisture in his faded eyes.

"' Fraid Dolly's goin' fast," he said, with a break in his voice. And "goin' fast, Dolly, Tom repeated, searching the floor and the ceiling and the gusts without for the comfort that was not vouchsafed.

And then the voice in the room beyond

called out: "Daddy, dear!"
"Yes, Dolly-baby," he answered, going to the door; "what is it?

"Tell her to come in," she replied.

"O, I've got a great big secret!" she exclaimed, as I entered. "But just shut the door, please, so they can't hear.'

"And now for the secret!" I said, sitting beside her. Her eyes were fever bright, her cheeks burning and her hands nervously trembling. Across her lap lay bits of wool and silk and odds and ends of colored floss and ribbon.

"Look!" she exclaimed, eagerly, lifting the lid of a paste-board box. 'Aint that a beauty? And that? And that?"

One after another she lifted small articles, pin-cushions and needle-books and spectacle-

"Why, yes, but they are pretty!" I said admiringly. "And whoever made them?"

"Me !" she answered, with a little triumphant thrill in her voice. "Every one with my own hands when they wasn't lookin'. This for Daddy and this for Tom and O, something for everyone I love! Writ your name here, too," she said, quickly laying her hand over something. "Mustn't know yet though."

"And what is the occasion?" I asked, unable to understand the gift array.

"Twenty-seven, comin' Christmas," answered Dolly, turning her hollow eyes on me solemnly.

I stared at her in silence. She lifted one thin, white hand and pointed to the white headstones that marked the silent city down the road a short distance, and then folded her hands loosely against her breast.

"Twenty-seven, comin' Christmas," she re-"Don't you understand?"

I shook my head.

"Well," she answered, "the Lord's birthday is mine. Him and me feels clost together 'count of that, Him and me does. I'm glad of it. I'm proud of it," she continued, with a straightening of her shoulders. "It's an honor most don't get. Twentyseven, come next Christ-day.'

I bent over the box in my lap, reading, through tears, the love and devotion stitched

in the old-fashioned handiwork.

And then across the barren fields and from out the dismal sky and from the drifts of dead brown leaves there came the breath of a summer day. The rustle of the dry leaves without became the whispering of summer voices, and I heard again the Angel of Poverty Gate voicing her longing to "help along a little." O, the glory in her face transformed that dull, unlovely room and flooded it with splendor! Through the desolateness of the gray Autumn day the fragrance of never-ending Summer swept. Above the sighing of the winds and the creaking of the flapping boards, above the moans of heartaches and torturing pain rang the song of the Redeemed. Into the meanly-furnished room, with its home-made carpet, its cheap prints, its gaudy decoration, there came the beauty of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

"And so, you see," said Dolly, softly, breaking the silence, "I've made these; some because it's the Lord's birthday, and some because it's mine. And I'm goin' on a journey, you know."
"Yes!" I answered, trying to put sur-

prise in my voice.

Sec. 15.

"A long, long journey," replied Dolly; "a dark journey, and a strange journey, but I ain't afeared none. Some night I'll lay down all tired and full of pain and restless like, and then when I'm lookin' out at the sky through that winder yonder, all at once Some One will call out soft, 'Dollybaby! Dolly-baby!' Mebbe I'll be scared Mebbe not. I'll lay still and listen and then Some One will come right into this here room, and He will take me in His arms and sing me away to sleep. O, no, I ain't afeared none."

She took up the notes of an old hymn and hummed it softly, and then turned to me

again.

"Some One's comin' to meet me part way," she said. "Some One's goin to say: 'Come sufferin' one and have your birthday in a new home."

She arose to her feet and stretched out "Home! Home! Home!" she cried excitedly,

"Dolly-baby!" called Daddy, from the "Ain't you talkin' just a leetle outer room.

too much?"

"Mebbe so," she answered, sinking back "And now you remember. in her chair. I'll put 'em all in this here box, and write 'Merry Christmas' on top, and then when the day comes—the Lord's birthday and mine, you know—and I ain't here, because I've started on my journey, why, then they'll open the box and find the things and they'll say, soft-like and low, "Dolly thought a heap of us!"

"They know that now," I answered,

"Yes," she nodded. "And they'll be glad and sorry, too. But for me, there's never any more sorry. Always glad! Always happy! Always with the baby in my arms!

And then, with the song of hope and dawning happiness, there suddenly wailed forth that old earthly song of anxieties and worries and miserable soul-limitations. "To help along a little," crept out and pleaded for a full understanding with the

selfish, grasping world.

The Winter drew near, and one night Dolly went away with "Some One" on her strange journey, unafraid, into the darkness and silence. And when the Christ-day came and the bells chimed out their message of peace, the box was opened. The tokens of love comforted the lonely hearts as no message from Heaven could; and perhaps they were the little things meant to fit into the corners of God's great plan; for when "the two best in the world" look on those evidences of trust and devotion they somehow grow stronger to combat with evil.

Olla Perkins Toph.



Was it a vision from afar
Illumining the hearts of them,—
The heavenly fire within the star
Which hovered over Bethlehem?
They saw a glory in the air,
They heard a cadence on the breeze,
Before them lay the Child Divine,
And, as they fell upon their knees,
The manger bare a mystic sign;
The Mother of our Lord was there,
And, pale beneath her cloudy hair,
Her sweet brow wore a benison,
And love, that lay her eyes upon,
Did make her very fair.

III.

There came a mystery of wings
Arching above the lowly place,
And, through the dusky glimmerings,
Shone many a fair angelic face,
And voices of an unseen throng
Were lifted up in song:

There is a joy upon the earth,
A promise in the woodland sere,
A voice that carries far and near
The tidings of a wondrous birth;
And over all
The Winter's pall

Echoes the deep melodious call,
Like prophecies of old which seem
Enwrought of a celestial dream,
To touch the lips to loftier lays
And stir the soul to praise.

There is a song upon the seas
That upward soars exultingly,
A strain more sweet than ever fell
From silver-throated Philomel;
And loud and low
In ebb and flow

In ebb and flow
The honey'd measures come and go,
They sink and swell and rise and fall
In many a stately interval,
Proclaiming wide a world's release,—
The blessedness of peace.

There is a light among the stars
More tender than the dawn of love,
More soft than any cloud which bars
The blue serenity above;

And far and fair
Through realms of air
This beacon shineth everywhere,—
A glory streaming down the night
To shame the wrong, uphold the right,—
On paths by weariest pilgrims trod
To guide the feet to God.



IV.

Chime on, dear bells, the music old; Sing on, dear birds, the song divine; And ye that hear the story told, Cover your altars' beaten gold, With wreaths of rose and eglantine. Let rhythmic chant and carol bear,
Along the pulses of the air
The thrill that every bosom swells,
Chime on, dear bells!
Francis Howard Williams,



CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

"Dance, dance, My Coonah John!"



HE coming of Christmas suggests no memories more vivid than those of the customs that used to prevail in the old plantation life.

Familiar as they are to all

Southern people, they are perhaps totally unknown beyond the borders of the Southern States. A history of the negro as he was is therefore incomplete without a record of the festivals which he enjoyed, with an abandonment of mirth and an absolute exemption from care of any sort.

The customs on the generality of plantations throughout the South run similar with modifications, or improvements, according to the means of the masters, but on all, Christmas was observed with the utmost merriment and enjoyment, and was a season of prolonged holidays and unusual indulgences.

Early in the fall the negroes searched the

woods for the largest tree they could find, felled it, and the first cut was hewed off for a back log, or "yule log," as it was called. Into the creek it was immediately plunged, to soak so that it might resist the action of fire as long as possible. For just so long as a piece of it remained unburned in the master's fireplace, just so long carnival and holiday held sway on the plantation.

Christmas Eve it was removed from its watery grave and hauled up to the house, and by light the next morning put in position in the dining-room fire-place, with great state and ceremony.

Before the family breakfasted, which was generally not until eleven o'clock, the whole plantation surged up en masse to the house, where the master and mistress were conveniently located to be "caught" with the inevitable "Chris'mas gif, Marster! Chris'mas gif, Mistis!"

They swarmed like bees, old and young, men, women and children, about the doors of the ample store rooms, and smoke houses "drawing Chris'mas," as it was always called. Presents were there for them all. Pocket-knives, handkerchiefs, gloves, comforters, etc., for the men; brilliant Madras

head-handkerchiefs, gloves, bright shawls, aprons, warm hoods, etc., for the women and children; tobacco and whiskey for men and women, and extra provisions for all for a Christmas dinner, and the week of festivities. Rice, sugar, coffee, flour, spices, extra meat and molasses, apples, ground peas, etc., were served out. All was issued with a liberal hand, and received with great hilarity and a lavish display of ivories.

Away went the happy throng and Christmas was fairly inaugurated. Such jollification and merry making, and so many weddings! For it was the custom, when possible, to set the marriage days to fall at Christ-

mas time.

"Tinet an' Big John," "Black Sally an' Jim," "House Billy an' Diana," "Himbo an' Zanger," were to marry during the holi-

days.

Then the dances! In "the house," in the kitchen and down at the quarters. As soon as night came, there fell on the ear the measured tread of dancing feet, and the inspiriting strains of the fiddle and banjo. Few were the heels that did not have metal in them then.

On all of the plantations, at least, on all that I ever knew, there were amongst the negroes fiddlers and banjo players, sometimes making spirited, sweet music, sometimes not so good! But be the music sweet or otherwise, the performers were occasionally sent for to play at the house. And thither they went with great pride, and that delicious conceit which is a distinctive feature of the race.

The master, or, more frequently, the young master, would send and ask if they "would not come up with their instruments and play for the dance, unless they had

something pleasanter to do."

"Humph, humph! Knowed dat was comin'! Do very well all dis hyah ban' music from Richmon' an' de jemplemens dey selves playin' dere fiddle an' gitar, but ole marster doan' feel like he got thro' Chris'mas in a' ole fashion way ontil dis hyah fiddle an' Lisburn troup done tech up tings an' mek sho' nuff music fer dey all to dance by. To be sure we comin'! Tell marster much obleege fer de honor, an' we will certain be on han'.

"Now, you Mimy, jes' git out my close at once. Dem long tail coat, ob course. Dat fine shut Mars' Charlie gimme. Dat blue breeches, an' dem spangle ves'. You list'nin', gal? Dem spangle ves', I say, an' you mine how you han'le it. Dat ves' got

to sparkle 'mong de white folks to-night same as star in de firmamint.

"Hyah, Hannah, take dis key an' onlock dat *leelle* box in my chis', an' get out my satin stock what use to be ole marster's. No use havin' de bes' if you doan' wear dem 'pon

big 'casion!

"Dat stock! Wear dat stock fer de fust time at de gran' entertainment at de house when Marse Billy were marry, an' all dat great comp'ny comes from de fo' corners ob de worl'. An' 'member Mingo playin' fer dey to dance! When I lookin' 'pon dem an' see ole marster step out 'pon de flo' wid Gin'ral Ambler wife, an' Chief Justice Marshall, he leadin' out ole Mis—'I say to Lancaster, (he de banjo player in dem times), 'look 'pon dat sight! Play yo' bes' dis night, fer you'll neber play fer bigger dancin'! As for dis fiddle, it's got to talk now!' an' I natchelly lean to it! Umph, umph!

"Hyah, Madison, tek dese shoes an' clean dem, an' you 'member where dey goin' to-night, too, boy! Shine dem right, an' maybe I'll giv' you sixpence. I says maybe, 'cause I mout not git anyting at de house! An' den again I mout!" he added, with an unctuous chuckle as there came back to him the distinct memory of many shining coins that had been reaped on former Christmases when his dulcet fiddle had been summoned to the house.

The grand toilet made, the white hair carded and combed until it stood out imposingly above the kindly, old black face, the sleeves drawn up the better to display the white cuffs of "Mars Charlie's fine shut," at least a third of a large yellow silk handkerchief pouring out of a rear pocket, and Uncle Mingo joined by Lisburn, proceeded to take up his line of march to the house. They go to the colonade and send word in that they are ready whenever wanted.

The young master comes out, and with a pleasant greeting and a few gay remarks, bids them "go to the kitchen and tell Lucy to give them a plenty of supper, and at eight o'clock they can again report at the house."

And sure enough, at the appointed hour, they present themselves. The company has assembled. The best blood on tide-water, lovely women and gallant men. There is a perceptible hush as the young host enters, followed by the musicians who bow respectfully and repeatedly. Uncle Mingo, at least, is no stranger to many of them, and pleasant words and smiles greet him as the ladies and gentlemen part to let them pass on to the place assigned them.

Fully conscious of his own dignity, yet withal a trifle embarrassed by so prominent a position, he stands with bent knees as he tunes, and retunes, his instrument, and draws the bow again and again with a resounding flourish across the strings. It is tuned at last, however, and Lisburn, a fine looking young mulatto, who has been patiently waiting on Uncle Mingo, quickly tunes his banjo to the fiddle. The two instruments are tried together, found to accord and both glide off into the Virginia Reel, for which Uncle Mingo also calls the figures.

When the interlude comes for refreshments "Mars Charlie" sees to it that the musicians both eat and drink to the full, and later on, when the dance is over, and they have been thanked and complimented by the guests, as they make their way out he whispers to Uncle Mingo that they are wanted in the dining-room, whither they gravitate at

once.

Old master is there dispensing hot apple toddy to a number of gentlemen, and he calls the musicians up, and filling two large, glasses bids them drink to the gentlemen's health, and to a return of the jollifications for another year!

Then, mysteriously, coins large, and larger, change hands, and Madison's sixpence has been rendered a matter of certainty (though it had never been one of doubt!) and Madison's father goes forth the possessor of no contemptible amount of coin of the realm.

There was one feature of Christmas that was looked forward to for months before, and looked back upon for months afterwards by the children, with a species of delicious horror and fear. I allude to the custom of "Coonah dancing." It is said to be a direct importation from Africa, and has been handed down from generation to generation.

It is strange to note the faithful preservation of usages that mark its barbaric origin, the exclusion of women from amongst the dancers, and the wearing of those trophies of the chase with which their African ancestors were wont to decorate their nude forms on festal occasions.

The large number of negroes who are to play Coonah dress themselves in old clothes, which have been tacked all over with rags of all colors, cut into strips half an inch wide and twelve inches long. They look like enormous, appallingly-colored Japanese chrysanthemums. Many of them have additional adornment on their backs in the shape of the skins of bears, cows, sheep,

and deer. Their heads are decorated with grotesquely-fashioned hats that are a tangle of fluttering rags, surmounted in some instances by horns or with coon or cow tails depending from them. Hideous masks conceal the faces, only revealing the red lips and rolling eyes beneath. One of them, and only one, is dressed as a woman—a priestess, doubtless, in the original African rite—and her ample skirts give much territory for the display of fantastic tatters. There are one or two banjos always, and several performers on the bones and triangle.

The leader is a tall, large man. He always carries a gigantic whip, and his legs and arms are wreathed with tiny, tinkling bells. The dancers come with a curious chattering and humming sound, the blowing of horns, and the occasional tripping notes of the banjo, with that soft rhythm that comes with the first drops of a summer

shower as it sweeps across the roof.

This moving mass of fluttering strings, and clever imitation of wild beasts on their hind legs, files up to the house. They bob all around, like so many tottering, awkward goblins, chanting in a low, monotonous tone, when, all at once, from amongst them, spring ten or twelve, or more (the makebelieve woman being always one of the number), the banjos begin to play spiritedly, the bones and triangles to rattle in perfect time, and mellow voices break forth into the "Coonah" song. Then the dancers begin the maddest, wildest dance, moving as lightly as Tennyson's "withered leaf," and keeping oh! such exquisite time!

The song is very spirited and sung with an abandon of enjoyment, and yet though it is the very voice of gladness and mirth, deep in the heart of the melody is that pathetic cadence which is the *soul* of negro min-

strelsy.

The woman and the leader are always the best dancers. While the dance is going on, the others are keeping time with a swaying motion of their fringed arms and grotesque

gestures of the body.

The object of this plantation visitation is soon developed. The members of the family have all come to the door, and at an auspicious moment, while the figures flit back and forth, a shower of nuts, fruits, candy, silver coins, and pennies, is scattered on the piazza floor.

The dancers, without interrupting the time of the steps, stoop again and again and gather up the coins with the greatest dexterity.

Other Coonahs gather up some of them,

and they, and the inevitable string of children that always accompanies them, dart in and out like shuttles weaving, as they catch up the truant dainties. The dancers never touch them. They stoop for nothing but coin.

After this they dance yet the more furiously for a while, and then, with the falling off of the notes of the banjos and the voices, the dancing feet grow still. The figures all bow down to the ground, muttering words of thanks, the great whip is popped, and the animated rag-bags, and the curious horned creatures depart, leaving the children terrified but delighted.

From house to house they go, everywhere receiving more or less liberal contributions

of money and Christmas cheer.

Everyone was interested in them, and the "Coonahs" were always remembered when the good things were being parcelled off for distribution. They were certainly coming some time during the holidays, and as certainly there must be something for them.

This, amongst many other familiar customs, is now a thing of the past, but so integral a part of the season was it to those of us who are old enough to remember it, that

even to this day at Christmas time the sound of a distant banjo or the trampling of feet, will bring back the old delightful terrors of the coming Coonahs, and again we hear the mellow voices singing:

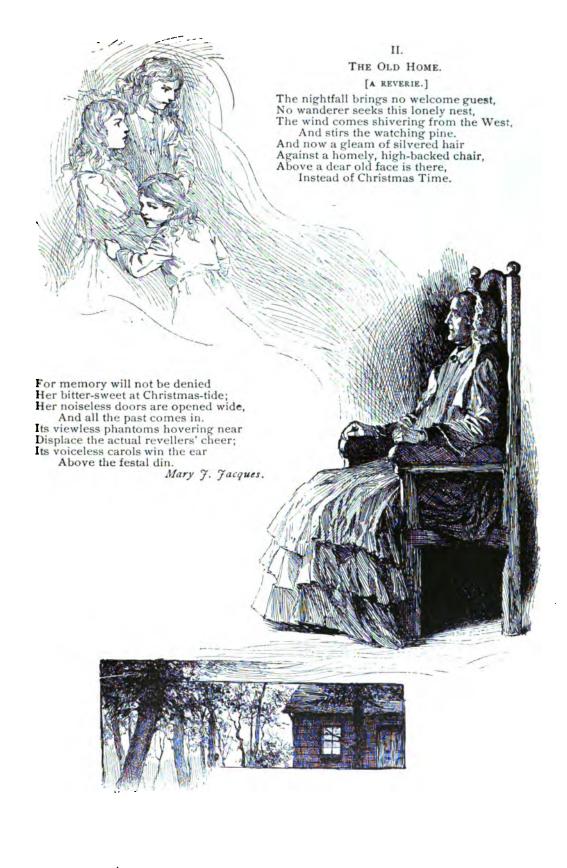
"Dance, dance my Coonah John,
Ho! Lady Sorna,
Coonah's dance for one cent,
Ho-sang-du-sanga,
Jump, jump, oh! Coonah John!
Ho! Lady Sorna!
Pop your whip, oh! Coonah John!
Ho-sang-du-sanga!
Turn your partner, Coonah John!
Ho! Lady Sorna!
Hands up fo' oh! Coonah John!
Ho-sang-du-sanga!
Swing your corners, Coonah John!
Ho! Lady Sorna!
Holy Lady Sorna!
Hoor your partner, Coonah John!
Ho-sang-du-sanga!"

There is no poetry in it as you will observe—there *never* is in the words to negro songs—but there is ringing music in it, and once heard sung by those mysterious phantoms, its echo will return with every Christmas tide.

Anna Alexander Cameron.







AUNT POLLY'S CHRISTMAS.



N'we aint gwineter have de chicken, den?"

There was a plaintive, child-ish note of disappointment in the woman's tone.

"No, honey, we gwineter have

hawg meat fur de Christmas dinner—good, nice hawg meat wid turnips an' hominy. Dat's good 'nough fur anybody, aint it?"

Then, seeing the woman's evident disappointment, she continued, slyly, "An you don' know what Aunt Polly got under de baid?"

"What?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Apples," cried Aunt Polly, triumphantly, "apples whar Miss Marg'et done gimme fo' hawg-killin', an' I jes' had 'm safe under dat baid ever sence a savin' uv'm fur de apple dumplin's. Oh, we'll have a good dinner, Liz. Don't you pester yo'se'f bout de dinner. Hurry up now an' he'p Aunt Polly wi' de chickens," coaxingly, giving the one Liz was picking a critical look.

"Hyeah! gimme dat pullet! Don't you see you done lef' de pen feathers in de laigs? Dat aint no way to pick a chicken. Ef dey's anything in dis worl' I do despise hit's to see de pen feathers on a chicken whut's picked, an' de crap lef' in. W'en uver I see a chicken dressed like dat I know some low-down po'-white-folks done dress it. You, Liz! Whut you puttin' dat chicken down fur? You aint swinged it. Law! Law! hit jes' seems like I never will git it beat in dat nigger's head how to dress poultry!"

Thus adjured, Liz lighted a paper on the stone hearth and turned the chicken deftly from side to side.

"But you done say all time you gwineter have chicken," she protested weakly, thinking more of the vanishing bird in the bush than of the actual one in the hand.

"Dat's a true word, honey," said Aunt Polly, mollified by the thoroughness of Liz's 'swingeing.' "I done say when I set dem aigs dat I gwineter have one o' de pullets fur a Christmas dinner. But you see, Liz, chickens is riz, an' we bleeged ter git some firewood—dem ole stumps you grubbed up won't las' all winter—an' den you a-needin' shoes, an' de sto'-keeper a beggin fur dem

fowls—an' all—an' Miss Marg'et a-givin' uv us de hawg-meat—hit seems like it would be a burnin' money to set down an' eat one o' dem chickens. But don't you worry, honey, 'bout de dinner. Aunt Polly'll tend to dat."

And Liz, who really had unlimited confidence in Aunt Polly's resources, gave a little sigh as the bird went out of sight, and applied herself to the business in hand.

It was a tumble-down little log cabin in the edge of town that had once been the kitchen for the respectable frame house in Now, the remains of what had been a cellar and a pile of stones told where the frame house had been. There was a pathetic air of decay about the place—the log henhouse and smoke-house leaned toward each other as if courting sympathy and support, and a long pole braced the leaning chimney which had long since parted company with the cabin. A puncheon walk led from the door to the heap of stones; a grass-grown brick pavement with the bricks set cornerwise on the edge had gone from the stones to the street, but this had been vandalized in various household exigencies of knife cleaning and bricklaying across mud puddles until there was little to show the original walk but the occasional projecting bricks of the ornamental edge.

A paling that had once enclosed the place had yielded up its pickets, one by one, to the demands of the voracious open fireplace and none had come to take their places when that monster's winter appetite was appeased. Back of the cabin was the garden, and in one corner, separated from the rest by a neat picket fence which had somehow escaped the general destruction of all combustible things, were three graves overgrown with fragrant garden mint. They were unmarked apparently, but a close scrutiny of the one nearest the house would have shown a wooden headboard under the mint, bearing the words rudely cut, "MIS MA."

On the inside the house was only an ordinary negro cabin, with puncheon floor and chinked walls—the chinking partly gone, but its place supplied by old rags. A fireplace with a stone hearth took up nearly one end of the room. This hearth was the bane of Liz's life. The stones were irregular and sunken and formed little recesses for the dirt daily swept across them. It had become a kind of moral thermometer, and indicated with unerring certainty the state of Liz's spiritual experience. After an unusually

stirring meeting, the crevices were faithfully dug out, but its deplorable every-day condition showed the laxity of Liz's religious zeal between times.

In one corner was the bed, covered with a quilt made of pieces of jeans, flannel and linsey, put together like the Oriental quilts of to-day, regardless of shape or symmetry.

It was all forlorn enough, but it had been home to Aunt Polly for forty years, and it was bound to her, and she to it by that subtile chain of association so intangible, so inexplicable, and yet so strong, which holds the aged to their home and makes all old things better than new.

The two women were just finishing the

" Hyeah, Liz, gimme dat chicken. Don't nuver send a chicken to de sto' wid its laigs r'ared up like dat. Dar now!"-making an incision, "now stuff de laig in dar an' bring de yedder one down—dis way. Miss Ma' nuver would have her chickens wid de laigs Ef de skin break an' let 'm up, r'ared up. we wuz bleeged to tie 'em down some way. I 'member one day when Marse Tom wuz a baby "-but Aunt Polly's remembrance was cut short by a sharp knock. Hastily depositing the chicken in the basket and wiping her hands on her apron, she went to the door.

A man stood before it, vainly endeavoring to get the mud from his feet. Accepting Aunt Polly's polite invitation to come in and "take a cheer," he sat a moment looking around him.

"I reckon you don't know me, Aunt

Polly," he said.

"W'y co'se I know you. You's Marse Jedge Sheeley, an' I'm mons'us proud to see you. How's Miss Betsey an' de chil'n?"

"They're well—tolerably well," said the

man, and then there was a pause.

Aunt Polly knew him and as she said was proud to see him, but she was very much at a loss to know what he had come He had always lived in the town, was a respected citizen, full of affairs of a semilegal nature, was notary public, real estate agent and judge of the county court all in one, and was popularly supposed to know all there was to be known about "business." A visit from him was an event, and Aunt Polly bestirred herself to entertain him.

· " Is you got through wid your hawgs," she

"Oh, yes," said the man.

"Hit's been mighty good weather fur de meat to take de salt;"—another pause.

"Aunt Polly," said the visitor, at last, "you find it pretty hard to keep warm this

weather, don't you?"

"Well," said Aunt Polly, "de fire-place do burn up a heap er wood, dat's a fac', but Liz has had mighty good luck wid de stumps she been a grubbin' dis fall, an' we ain't got no call ter complain."

"Don't you find it hard work to get

enough to eat sometimes?"

"Well, it don't take no great fur jes Liz an' me, an' de neighbors is mighty good about givin' uv us things. No, suh, we ain't often hongry, Liz an' me ain't, an' den "- with a contented little laugh-" ef we misses a meal, hit jes insho's our havin' a good appetite fur de nex'."

"I should think you'd be bettter off without her," said the man, lowering his voice a little, and glancing toward the weak-minded creature who had long been Aunt Polly's

companion.

"Law!" said Aunt Polly, looking around at the woman affectionately, "I wouldn't know how to git along widout Liz. a mighty good gal an' she's a heap er company fur me; she holp me mightily las' winter wen I had the rheumatiz—Liz got mo' sense 'n folks think, I tell yer."

Was there ever such a preposterous old woman! counting as her chief mercies the very thing she ought to have been grieving

The man plunged desperately into his

"Aunt Polly, have you heard that the place here has been sold?"

The old woman looked bewildered.

"Whut place?" she demanded. "This," said the man.

"Dis place?" almost shrieked Aunt Polly. Dis place? W'y, dis Miss Ma's place. "Dis place?

She tell me so w'en she wuz dyin'."

"I know," said Judge Sheeley, patiently, "but the place was mortgaged to Mr. Hocka-The mortgage was foreclosed a few years after Mrs. Henderson's death, and the place passed into Mr. Hockaday's hands. It really never was worth anything to him since he did not want to re-build, and you have just lived on here from year to year because nobody wanted the place. But within a week it has been sold to some man from the North."

Aunt Polly had listened with dismayed attention. As simple as he had made it she was bewildered by the legal terms and by the suddenness of the blow.

"I don't know nothin' bout de mort-

gage—but Miss Ma' say de place wuz hern, an' dat I gwineter stay hyeah tell Marse Tom come—dat's what she say—an' Miss Ma' ain't nuver bruk 'er word to me yit," she said helplessly.

The man made no reply. There was no use trying to explain to her—she couldn't

understand.

An idea more dreadful than that of the place being lost to the family was gathering shape in Aunt Polly's brain.

"Whut dat man gwine do wid de place?"

she demanded.

"Come here to live."

"An' whut I gwine do?" There was a sharp ring of fearful expectancy in the woman's voice,

The man looked away.

"Well, Aunt Polly, we've been talking it over and we really don't see anything for you to do but—well—to go—to the county farm. You will be well cared for there," he added, with a show of cheerfulness which, to his honor be it said, he was far from feeling.

A grayish pallor, fearful to see in a negro,

crept over the old woman's face. She leaned forward, moving her hands convulsively, and said in an agonized whisper:

"In de name o' Gawd, master, does you mean—you don't mean—de po' house ?"

"Yes," he said reluctantly, "that's what I mean, Aunt Polly."

The poor old creature dropped her head into her hands with a groan.

"Lawd! Lawd! Lawd!" she whisper-

ed, " de po' house /"

The man explained to her very kindly and gently why it must be. She had no relatives or friends to care for her—she was getting old and couldn't do much for herself—certainly couldn't do it very long—and now that the little cabin must be given up there really was no place for her to go.

Aunt Polly listened with face turned away. Every word seemed like a nail driven into a coffin with herself inside. It was so much more horrible because it was all so true and reasonable. Only once did she interrupt.

"Ef I could jes' see Miss Marg'et!" she said, her poor old chin quivering pitifully.

But no, Miss Marg'et had been consulted



"AUNT POLLY GROANED AGAIN."
(See page 209.)

and thought with the rest, that it was the best that could be done. She had been, and was still very kind, but she couldn't be expected to undertake the care of an old woman eighty years old, who had no claim upon her—the judge explained.

"Sho' 'nough," said Aunt Polly, helplessly, feeling that the last nail was in now. "She's been mighty good to me, Miss Marg'et has, but she ain't my own folks,

like Miss Ma'."

"Liz will go with you—she would have gone long ago if it hadn't been for your taking her in—and you can take your own things," the visitor said, and then looking around felt the mockery of his words—there was so little to take. "The man will come with a wagon for you to-morrow, Aunt Polly, and you mustn't feel so about it," kindly, "it's what is liable to come upon all the old and helpless."

Aunt Polly made no answer.

"Nobody thinks any the less of you," he said. It was hard to find words to comfort her—they all sounded heartless or false. How could he tell her that just going to the poor-house wasn't much? He mentally cursed his imbecility in consenting to come upon this errand, and feeling the sight of her abject misery more intolerable every moment, rose to go.

Aunt Polly put out her hand to stop him

without looking up.

"Who gwine ten' to de graves?" she

asked, brokenly.

"The bodies will probably be removed," he said, "when the new owner comes."

Aunt Polly groaned again. The man flicked the mud from his boots nervously with his riding whip. He was sick of the whole miserable business and he cut it short,

man-like, by going.

Liz had sat in the corner during the whole conversation. She had but imperfectly understood, but she knew that Aunt Polly was mortally hurt. Never had she seen her like this before, and with a vague feeling that she must do something to help, somehow, she took the old broom and began on the hearth, looking furtively at Aunt Polly from time to time.

But Aunt Polly was beyond caring for the hearth, and with a faint sigh of disappointment Liz put the broom away—it must be pretty bad! Her whole weak mind stirred up now to the performance of neglected duties in the hope of helping Aunt Polly, she smoothed down the bed, put the chickens in the basket, wrapped the white cloth care-

fully around them, and then seeing the empty water pail that she was always neglecting, took it up and went out to the cistern. She made more noise than necessary in putting down the pail, but Aunt Polly did not hear, and Liz could stand the silence no longer.

"Aunt Polly," she said with her silly drawl, "doncher want a fraish drink?"

Aunt Polly shook her head.

Liz sighed again and went back to the table. The basket caught her eye. She seldom took any responsibility, but the case required something. She glanced again at the silent figure, then at the basket, and a relieved expression came into her vacant face.

"I'll git de hawg-meat," she whispered to herself triumphantly, "dat's whut I'll do—

I'll git de hawg-meat!"

Aunt Polly paid no attention to the shutting of the door, if indeed she heard it. A sense of her degradation had well-nigh paralyzed her. That she, whose life-long boast it had been that she had never been either bought or sold, but had been "bawn in de family," should end her days in the poorhouse, seemed more than she could bear. She said it over and over to herself until, so fast and so intensely do we live at such moments— it seemed that she had always known that somebody would come on just such a day as this and tell her that she was a It was more to her than it would pauper. have been to many a white person. All her life she had lived with this one family, who, in spite of decaying fortunes, had been looked up to in the simple community as belonging to the old-time aristocracy. She had held her head a little higher because she "b'longed to the Hendersons," and when there was little left of the Henderson greatness but the family pride, she had clung to that with a loyal tenacity which one, looking upon the two races simply as master and slave, would have failed to understand. She was one of the Henderson family-not just living with them—but one of them, and it was a bitter thought to her to-day that she was bringing dishonor on the family name.

It was a hard fight, poor old soul! and she fought it desperately before she gave it up. She thought of all possible and impossible plans, as we do when at bay. She would go to "Miss Marg'et"—"Miss Marg'et" would surely help her, but then she remembered with dismay that Miss Margaret, too,

had turned against her.

"May be dey'll let me have de hen-'ouse.

Lawd! I could fix up dat hen-'ouse mighty comfortable!" But she knew in a moment that if the cabin must go, the hen-house must, too.

A vague idea of getting some body to write to the new owner and tell him that Miss Ma' had said she was always to stay here came into her mind—but who would write for her? Not Miss Marg'et. It seemed to her now that they were all leagued against her, and that somehow she had been caught in the iron grasp of that fearful, powerful agency, the law.

"May be I could go out nussin'," she thought. "I'm mighty peart yit," and she stretched out one arm energetically. A twinge of rheumatism caught her. Her good sense, which was strong at eighty, told her that her "nussin'" days were over. "Yaas," she admitted reluctantly to herself, "dar's de rheumatiz'—an' I'm mighty ole

-Lawd! I'm mighty ole!"

Oh, it is a pitiful thing for any human soul, young or old, black or white, to stand beating impotently against the iron bars of Fate, to turn this way and that, and find no way of escape, to cry in the vehemence of its rebelliousness, "I cannot bear it! I cannot have it so!" and be brought at last, when spent and bleeding from the conflict, to echo Aunt Polly's despairing cry:

"It aint no use! I got it to stand!"

She seemed to have no place in the world. A sick longing for the old time protecting care came over her, for the hand that had always seemed so powerful to ward off every evil, the kindly hand that had never failed her in life. The fire had gone down—darkness had fallen upon the little cabin—but Aunt Polly was groping in the thicker darkness of friendless, homeless old age. Suddenly she stretched out both hands toward the graves.

"Miss Ma'," she whispered, brokenly, "Miss Ma', Miss Ma', dey gwine to take

me to de po-house!"

When Liz came in, she found her sitting as she had left her. The "ijit" shuffled about cheerfully, re-kindling the fire from the dying embers and piling on stumps with a prodigal hand until the blaze leaped and crackled and danced, lighting up every corner of the cabin and doing its best to comfort the forlorn old woman on the hearth. Finally, with a look of satisfied cunning on her vacant face, Liz took her basket to Aunt Polly's side, and laid her hand on her shoulder with a gentle shake.

"Aunt Polly," she said, "Aunt Polly,

hyeah's de hawg-meat."

Aunt Polly looked up with a momentary interest.

"Hit's mighty good," said Liz, volubly, pursuing this advantage, "dey ain't no great uv it, but Miss Marg'et 'low hit 'll be plenty ter last us."

Aunt Polly's head dropped into her hands again with a groan. Miss Margaret knew she was going, and was willing—Miss Margaret—her "own familiar friend in whom she trusted."

Poor Liz was at her row's end. She put away the meat, hardly knowing what had wrought this change when all seemed to be going so well. She sat down in the corner

almost ready to cry.

The fire had spent its first exuberance and settled down to a steady glow. As Liz sat looking at it with occasional uneasy glances at Aunt Polly, a new resolve possessed her soul. There was only one thing more to be tried, and she approached that with some re-She had gone with Aunt Polly to two funerals, and on both occasions when the distress was deepest, some one-once Aunt Polly herself—had struck up "How Firm a Foundation." No trouble had ever seemed so great to her as this of Aunt Polly's, and "How Firm a Foundation" certainly must be the right thing since Aunt Polly herself had thought so. Liz was but an indifferent singer, but the exigency of the case forbade false modesty, and clearing her voice and making one or two fresh starts on new keys, she at length launched forth, rather quaveringly, but hopefully:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word."

It was a favorite hymn with Aunt Polly. She had often sung it at "meetin'," funerals, and in the peaceful quiet of her own cabin with an abiding sense of security in its promises—but to-day—ah! to-day, the very foundations were gone from under her.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!" sang Liz.

"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid."

Aunt Polly stirred uneasily, impatiently. How could He? It was all settled. Liz's watchful eye caught the gesture and she considered it a good sign. With increasing confidence the cracked voice rose higher.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow."

"Dey clean over me now," thought Aunt Polly, bitterly. It was all such a mockery, those sweet promises that she had trusted so! Everything was slipping away from her—nothing was real but the horrible fact that to-morrow she was going to the poor-house.

"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Ah! that was it! She didn't want this trouble sanctified to her, she wanted it removed. She wanted somebody to come to her and say, "It's all a joke, Aunt Polly, a cruel, ghastly joke, you don't have to go, you can stay right here until you die." She couldn't go, her whole soul rose up in rebellion against it; she felt hunted down, stifled by Liz's monotonous tone, every body was in league against her, and where was God? Why didn't He do something?

All unconscious of the storm of doubt and fierce scorn that her words had raised, Liz sang triumphantly as she had heard Aunt

Polly sing:

"That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.

I'll never-no, never-no, never forsake."

It was more than Aunt Polly's tried soul could bear.

"Liz," she said, harshly, "shet up! I b'lieve in my soul you is a ijit—a plumb ijit—a sittin' dar, singin', 'How firm a foundation', an' us gwine to de po'-house to-morrer! Go'long to baid!" And Liz, wholly

discomfited, obeyed.

When Aunt Polly awoke the next morning it was with the bewildered sense of something wrong, with the dull ache that we have in the gray dawn before returning consciousness brings it all back to us and makes it a sharp pain. As the events of yesterday came back to her and the dread of to-day forced itself upon her, the old woman drew the covers around her with a despairing longing to go to sleep never to wake again.

But there were things to be done, thank God! at such times there are always things to be done! and Aunt Polly and Liz were soon about their accustomed tasks. The clothes were to be washed and ironed, and put into the boxes, the little last things were to be

done, and so the day wore on. Aunt Polly did not know when to expect the man for them, but felt that she must be in readiness.

It was nearly night; the bed was taken down, and the pins and bed-wrench safely put away in a box ready for the journey; the feather-bed was tied up with the bed-cord, and the little boxes which held their personal belongings, were both packed and ready. The cabin, even the hearth was scrupulously swept, and when there was nothing more to do the two women sat down and waited. They had not long to wait. A noise drew Liz to the window.

"Hyeah's de maan," she said.

Aunt Polly threw her apron over her head with a gasp, and dropped her face into her hands, but only for a moment, then she went to the door.

A heavily-whiskered man with not a bad face, as Aunt Polly had somehow expected, stood before her. He raised his hat politely.

"Is this Aunt Polly Henderson?"

"Yes, suh," said Aunt Polly, with ceremonious dignity, "dat's my entitlement. My ole man's name wuz Jinnals, Uncle Joe Jinnals, but I alluz b'longed to de Henderson fam'ly, an' dey mos'ly calls me Aunt Polly Henderson."

The man looked around curiously, and then took a step toward the fire. It was blazing grandly with its bountiful supply of stumps which, alas! did not now need to be economized. He stood a moment with his hands stretched out to the cheerful blaze and then took the proffered chair in the corner.

"It's a core day, Aunt Polly," he said.

"Yes, suh," said Aunt Polly, much mollified by his polite manner.

"Won't you draw up to de fire?"

The man drew up close to the corner and stretched his long legs across the hearth.

"This fireplace looks like an old stager, Aunt Polly," he remarked, looking at the crane pushed to one side.

"Yes, suh, hit wuz built better'n forty years ago, w'en we fust came to de place."

"And you've lived with the Hendersons a good while, have you?"

"All my life, suh. I was bawn in de fam'ly. An' Miss Marg'et, she say I mus' be nigh on to eighty now. Miss Ma' did have it writ down somewhar, but I los' de reck'nin' arter she died."

The man drew back into the shadow a

"How long has she been dead?" he asked.

"Hit must be nigh twenty years," she said, reflectively, "hit wuz jes' fo' de wah closed."

"And you are the only one of the family

"I'm de onlies' one," said Aunt Polly.

"Wasn't there a boy?" asked the man,

eyeing her closely.

Aunt Polly looked at him with sudden suspicion. Why did he ask so many questions? Then the situation pressed upon her. He was the poor-house keeper. He

had a right to ask.

"Yes, suh," she said, "dey wuz a boy, Marse Tom—he jine Price's army at de breakin' out uv de wah, an' he say w'en he start off: 'Mother, you may look for me back in six months—we'll whip de Yankees in six months,' he say—but bless de Lawd! he ain't never come back yit, and Miss Ma' alookin' an' awaitin' fur 'im tell she die. A-h-h, Lawd!" and the old woman sighed at the thought of the weary waiting it had been.

"And the young scamp never came back."

Aunt Polly sat up very straight.

"Who you mean? Marse Tom?"

But the flash was only momentary—it was hard to keep up the family dignity to-day.

"No, suh, he nuver come back. Dey hyeahed he wuz killed down on de Arkansas line, an' it look like Miss Ma' kinder pine away arter dat, look like she didn' have no mo' sperrit lef—she wuz allus mighty fond uv Marse Tom, and den he wuz de onlies' one she had lef' arter the Colonel an' Miss Mattie died."

"And Miss Mattie died, too, did she?" with some show of interest in the story.

"Yes, suh, Miss Mattie died de nex" summer arter Marse Tom went away. Her grave's out dar in de gyarden by der side of Miss Ma's. Look like everything go to rack arter Marse Tom jine de army. Dey warn't nobody hyeah but Miss Ma' an' Miss Mattie an' me, an' it's mighty hard fur jes' women folks to keep up a place. Dem wuz mighty sad times, I tell yer. Look like Miss Ma's heart done bruk w'en Miss Mattie die, but she keep a sayin', 'I mus' keep up, Polly, tell Tom comes-Tom mus'n't come home an' fin' nobody hyeah'—dat's what she'd say w'en she'd be talkin' to me in de night w'en she couldn't sleep. Arter Miss Mattie tuk sick I alluz. tuk my bed clo'es an' sleep in Miss Ma's room on de flo', handy ef any thing was a needin', an' arter de chile die, Miss Ma' she felt kinder lonesome, an' I jes' slep' dar every night tell de house burnt.

"Oh, de house? Ain't you nuver hyeahed bout de house burnin'? Well, dat 'uz some sev'al years arter Miss Mattie died—I disremember jes' how long—but Miss Ma' had bin mighty po'ly fur a long time, not to say sick, but jes' p'oly, an' gittin' weaker every day, I could see dat, jes' w'arin' herse'f out grievin' fur Marse Tom, an' one night we wuz layin' dar jes' ez usual—her in the baid an' me on de flo'—w'en all at onct we hyeahed folks hollerin', 'fire! fire! fire!' an' bless de Lawd! 'twuz our house whut wuz on fire.

"Dey tried to save it, but 'twarn't no use. Dey jes' had time to git Miss Ma' outer de baid, an' wrop a blanket roun' 'er, an' tote 'er out to de cabin hyeah an' put 'er down in my baid w'en de roof cave in, an' dey didn' save nothin'. Dey want Miss Ma' to go ter some er de white folkses in town—dey say 'twarn't fittin' fur 'er to stay hyeah, but suh, Miss Ma' she say she gwine ter stay hyeah, tell she die, an' she gwine ter be buried right hyeah in de gyarden by Miss Mattie—dat's whut she tell 'um."

Aunt Polly had forgotten her present trouble. She was living over again the sorrow of that day when her best earthly

friend died.

"She didn't have long to stay, po' lamb, she nuver got over dat shock. In less'n a week she call me to 'er one night, an' she say, 'Polly, I'm goin' now'—she say—' but you must stay hyeah an' keep de place ready fur Tom ef he comes.' Miss Ma' nuver b'lieved Marse Tom was dead. Den I say, 'Miss Ma,' Miss Ma', whut ole Polly gwine do without you?'

"An I aint nuver forgit whut Miss Ma', say—it holp me a heap 'er times sence den. She put 'er arms roun' my ole black neck

an' she say:

"'Polly, Polly, you've been a faithful friend to me, an' Gawd will take care of you, somehow."

The poor old creature stopped in her

story, and swayed back and forth.

"O Lawd!" O Lawd!" she said brokenly, "to think dat I'm gwine to de po'house at last!"

"The poor-house!" echoed the man. "Who's going to the poor-house?"

Aunt Polly looked up with a bewildered expression.

"Aint you de po'-house keeper?" she demanded, bending forward with bated breath

"The poor-house keeper? 1? No!" shouted the man.



"AUNT POLLY SAT, SMOKING HER PIPE IN BLISSFUL CONTENT."

The old woman rose and took a step toward him.

"Master," she said, "Master, fer de love ov Gawd don't fool me now—ain't I gwine to de po'-house?"

"No," he said, rising too, "no, you are not going to the poor-house; you are going to stay right here till you die.

Then, with a trick of his boyhood, he put his hand on her shoulders and said. looking at her wistfully:

"Mammy, Mammy, don't you know me?"

The old woman dropped to the floor, her strength all gone; but her feeble arms caught him around the knees.

"O my blessed Savior!" she said, "hit's Marse Tom come home at last!"

That night, after all the explanations were over and all the happy arrangements made for Aunt Polly to stay in the little cabin and be "Mammy" to Marse Tom's children who were coming when the house was re-built; after the wagon at the door had given up its load of bundles and baskets and the poorhouse keeper, who did come, had been sent back without his passengers; after all this, and Marse Tom had taken himself off to the ho-

tel, Aunt Polly sat in the chimney-corner, smoking her pipe in blissful content. Not so Liz.

All day a resentful fire had smouldered in Liz's breast. Now it burst forth.

"Aunt Polly," she whined, "whut made you call me a ijit?"

Aunt Polly, recalled from her happy thoughts by the plaint, put down her pipe and asked kindly: "Why, honey, did I call you a ijit?"

"Yes'm, you did," whimpered Liz. "You called me a plumb ijit."

"Whut wuz you doin' when I call you dat name?" demanded Aunt Polly.

"I wuz jes' singin', 'How Firm A Foundation,'" said Liz, rebelliously.

Aunt Polly stooped over and caught up a coal from the hearth, poised it deftly in her hands and landed it safely in the pipe. She gave two or three deliberate whiffs and then, taking the pipe from her mouth, looked at Liz.

"An' I call you a ijit fur singin' 'How Firm A Foundation?' Humph! Well, honey, don't you pester yo'se'f 'bout dat no mo'. You've got sense—plenty er sense—a heap more'n Aunt Polly!"

And Liz, too, was content.

Caroline H. Stanley.



MY SHRINE.
(See page 215.)

MY SHRINE.

Flushed warmth within; without, white cold;

In library-chamber vast and old,
I, basking in the fragrant red
By logs of birch and cedar fed,—
So still the night,—heard, toll on toll,
The distant belfry call to soul
Belated, or distraught with sin,
To pray the holy Christmas in.

From carven mantel, grim and brown, The Virgin and her Son looked down; At right and left knelt martyr-saint; Tulips and roses, fashioned quaint, Bloomed at their feet, and cherubs' eyes Surveyed them with a glad surprise.

Was 't midnight-bell
That wrought the spell,
Or incensed glow,
That, flickering slow,
Showed graven shapes instinct with life?
While, breaking forth in tuneful strife,
Like fall of streams and hymn of birds,
Weird music throbbed and soared in
words;—

(The while the far-off rhythmic beat
Of towered bell chimed low and sweet,)
The story of the ages grew,—
Tales of the tempted and the true;
Of vanquished Self and Vice withstood,
And Evil beaten down by Good;
How saints had lived; how martyrs died
By sword and rack and scourge and tide;
Had found in dungeon trysting-place,
And clasped the stake in rapt embrace.

And evermore,
And o'er and o'er,
Angelic tongues
Blended the songs,
Harmonious billows of one sea,—
"This have we done, dear Christ, for

"This have we done, dear Christ, for THEE!"

Now, far and faint, now, near and clear,—
"All hail to Thee! O Christ most dear!"
The bell made answer.

Straight and strange, On chime and voicings fell a change, From age-browned oak on me were bent Regards of griefful wonderment.

"And thou? and thou?
Art silent now?
For sun and showers,
For fruit and flowers,
For watch and ward by night and day;
For dangers 'scaped in darksome way;
For hourly grace and passion reined;
Foes reconciled and friends retained;
For ransom paid and debt forgiven;
For love and life and hope of heaven,—
Hast thou no meed of praise to bring?"
"And thou? And thou?" The voiced

Still calls my humbled soul to prayer, While flares and falls the perfumed glare On carvéd saint and Child divine.— To me, this Christmas-tide, a Shrine!

Sara Webb Vilas.



A GLIMPSE OF THE PERSIAN BAZAARS.



N the Gospel of St. Matthew we find the words of Christ. "But whereunto shall I liken this generation? Τt is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, 'we have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.' In St. Luke's Gospel, market place is used instead of markets. We prefer the version in the first Gospel, because it is evidently more in accordance with Oriental customs.

In a European city there may be a market place, but in the East the bazaars, which are in the centre of the city, consist of a cluster of markets, in each of which a different class of goods is sold, but all these markets are united by a labyrinth of streets, the whole forming the business quarter, while around it are the residences and gardens. It is easy to see how this system grew up as a matter of convenience in walled cities and in warm climates. The bazaars are, as it were, the hub of the city from which radiate the thoroughfares leading to the residences. Where the people live is the repose and stillness we always associate with Oriental On the other hand, it is in the bazaars that we find the traders and the artisans who maintain the pulse of the heart of the East, and explain the cause which keeps it alive when one might imagine it to be in a dying or dead condition. Hence there is no spot in an eastern town, which better deserves the attention of the traveler, or can more fully repay one who seeks to learn the character and customs of Asia. There is no

reason to doubt, from what we know of Oriental past and present, and the slowness of changes among them, that the markets to which the Savior alluded were identical with the bazaars one may now see in Cairo,

in Constantinople, or in Teheran.

The bazaars may be imagined as an immense labyrinth of narrow, winding streets, roofed over to protect the shoppers from sun and rain. In the tiled roof are openings at intervals for light and ventilation. There are no sidewalks, and as trains of camels, mules and donkeys bearing heavy loads have unrestricted passage as well as sturdy porters, laden almost as heavily as the animals, pedestrians must keep a sharp lookout not to be trodden under foot, or have their brains dashed out. Their only resource is to flatten themselves against the walls. If the animals are carrying long planks or timbers, that sweep the entire street, those in the way must beat a hasty retreat into some

bakery or drygoods shop.

Mounted cavaliers, or grandees, attended by numerous outriders, produce general consternation when moving pompously through Every one darts quickly out the bazaars. of the way of the mettlesome steeds, which seem to take special pleasure in showing off when half a hundred women and children are almost under their heels. ferauches who clear the way for the great man show mercy to no one. Be it dog or donkey, man or woman that comes within the reach of their corbash, or whip, it descends on all alike. Amusing scenes often occur, and some that are pitiful as well, when some one gets hit or knocked down. Veiled women with shrieks of laughter or cries of pain, fly hither and thither, trying to keep the mantle over their faces, in all their hurry, and the yelp of curs mingles with the metallic ring of the Arabian steed when his iron shoe strikes fire from the Add to this scene embroidpavement. ered costumes and housings of brilliant colors, jeweled weapons, men of haughty mien, Nubian slaves, and the varied paraphernalia of the surrounding booths, grouped in the demi-twilight of a bazaar on a warm afternoon in June, and you have a picture offering the chromatic glow and variety of a Veronese tempered by the low, rich, imaginative tone of a Rembrandt to which two centuries have added indescribable depth.

Why such scenes have not been oftener painted has always been a mystery to me.

Not the least interesting portion of the bazaars are the occasional openings or squares shaded by venerable plane trees. Nothing could possibly be more picturesque. Around the square are open booths, generally filled with fruits and vegetables arranged in masses to produce brilliant color effects. Here and there is a group of horses or camels, whose drivers are lying on the ground smoking or sleeping. In another corner, perhaps, is a pack of street dogs, engaged in the various pursuits which relieve the monotony of canine life in the far East, such as searching for fleas, and "such small deer," fighting over a bone, or sleeping. tree a vender of sherbet is surrounded by a group of small boys, as irrepressible there as with us. Or a hawker of pilaff, the national dish of rice, has an immense kettle full of the toothsome dish, steaming hot and savory. From all quarters shopkeepers come to him with dishes, which he fills by the aid of a large wooden ladle. In another corner, perhaps, an itinerant musician is thrumming on his guitar, and singing love ditties, or reciting strophes from Firdousee, and surrounded by idlers of all sexes and ages, listen-



ing with rapt attention. Across the open space men may be seen constantly passing, bearing lighted narghilés or water-pipes, and tiny cups of aromatic coffee on carved disks of brass for the shopkeepers in the neighborhood. In the tree-tops, or on a neighboring roof, the long-legged, white-winged stork solemnly stands on one leg and surveys the scene, or beats its slender bill with a long, sharp drumming, while doves of all colors flutter down, and strut and coo on the

ground as unconcernedly as if no one was there but their little graceful selves.

But hark! it is the hour of noon, and from the neighboring minaret sounds the sonorous voice of the Muezzin, chanting: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet; come to prayer." Then one may see men leave their work, and, without regard to what is going on around them, spread their prayer-rugs and kneel in silent



worship, bending their foreheads to the ground, or standing and looking devoutly toward Mecca, while their moving lips show that they are pronouncing the sacred formulas of their creed. Take it all in all, such a scene as this in the open squares of the bazaars suggests more of Oriental life to the poet, the artist, and the philosopher, than anything else I know of in Oriental lands.

So far we have seen only incidental features of a bazaar. But as a bazaar is a mart of trade, we have yet to examine the shops and booths where the goods of the "gorgeous East" are made, and bought and sold. In Asia, embroideries, and generally rugs, are made by the women at home, and cloth stuffs in hand-looms near a stream, in order to have water for cleaning and dyeing. But almost every other article of Oriental manufacture is produced in the bazaars. There are no regular factories, excepting a very few started in Turkey or India by Euro-All products are hand-made, wrought in open shops, in the bazaars. Thus an Oriental market is at once a place of manufactory and a place of sale.

As we approach the brass and copper bazaars, we are saluted by the ring and din of beating hammers. Braziers and kettles, horse-shoes and sword-blades are being beaten into shape, and half-naked artificers may be seen in the dusky light, toiling like Vulcan, and displaying brawny arms and chests reddened sometimes by the flame of their forges. The metal work of the East is famous; labor is cheap, and the artificer takes a positive enjoyment in loading the articles he produces with elegant chasings, and elaborate patterns which are never produced twice exactly alike. The most humble utensil has in it the element of beauty, be it a simple ewer and washbasin, an ordinary milk-can or any other humble domestic article. The wealth of decoration lavished on more costly objects can better be imagined than described.

Turning a corner in the dark street, we come, perhaps, to the carpenters' bazaar, where all manner of joinery work is executed. We know where it is before it is reached, by the fragrant, aromatic woody odors that load the air, the scent of pitch, pine and cedar, sandal-wood and cypress; one half imagines himself to be in a forest on a summer day, when the heat draws out the pungent odor of pines.

A Yankee lad of an inventive turn, who has learned to handle the handsome tools he has received in order to give occupation to his leisure hours, would be amused to see the rude implements with which a Persian carpenter works. He has no hatchet, but only an adze which must be handled with care lest it cut flesh as well as wood. planes are small and narrow, and his saws are of uniform width from end to end, and cut when drawn, rather than when pushed away. If the carpenter desires to use saw or plane, he often squats on the ground and holds the plank between his bare toes. Orientals excel in hand-carving, but on account of the tools they use, are less successful in joinery.

Again our nostrils are saluted,—this time by the smell of leather, and we enter the shoe bazaar. This is one of the most curious and attractive quarters of the market, for the various articles dangle on strings before the booths, and festoon the sides of the shop. As Orientals employ vivid scarlet, yellow and russet colors as well as black, for their shoes, slippers, and saddles, and as the two latter are quite likely to be heavily trimmed with gold thread, tinsel or spangles, the chromatic effect of the shoe-bazaar is exceedingly brilliant.

A few doors from here, following all the time the windings of this net-work of dark streets, and moving slowly through a dense throng, engaged either in shopping or passing from one part of the city to another under

cover, we come to a confectioner's. He offers every variety of Oriental sweets, rose-jellies, marmalades, nougat, rabat-el-lokoom-amouthful-of-comfort, which we call by the absurd name of fig-paste, there being no fig in it -and other toothsome dainties. Let us stop A species of rice-marmahere a moment. lade sprinkled with rose-scented sugar-water is much esteemed there, and is not bad as a relish, preparatory to the kebabs and pilaff we propose to take in a neighboring restaurant, where we sit on rush-bottomed stools by a low table, with no floor under us but the well beaten earth. But the kebabs are exceedingly savory, and as I write about them, I would give a great deal to be back again in the East, eating kebabs and pilaff. The latter is the native dish of rice, cooked and seasoned in a way that has yet defied the cooks of the world, for only in eastern countries is that vegetable made palatable. The kebabs are seasoned titbits of lamb broiled on a skewer and served piping hot. These dishes are eaten with the aid of unleavened bread, called saiyiâk, that is about the shape and thickness of a side of leather. It must be eaten fresh and warm, when it is very good. A simple meal is finished with a tiny cup of black coffee, thick and sweet as a syrup, but wonderfully aromatic. A narghilé or water-pipe follows, and then we saunter forth again.

A few steps beyond we come to the spice-bazaar, as it is called. This is the market where all manner of drugs, spices, gums and colors are sold, the latter in the powder. Frankincense and myrrh, rhubarb, cinnamon, gum tragacanth, yellow ochre, and the like are found there, while the air is heavy with the thick odor of endless drugs. There is a quaint, old-time effect about this bazaar that almost leads one to expect to jostle against Paracelsus, or the Little Man in Black.

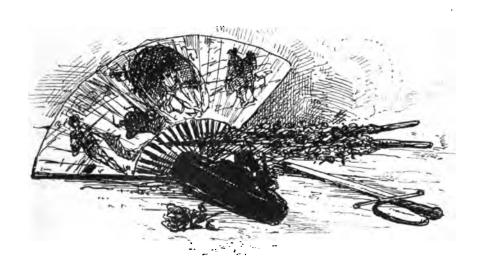
Now we come to another opening and hear the splashing of a fountain under the shade of a cluster of mulberries, where a group of sumpter mules are slacking their thirst. We cross to the other side of the little square, and leaving again the patch of blue sky overhead, we enter the jewelers' bazaar, where silversmiths and goldsmiths are engaged in making and selling ornaments What especially in the precious metals. attracts one there is the superb filigree work. Thence we pass the cloth bazaar where one may easily spend many hours, bewildered by the originality and beauty of the woven stuffs and embroideries, and the elaborate-

ness and artistic taste of the patterns dis-The East has always been famous for its needlework, its crape, cashmere and camel's hair shawls, its portieres of Resent and Kerman, its silks of Brusa and Damascus, the textile stuffs of Turkestan and Ispahan, and innumerable other articles dainty in execution, or glowing in splendor, showing the deft hand and eye of taste which the West admires, but cannot always equal. you desire to purchase any of these tempting wares, you must be supplied with abundant time, for hours may be consumed before a bargain is completed with the cunning dealer. His principle is to get what he can, and strike an average at the end of the year.

We have only been through a portion of the bazaars; many others exist of not less interest, but this may suffice, perhaps, for an afternoon's walk. One circumstance, however, is worth remarking before we leave the

bazaars, that widely separates them from our marts of trade. Nowhere is a woman to be seen engaged in manufacturing, or selling articles, or employed in any capacity whatever in public. What women we see in the bazaars are, without exception, either purchasers, or strolling abroad for a promenade. The wives of the Shah not only may not shop, but they can never even ride through the bazaars except when the shops are closed. Hence, when they are to pass that way, criers run through the markets an hour in advance, commanding every shop to be closed, and every one of the masculine persuasion to abandon at once the quarters through which the women propose to ride. The lash of the ferauches, the spear of the guards are ready for any one so unlucky or imprudent as not to heed the mandate before the arrival of the royal ladies.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER V.



ES, my dear, the most picturesque creature I ever beheld! Positively the most picturesque! One of the bright and beauteous beings who are sent into this

prosaic world for the express purpose of making pictures and studies of themselves for the delight of other people. And so charmingly unspoiled, so unconscious of the effects she is offering for our admiration!"

Thus Clara Morgan's newly-found cousin, from the lounge on which she reclined in Cleopatra-Skewton state. She was a bulky Cleopatra—a Skewton who needed neither rouge nor rose-colored curtains to heighten her complexion. Her cheeks bloomed to-day like the bowl of Mackinac poppies upon the stand at her elbow.

Mrs. Manly's parlor was a corner-room on the first floor of the hotel. Her bed-room adjoined it. By seven o'clock A. M., the promenaders began operations upon the veranda outside, and kept it up until midnight. Mrs. Manly's peculiar type of ner-vous disorder did not interfere with her enjoyment of social bustle. She said the incessant play of heels and toes upon the resounding boards lulled her to sleep by reminding her of the rain upon the roof. In youth she had been a beauty. Her face, but for the high coloring, was handsome still. She was kind-hearted; she was rich; she was liberal; she had one single daughter, and one married in Chicago; a son in San Francisco, and an indulgent husband in Grand Rapids, making money by the hundred thousand in the furniture business, while his family were taking their costly ease at watering-places.

The doctors did not diagnose Mrs. Manly's disease with definiteness, for reasons best known to the profession. It had something to do with the spleen, a great deal to do with the spine, and was mixed up with her circulation. She spoke of it as her "Idiosyncrasy." When she took an airing, she was wheeled in an invalid chair to her

low-hung, well-padded carriage. She ate what she liked, and saw whom she pleased, and she pleased to see so many that the corner-room received the pseudonym of "General Intelligence Agency." When not receiving, she nibbled voraciously at a stack of novels, portly, and with plenty of color in them. like herself.

The cordial ring of her welcome to her cousin's child partially condoned to Clara for its effusiveness. Her phraseology was as florid as her complexion, and until Clara saw upon what terms of affectionate familiarity she was with "the best people" of all sections, she was inclined to chide Fate for bringing the occult relationship to light. It could not have remained unknown long after the same roof covered both. Mrs. Manly's genealogical memory was a terror to freshly-finished first families; her imagination was still more vigorous. Given tibia, fibulæ, or a vertebral joint, and she could construct a skeleton-pedigree, then endue it with tendons and tissues warranted to fit. Unless imposed upon, or led off upon a wrong scent, she leaned to mercy's side in investigation and composition, being, as I have said, kind of heart and benevolent in intention. If her auditors knew those whom she held up as diamonds to be Rhine stones, they appreciated her loyalty to her friends, and did not contradict her.

She lay among her cushions now, the soft silk draperies of gown and coverlet falling upon the floor, and expatiated upon the tableau framed in her window. It was the fifth day after the Morgans' arrival, and Clara had offered to spend the hour immediately preceding luncheon with the invalid. Her work-bag and doyleys came with her.

The framed picture was Mrs. Gillette in her easy-chair, and her daughter, who sat so close to her that the low tone in which she read aloud did not encroach upon the rights of others' speech, yet conveyed every word to The sweet old face was her mother's ear. placed and attentive: the beautiful hands were busy with ivory needles and Saxony Karen's wide-brimmed hat lay by her on the piazza-floor. Her skin did not burn or tan, and her eyes were like an eagle's in strength. A silvery-gray morning had kept on the veil usually cast smilingly aside at the sun's approach. The day was still; a brooding calm that did not threaten; the air, which no degree of midsummer heat can make enervating, scarcely stirred the lace lappets of the mother's cap, and did not flutter the leaves as Karen turned them.

"A genre picture!" said Mrs. Manly in rapt appreciation. "Exquisite and inimitable! And to think that these valued friends of your delightful husband's should be those selected by me—and Providence, of course —as the guardians and exemplars of my darling girl, my wilding forest-maid! She fell passionately, madly in love with Mrs. Dumaresque at sight. I should have left Mackinac, which agrees with me as no other place upon the globe's circumference does, to save my child, had the object of her adoration proved unworthy, she is such a stanch friend. But Fate is ever kind to Except, perhaps, in the matter of my Idiosyncrasy, which I accept as an Inevitable, the shadow that throws my blessings into stronger relief."

With all her absurdities, she was a good woman whose patience approximated heroism. The perception of this mellowed what would have been genteel acrimony in

Clara's tone.

"Have you known Mrs. Gillette and

Mrs. Dumaresque long?"

"Never laid eyes upon them until this summer, my dear, greatly to my regret and loss. My friend Mrs. Norris, who was here earlier in the season—such a queenly woman! introduced them to me as her dear and cherished friends. They traveled on the Continent together for six months two years ago, and have been intimate ever since."

"Was Captain Dumaresque with them?"
"My child, no! He had been dead for years. He lived only a few months after their marriage—sweet, suffering angel! It is well her mother is wealthy, for army pensions are disgracefully small, and she was born to 'walk in silk attire.' Nothing of the calico-and-cheese-cloth comeliness about her!"

"Since she is so charming and still young, she is tolerably sure to marry again. She has discarded her weeds, too. That looks as if she were not averse to proposals."

"My love! she was romantically attached to her soldier-lover! With that heart and fervid temperament, how could it be otherwise? And the army such a temptation to an imaginative girl! He was an Adonis, too, Ive heard. I couldn't resist the temptation to say to Mr. Romeyn the first day that Cap-

tain and Mrs. Dale called upon me, what an Irresistible the uniform makes of a man. *That* lover's impassiveness tries my soul. Rich, independent, traveled, well-born and well-educated, he has no right to be single at thirty-eight. I wish I had known then, that Mrs. Dumaresque's first was in the army. I could have barbed the lance more cunningly."

"You have heard it since, then?"

"In a singular, a most fortuitious way, my dear girl! My little Gem—always hovering around her idol, like a humming-bird around a stately rose-bush-recollected when the party broke up the night of your first appearance among us, that she had Mrs. Dumaresque's fan on her arm, and ran up to her room to restore it. The halls were noisy with people going back and forth, and her first modest tap was unheard. While she waited outside, she heard, through the transom, Mrs. Gillette, who was moving about the room, say, "You were not quite yourself this evening, dear," and the poor young widow answered-"It was the sight of Captain Dale's uniform, I think, Mamma!" At that, Gem, conscience-smitten at her involuntary eaves-dropping, knocked again and this time, loudly enough to arrest attention. Down she comes to me in tears of sympathy for her darling's grief, and distress lest she had been dishonorable. I understood at once, that he had been a Captain in the I comprehended, too, how she had withstood Mr. Romeyn's money and devotion and family, he not having an atom of dash about him, not to mention that the blue coat, brass buttons and shoulder-straps go a long way, even with sensible people.

Mrs. Dumaresque did not look the disconsolate widow that afternoon, as she stepped into the trim boat engaged for a row around the Island by what naughty Gem had, in her talk with Karen and Clara, dubbed, "The Ubiquities"—Messrs. Ro-

meyn and Gates.

The latter, a rich man's only heir, was profuse in costumes. He appeared to-day in a striped blue-and-white silk shirt, girt about the waist with a scarlet scarf, white trowsers of naval cut, that sloped nattily over the instep of canvas shoes with rubber soles. His cap matched his shirt, and his fair skin, through much out-door life, was rapidly achieving a perfect match for his scarf. His teeth were even, and startlingly white when he smiled, by contrast with his sanguine complexion. His eyes were blue, his close curls almost flaxen. His laugh was a bub-

bling run of mirth, and irresistibly contagious; his talk and manner proclaimed him to be an Anglomaniac of a pronounced, but innocuous type. He had a cleft chin, and when he chose, a peculiarly ingenuous and engaging expression, - "Raphaelesque and cherubic!" Mrs. Manly affirmed.

Mr. Romeyn, in a rough Tweed suit, with no nautical pretence about it, had a saturnine cast of visage beside the red-andwhite cherub. He had been Bertie Gates's guardian for the five years directly antedating his majority. It spoke well for both

that they were still fast friends.

Emmett was the handsomest of the three men, in his well-appointed yachting-suit of gray, the collar turned over a blue cravat. Mrs. Dumaresque sat in the bows; Mrs. Morgan in the stern; Gem, upon the bench with Bertie, pulled, with her supple wrist and embrowned hands, as good an oar as he.

"And, in my prime, I was stroke-oar of the 'Varsity crew," he said, sighingly.

"I thought the lightest weight was always coxswain," retorted Gem, quietly.

Bertie laughed, and in so doing, looked so

infantile as to disarm persecution.

"I say," he drawled, her remark rolling from his harmless vanity as the water from the polished shaft of his oar,—" why don't you take boxing lessons? I know a jolly Bosston gyurl who is a ca-apital boxer-don't you know? Wrists no bigger than yours, you know,—all Damascus steel, covered with satin, for looks' sake, you know. Nice shade of satin, too, be Ja-ave! Well, she met a tra-amp, one morning. Bosston gyurls given to long walks, you know-fresh-air gymnastics, and all that—don't you know? Fellow offered to see her home. Awfully lonely la-ane. She ordered the brute to get out of the road, you know, and when he swore at her, she let fly straight from the shoulder,—caught him a clip right back of his ear, and dropped him, be Ja-ave!"

"Killed him?" asked Gem, interested,

but not shocked.

"No-o! but knocked him so far out of ti-ime that she tied his ha-ands and feet with her waist-ribbon, in awfully hard knots don't you know? and left him to recover at

"A Grand Rapids gyurl who had taken boxing-lessons, would have rolled him into a ditch, and put a big stone on him—don't you know?" rejoined Gem, in audacious travesty of his manner and accent. wouldn't have wasted a sash-ribbon upon him. I suppose your Bosston gyurl wouldn't miss

the chance of setting a touch of æsthetic 'cultuah' upon the feat—you know."

"Mrs. Morgan!" said Karen, from her "What do you consider end of the boat. the most reasonable explanation of the color

of Niagara and the upper lakes?"

She never checked her giddy charge openly, yet invariably interposed a tactful diversion of ideas and topics at the critical moment when girlish spirits tempted Gem to indiscretion.

"Niagara gives the key-note," she resumed contemplatively, when Clara had offered the hypotheses laid down in school-books, and the others had discussed them. "Each lake takes up the theme, with variations of its There is a series of chromatic scales

between us and the shore.

The simile was apt. The sun, breaking through the silvery vapors, glanced aslant upon pebbly shoals and shingly bottom. The rising wind whipped into foamy fringe the edges of the waves running up the bank. Shaded bands of emerald were lightest above the shallows, most vivid upon the ridges that, chasing one another at the sides and behind the boat, stretched out to sea, deepening into berylline belts where cloud-shadows fell. The precipitous heights were faced with pointed hemlocks, straining heavenward in serried masses, peak above peak. Upon the summits the rounded heads of contented white cedars were interspersed and backed by the red roofs of summer cottages; from the gable of one, a flag showed pale stars and ruddy stripes, fitfully. In the face of a sheer cliff that lifted a bald forehead above spires of hemlock and blackish-green balsam, yawned a huge mouth.

"The Devil's Kitchen—don't you know?" Bertie said, agreeably, to Mrs. Morgan. "Queer thing ha-appened there, the other day. Party of three fellows of us landed and cli-imbed up the ladder you know. And in what you might call the pla-atewarmer, don't you know? we found a visit-Cincinnati fellow's name ening-card. graved on it, you know, and on the back in pencil: - 'To His Satanic Majesty. Called to pay my respects. Sorry to find you out. See you later.' Awfully droll! wasn't it?"

He laughed his happy laugh, and showed his dazzling teeth as artlessly as if Gem were

his interlocutor.

Clara's semi-smile was icy. Had he been conscious of possible offence, he might have likened it to sherbet over-frozen. laughed a ringing peal.

"Not that I think it witty in the irrever-

ent Cincinnati man, you know, or that I am not shocked at your telling the story. But a very little upsets one's gravity when she is boating. I am as light-headed as a cork."

"Light-hearted, you mean, dear," said Karen, kindly. "After a certain age, one ceases to sneer at the blessedness of the time when a straw tickles, and a rattle pleases. It is the old story of the Sibyl leaves. The price of pure, innocent pleasure increases frightfully after one passes thirty."

"Is hearsay-evidence admissible?"

Mr. Romeyn turned his head, and lifted his hat in saying it. Mrs. Dumaresque seemed unaware that a compliment was implied. She looked past them all to the watery horizon.

"I have a right to speak," she said, slowly. "I was thirty-four years old yester-

day."

CHAPTER VI.

Nigh forty years have passed away,
The sailors on the Island say,
Since the wreck of the Julia Dean.
Caught near the land some miles below,
She foundered in the fiercest blow
The Straits have ever seen.

A howling wind, a clouded sky,
A shallow sea, waves running high,
With island on the lee,—
This briefly is the tale they tell;
The crew and captain labored well,
But could not set her free,

In summer days the south winds blow,
And wave and ripple come and go,
Lapping her rugged keel;
As if in sorrow for their rage,
They seek all vainly to assuage
The old ship for its ill.

All summer long the wild birds sing,
As 'neath the wave they dip their wing,
And shining plumage preen.
Above the cliff the pine-trees bend,
And their sweet odors seaward send,
Over the Julia Dean.

Sweet requiem this, of Island green, Meet requiem for the Julia Dean, Down by the circling shore. Winds and waves forever heard, Murmuring trees and song of bird Blending forevermore.*

Karen Dumaresque recited the simple lines in tones that took their murmurous *By Major D. W. Whittle, 1887.

pathos from the wind in the balsam forest crowding down the steep to the loose sand and drift in which the skeleton of the wreck was embedded. Her ribs, gaunt and gray, lay half in, half out of the water. Great bolts of iron rusted in her joints; tongues of foam lazily licked the bones of the dead vessel. As the boat approached, two crows flew from a projecting timber, cawing hoarsely. The ceaseless surge of the breeze in the evergreens had responded for fifty years to the purr and lap of the billow.

Beaching the boat a rod or so away, the party had landed for closer inspection.

"I came alone at my first visit," Karen said, strolling up to the water's edge; "Leaving my mother in the carriage when the road gave out, I followed the crookedest, steepest little trail you ever saw, down the bank. The crows were here then, too. They must have a nest near by. The day was fresh and sweet, the water heaving ever so little. That morning Mrs. Hanlon had told me the story of the wreck, and given me a copy of the verses."

It transpired so naturally here, as in other circumstances which had come up within the past few days, that the brilliant widow chanced (so Clara stated it to herself,) to be better versed in local history than the others, that even her critic could not accuse her of forecasting the scene. Not one of the rest had ever heard of the Julia Dean until they rounded the point, and saw the stranded timbers. Inquiries, more or less pressing, drew forth the story and the recitation of the

poem.

Gem and Bertie picked their way from beam to cross-piece as far as they could go; Emmett was by his wife on the beach; Mr. Romeyn threw a boat-cloak over a heap of debris to make a seat for Mrs. Dumaresque. Unwillingly Clara recalled Mrs. Manly's eulogium; "The most picturesque creature I ever beheld!" If she could persuade herself that this picture-making was stagey attitudinizing, she could despise, and therefore cease to dread her. Emmett took his wife's hand, and would have laid it gently within his arm in sympathy with the emotions which he believed were stirred by the scene and story. She drew away, more crossly than coyly. Several times, of late, he had been conscious spiritually, of such vague discomfort as the man feels who, walking through forest paths, brushes blindly at invisible gossamer-tangles upon his eye-lashes. This was an overt rebuff, and the pair of rattles poising themselves upon the sodden



"I CAME ALONE AT MY FIRST VISIT."

timbers, saw it. They looked away, goodnaturedly, without change of countenance, but the coincidence nettled him. Obeying an indignant impulse, he walked deliberately across to Mrs. Dumaresque, leaving Clara alone. Without a moment's hesitation, the deserted wife stepped lightly over sand, drift and wreck, and joining the young couple, fell into their talk of marine disasters.

"Miss Woolson says in 'Anne,' that 'the long shore-lines which look harmless enough, yet hold in their sands the bones of many a drowned man, the ribs of many a vessel,'" mused Gem, peering sharply into the submerged sands: "Here are the wooden ribs.

The drowned crew and passengers cannot be far off."

"This young lady's taste has taken an osseous turn since the skull-and-cross-bone episode of our St. Ignace trip," drawled Bertie, feeling meditatively for the moustache that never came. "She is ambitious to atone for her spasm of fright when the clayey old party in the hole did the 'Go-up-ba-ald-head' act at her, don't you know? I offered to poke in the sand with an oar upon the chance of turning up a loose tooth, you know, or a spa-are-rib, but she wont let me."

"I am afraid we are all in danger of be-

coming irreverently ramiliar with such subjects," said Clara. The ring of her thinned voice reached the trio on the shore. "For my part, I am so constituted—unfortunately, perhaps—I have been so educated, maybe unwisely, that I recoil from all jests that have death and dissolution as their point. I am aware," the fixed half-smile passing into a faint laugh, "that I may seem weak and womanish to people of strong minds and more advanced ideas. I am injudicious in expressing such obsolete views."

Gem blushed so painfully as to start the

tears.

"O Cousin Clara! you don't suppose we meant any thing like that by our nonsense!"

"You didn't say a word of it!" Bertie flung himself into the breach. "It was all my chaff, you know, Mrs. Morgan, and uncommonly bad form, as you say—don't you know? As Miss Manly says, there is something in boating that goes to the head—don't you know? and this beastly air—beg pardon! air's all right, you know, but in combination with my bra-ains, don't you know! there's a sort of brandy-and-soda effect, be Ja-awve! that plays the deuce—beg pardon, again, I'm sure!——"

By this time, everybody except Clara was in a roar, and Bertie's end was gained. His sunburnt face was so swathed in regretful confusion that Mrs. Dumaresque's summons

seemed opportune.

"My dear boy! the longer you talk, the worse you make it. Perhaps rowing will draw the blood from your head."

Still laughing, she led the way to the boat. "If that head were only as sound and steady as your heart! That would be a combination to be proud of!"

Emmett had his silent thought, as he took

up his oar.

"I wish Clara's ideas of right and fitness were less rigid. Karen would have regulated their reckless talk without wound-

ing anybody.

It is both the bane and blessing of love that it makes him who feels it thermometric. Without meeting her husband's eye, Clara knew that a blur had stolen over the perfectness of their affection and trust. Taking the terrible truth to her heart, as even unimaginative women will, instead of fighting away from it, she ascribed it to the wrong cause. Hitherto, she had consistently disapproved of Emmett's renewed intimacy with his former crony. Tried by the standard held grimly aloft by the ton of Lisbon, N. J., the most popular woman in the

Grand Hotel of Mackinac was theatrical, scheming, showy, and only saved by the accident of wealth and breeding from Bohemianism. She "took up" with people nobody else knew, and brought them out. She courted popularity with the lowly as sedulously as with the lofty; she scouted precedent, made rules for herself and cajoled her clientèle into following them. Her frank grace of manner, her ready sympathy, her talents and her tact were a fearful array of odds to her who now acknowledged her as a rival in her husband's regard.

She put the fact baldly to herself—knew that she was justly, if bitterly jealous, arraigned judgment and pride to answer for her tardy awakening to the fact. As in a miserable dream, she sat erect, and apparently composed, looking, listening and speaking mechanically during the rest of the sail she would have found enchanting, three

days before.



MANITOU ROCK.

They swept past the Manitou Rock on which, says the legend, the Great Spirit alighted upon his visits to the Island, lay on their oars and gazed in awed silence upon the aerial span of stone through which, at this hour flowed a strong stream of sunshine, the gate "arched by the hand of God" in the solid cliff; jested at the extravaganza rehearsed by Bertie and Gem in the shadow of "Robinson's Folly": the sky blue above them between the curdled clouds, the glittering, restless waters whisper-

ing and babbling beneath the bows and folding into sighing calm in their wake. It was all a delightless farce to the miserable creature who forced herself to exclaim and smile and be social with the merry crew.

When the most picturesque fort in North America came in sight, binding the dark brows of the heights like a snowy fillet, Emmett, than whom no other member of the party was more deceived by her masterly deception, leaned forward to address his bride:

"Clara, dear! this is the finest view we have of Fort Mackinac. The three block-houses were built as early as 1780. The fort was finished in 1783, twenty years after



ARCH ROCK. (FROM THE WATER.)

the Massacre at Fort Michilimackinack on the main land, near where Mackinaw City now stands."

Clara raised her cool green eyes to the irregular line of wall overtopped by peaceful "quarters."

"Yes?" she said with the inanely-interrogative cadence which wet-blankets the most ardent enthusiasm.

Emmett pursued his uphill course, nevertheless.

" It was built by the British, and ceded to the Americans after the Revolution, I think. In 1812, the British commander at St. Joseph, getting news of the Declaration of War before the American garrison heard of it, crossed over to the Island with one company of white soldiers and one thousand Indians. They disembarked at British Landing, which we passed awhile ago, threw up earth-works at what is now known as Fort Holmes, and at daybreak, summoned the garrison to assemble with the few inhabitants of the town in the Old Distillery, the ruins of which I pointed out to you yesterday, and surrender to the Crown. they refused, town and fort would be given up to his Indians. The commandant could do but one thing."

Clara's face was blandly impassive; her eyes were as clear and expressionless as two flat rounds of malachite. When the poor fellow brought the halting recital to a period, she said once more.

" Yes?"

Good women can be more cruel to those

they love than good men.

There is a feline refinement of torture in their manipulation of the offender when wrong has been done to pride. Sometimes the victim is played with to his wounding, and left alive. The scratches are only scratches, but they are deep. The chances are that the hurt one will never complain of them, yet the cicatrice remains a ridge to his death-day. Emmett was straightforward in thought and action, and generous of temper. If he smote with his right hand, he would raise with his left as soon as his He knew that he antagonist was down. was being dealt with now, as never before, for some offence, time and date unknown, and was too much confounded to be resent-He had not meant to be a didactic prig, but felt, in the chilling impartiality of that wide, level gaze, like one, and a fool

"Those old block-houses are a sort of three-cornered frown," observed Mrs. Dumaresque, gazing up at them. "It would be an amiable fortification but for them. That one to the left is now a paint-shop. A fire-place cuts off one corner, and helps you to picture the room as it was in those early days—the guard grouped about the hearth on cold nights, or women and children warming themselves after the midnight run through the snow at the alarm given by the sentinels of the approach of Indians."

"There is no more dramatic incident in

the history of Mackinac than the erection of Fort George—now Fort Holmes—on the occasion of which you speak, Mr. Morgan," said Mr. Romeyn's well-bred accents.

Emmett gave a laugh of relief.

"Story-telling is not my forte. If I am forgiven this once, I will leave the business, hereafter, to abler hands."

His bow and smile to Karen were a graceful retreat from a position the one dearest to

him had made disagreeable. To Clara, it seemed an insult. Pride and precedent had bound fast her mask. She advanced one velveted claw.

"You must not be discouraged! You will improve with practice—and study of the best models!"

And she, too, inclined her head toward the handsome woman in the bows of the boat.

Marion Harland.



BLOCK HOUSE, (1779).

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Miss Letitia passed down the stairs with lagging step. The glasses, pushed away from her small dark eyes, rested upon her darker hair. She carried, well-balanced under her arm, a long flat basket heaped high with hosiery. Perhaps because they dared in so dim a light, two slow tears trickled down her cheeks, and fell splashing across the front of her prim gown. At the foot of the stairs she stopped. The great square hall looked grim and cold enough, and the lightt of the gray day creeping through the draw-curtains of the tall glass doors, made pallid ghosts of them.

Miss Letitia shivered as she heard the icy rattle of the frozen vines, and the dash of sleet against the porch-roof.

"It's nothing," she said sharply to herself,

"only that I've been too little out of doors lately. Anybody'd get blue and nervous, shut up. week in, week out."

For fifteen years Miss Letitia had been her own counsel, her own confidante, her own physician.

"I need diversion," she said, snapping back those stealthy tears with viciousness. "It shall be the little Simms and the Kurtzes!" and she stalked resolutely into the gaunt, bare-floored library, poked up the blaze on the stone hearth, straightened the fire-rug, and settled into her stiff-backed chair, darning as fast as she rocked, and planning as fast as she darned.

"I have had scrimping times," she soliloquized, "but if I can't do a little good to somebody, I'll grow into a tight-fisted, hardsouled old woman, and I'd rather starve if I must. The Kurtzes and the Simms it shall be, and a rousing Christmas-party—corn-popping, chestnut-roasting, glittering tree and all! Those poor little bright-eyed, redheaded Simms, that row of dull, warmhearted little Dutchmen,—they shall have such a Christmas-party as good old Herr Kurtz holds in his memories of the Vaterland! And I, if I live on half-rations to make up for it, shall be none the worse off."

A warm heart had the grim-visaged spinster whose rockers creaked so swiftly across the polished floor, although she had often argued with herself that whatever heart she might once have held was long ago dead and

forgotten.

Hearts are troublesome affairs, and I'm glad to be rid of mine," she had said to her own image in her bedroom glass, many and many a time, and though the reflection there nodded grim congratulations to her with its lips set tight, the laugh that followed bore a ring of something not all triumph. People had gotten quite over talking of Miss Letitia's little affair, it had been so long ago, and "there never was much to it, any-way," as one spinster neighbor had remarked with spiteful emphasis.

She had been Letitia Lewin then, though her débonnaire sweetheart called her a name much prettier; Letitia Lewin, the most head-strong, the most practical, the prettiest of girls! If there were cakes to be baked for the rectory-parties, sandwiches to prepare for the picnics, if there were dances or nutting-parties, sleigh-rides or tableaux, 'Titia Lewin was at once the moving spirit and the execu-

tive power.

All her life long she had been a leader of her kind. Her heroes had been the men strong and practical, who accomplished great material good in the world; and for romantic visionaries she had felt a mighty and superior contempt. That made it the greater wonder that one fine Spring-time in her twentieth year she had fallen unwillingly in love with a roving journalist, handsome, care-free, moneyless, who had strolled the forests about Atwood, writing all sorts of bright, romantic nonsense about bird-life and brook-music, and actually buying the few clothes he wore, and the simple fare that nourished him, with the payment for his "trash." Letitia called it "trash," elevating her straight little nose toward the sunny skies of which he wrote; and yet one day when he told her how dear she had grown to him, she found herself responding with a tearful

old woman, and I'd rather starve if I warmth which astounded her, and which The Kurtzes and the Simms it shall & none of her staid, more sensible wooers a rousing Christmas-party—corn-could have dreamed possible in her.

"Why Keith Laird," she had said in a sort of rage, "I hate to love you! It is against all my principles—against the commonest

sense!"

"Bless you! you'll get over that," Keith had said, his great bright eyes on her angry face. "I'm so glad you put it in that way. It shows lots of character in you, and we'll need that sort of thing in the family. The love must be good and strong, you dearest girl, to call forth such strength of hatred for it. You do love me, Lettice?"

"Love you? I am simply a fool about

you! I love you past all reason."

"Dear," he had said, with a twinkle back of the gravity in his fine eyes, "there's a shocking admixture of tenderness, of feeling, of 'romance,' as you call it, in with the 'commonest sense' of your composition. You love the beautiful in nature, even the beautiful in me, Lettice"—with a droll grimace—"better than you know. It is the starch in the atmosphere about you that has stiffened you so. These people—they are machines. They do not live or feel, they only eat and drink, and walk in straight lines."

After that Letitia's "straight lines," wound beautifully in and about the woods and fields

and country-paths of Atwood.

"You are like a flower, Lettice," her adoring betrothed said ecstatically to her; "you open fresh little leaves of thought and deliciousness every day;" but when her girl-friends, jealous that the time once given to them was now consumed by this handsome usurper, twitted her with her engagement to such a "Laird o' Dreams," she only retorted with her old air of house-wifely wisdom, "Stupids, his name begins with L as mine does. Don't you see the wisdom in it? Think what a task if I had to mark all my store of house-linen over again with L. B. or L. X!"

But one day when the Spring had gone, and the Summer too, and old Autumn scattered its showers of gold about Judge Lewin's place, when Letitia and Keith Laird reading poems in the old library suddenly disagreed about a trifling thing, found the disagreement growing broader and their tongues less lenient, Letitia, angry and contemptuous, summarily dismissed him with the hot exclamation that she could only lose her self-respect by longer keeping to an engagement with one whom she considered so entirely lacking in sound independence and manly strength of character.

And Keith Laird, rather to her astonishment, made no protest, but angrily catching his hat from the book-strewed table, took his peremptory leave.

That vision burned as hot now in the mind of Letitia Lewin, spinster, as it did then before the eyes of Letitia Lewin the

girl of twenty.

At that time, no such thought as that she should drag out a solitary life ever possessed her. House-wifery, that had been the endall and be-all of life's ideals in those days, and that could not be attained in its fullest perfection with only herself and the quiet old father for whom to keep things whole Of course there must be a and dustless. husband and children; that broadened the range so! Yet, though there were offers in plenty in those first years after Keith Laird's departure, some spirit of perverseness as she chose to consider it, kept her to her single path even after the good old Judge had died, and the house become more painfully quiet and clean.

She took to gardening then, and it had been her support mentally and financially The Judge had not left munificence behind him, but the house was stately,

SNIPPING OFF STEMS AND DEAD LEAVES.

roomy and well-built, and the grounds were ample. Miss Letitia's strawberries, her lettuce and peas were first in the market, and what she did for her fruit and vegetables in the Summer, she did for her roses in the winter. The old conservatory was the only outlet for that "admixture of tenderness and romance," which no one but Keith had ever found in her.

It was not a bright or cheery life she lived, this maid of eight-and-thirty. One by one the old companions had "married off," and become absorbed in their own homes and their babies. The sentiment, choked off resolutely in her early years, failed to return in the form of aunt-like devotion to any of this newer generation; and the lettuce, the peas, and the roses were the only companions of the black-eyed woman, unless one presumed to count those memories that thronged unbidden to her door.

Often on such gray days as these, she fancied she saw again that carelessly-happy youth with his hand on her gate-latch; she could feel the quick beating of her heart, could see the rapt dreams in his beautiful eyes, and at about the time she detected herself eulogizing his eyes, she was apt to

set her lips very firmly, walk hurriedly to her roses, and fall to snipping off stems and dead leaves with a vigor disproportionate to so gentle a task.

There had been nights too, long wakeful nights when it was "too like a fool" to snip rose-leaves, and when instead, she had arrayed herself in her ugliest wrapper and paced the floor, occasionally timing the click of her slippers with such short sentences as: "Never'd 'a' been happy with him anyway. No more back-bone than a cock-chafer! Starved by this time, most likely! Men can't live on dreams forever, dreams and lead-pencil scratch-

ings.'

To-day though, darning by the fireside, she had thought in softer mood, "Poor Keith! If he should come back hungry and ragged, I'd ask him in to my Christmas party. Merciful me! I believe I'd be fool enough to buy the next field, hire more men, and earn bread and butter for him! Poor old Keith!" and then as under this softer influence furtive tears were stealing anew down her cheek, she stuck her needle more swiftly through the me-hes of thread, and set about planning again for her little Simms and Kurtzes. It

was the hose of these humble neighbors that filled her basket. Darning was a restful task to her, and it was a merciful relief to little Mrs. Simm and stupid Mutter Kurtz that so important a part of their week's burden could be lifted to the hands of this spinster neighbor.

"I'll string pop-corn; it is always pretty on a tree. Meta Simm shall help me. As for the tree, Hans Kurtz will want nothing better than to bring it from the north wood

himself."

By noon she had her plans all laid. In the afternoon she put on her rusty bonnet with its stiff frilling, and hurried across fields to the small cottage of the Kurtzes.

Mutter Kurtz, hard at work, rosy and smiling, paused to clean the best of the wooden benches for Miss Letitia to sit on, and wrung with a very moist red hand, the slim, mittened one held stiffly toward her.

"Gott im Himmel! Es ist vom Gott-send you come. Ida, she will go vild, und Hans,—ach mein! So long has it been since we had any dinges like so schön Christmas party!"

Her smile illumined the low room, and Emily and Betta clinging to her gown,

caught the glow.

"Kris Krinkle?"
"Tannen-baum?"
"Ach mein!"

She left them smiling in the doorway. "The little dullards, I never saw them look so bright!" She herself smiled as she hurried on to the Simms. Here there was another order of brightness. Four red-headed boys and a redder-headed girl, with even the blue-black hair of Mrs. Simm catching a pinkish glow, violet in the combination! The boys looked alarmed when Miss Letitia's errand became known, but upon learning that Meta was to help in a delightfully informal way, stringing corn and fringing colored papers, their fright wore off.

Miss Letitia grew ten years younger in that week before Christmas. From having been a sort of icy ogre to her child-neighbors, she grew to be a very companion, and, fairly clapping her hands with enthusiasm over the goodly tree hauled by Hans and the largest Simm boy from the north wood, won their

hearts for aye.

How she counted and re-counted her small fund of money, wondering just how far she could make it go! What matter if her tea were weak, and her bread unbuttered, so long as there could be pig-cookies and ringdoughnuts made from her savings! It was the day but one before Christmas, that Miss Letitia, cutting gilt stars with Meta Simm before the library fire, suddenly gave a sharp exclamation and wiped the window-pane with her brown apron, the better to see through it to the faded gate.

"Not Keith Laird!" she said shrilly.
"Not Keith Laird!" She was shaking as shook the bare road-side weeds when the

sleet rattled through them.

She sat down, then rose again. "Run, Meta! I'm like a log! Tell him there is a roof here at least, and food—a roof and food. Tell him that, Meta!"

She was pointing to the door, and Meta, with "a scary, ghosty feelin," under her warm hair, was glad enough to get through

it and down the graveled path.

"Nobody there, Miss Letitia," she presently announced from her discreet position in the doorway. "Gettin dark outside. Guess the tree-limbs must a fooled you. Tramps don't hang around here this time o year."

Miss Letitia seemed to have regained her normal amount of self-reliance. "You may go now, Meta, and come again in the morning. Perhaps it was the tree-limbs."

But when the door had shut the small girl without, Miss Letitia, a strange bright light in her eyes, took a quick walk across the long room, then back again, and gaining a sort of momentum with her steps, continued them back and forth in a very fury of haste.

"I knew it! I knew it! Shabby as a beggar! Hungry too, of course! No man in a coat like that ever had enough to eat. Oh, Keith! Keith! Was it yesterday? The years have been lost between. Better a life with you, shiftless though you were, than this long, lonesome waiting. I knew you'd come back, Keith! I knew it always!"

She sat down, and covering her head with her great apron, rocked forward and back, before the fire. Suddenly, scrambling stiffly to her feet, she lit one of the chimney-shelf candles, and sped up the stairs to her bedroom. There before her swinging glass, she halted.

"It is terrible!" she said, when she had studied for long minutes the face she saw there.

Hurrying off again to the chill lower parlors, she scrutinized at length a portrait hanging over the old-fashioned fire-place. "It is terrible!" she said again: "when he loved me, I was like that."

The energy which had made her fight a dauntless way through all the hardships of her friendless old-maid years, was not to fail her now.

"The prettiest girl in town, dressed in a gown like this, would look a very mother to Methuselah!" she said with ringing vim.

Her hair suddenly ached with the tight stiffness of the knot into which it was drawn.

That night, in the warm library, the Christmas preparations seemed to take a peculiar Letitia Lewin had resurrected from some attic chest a time-worn gown of warm, soft brown. Her shining scissors had snipped fearlessly through its generous Bits of old laces, and ribbons in breadths. subdued colors were scattered about in abandon most remarkable in that well-conducted

It was two o'clock before the lights in the

long, low room went out.

Miss Letitia slept heavily. When Meta came in the morning, she was bidden to return at three. At three, Miss Letitia met her at the door, and Meta stepped back several paces and unconsciously raised her Miss Letitia's hair lay soft and handsome on her well-shaped head; there were stray curling bits about her forehead. The small bright eyes were full of sparkle; the cheeks bore a tinge of pink.

"Law-ze/" said Meta, and then she fell into silent wonderment over the soft frills of lace about Miss Letitia's throat, the becomingness of her brown gown, and the pert prettiness of the ribbon-laced apron that

shielded it.

It was a busy afternoon that. Miss Letitia exhibited symptoms of nervousness, extremes of animation and of silence entirely out of her ordinary rôle as well-regulated spinster; and the children, shut out, with the exception of Meta, from the mysterious tree in the dining-room, thought her stranger and at the same time "more like other folks," than ever She patted the Kurtzes' stupid red faces, and she hugged Teddy Simm until his baby-eyes grew big with wonder, and his breath came short.

The Christmas party was at its height that snowy night, and the Kurtzes in a row were singing in lusty sweetness:

"O Tannen-baum, O Tannen-baum! Wie grün sind deine Blätter!"

when a very decisive rap on the great doorpanel silenced them as though they had been so many frogs in a summer-time pool,

and the rap a pebble flung at them.
"Herein!" called Father Kurtz who constituted himself temporary lord of the manor; and in walked a tall, snow-sprinkled man, with fur upon his fine great coat, and in his

fine great eyes a sparkle brighter than that the snow had caught.

"Lettice!" he said, hurrying somehow past the phalanx of red-cheeked Kurtzes and red-headed Simms, to the brown-gowned

woman at the fire-place.

"You!" Lettice said, and the word seemed to choke her. She remembered that shabby man at her front gate; she could not call him one with this handsome, comfortable, middle-aged man, so young for his years, so evidently prosperous and in love with the

"Is it Kris Krinkle?" Ida Kurtz asked

breathlessly of her bearded father.

"I know not if it be Kris Krinkle, or a ghost from the past," said the dazed man; and while he spoke, this able-bodied ghost was showing Miss Letitia from the diningroom to the lighted library, and telling the guests of that obedient woman that she would return to them instantly.

In the library, Miss Letitia, having entered very straight and tall, suddenly sank in a hysterical heap upon the leathern lounge.

"I—I meant to give you the old thick vest that hung in the west wing of the attic, "I had laid out father's heavy underwear, and I would have had you a great coat with the money from my winter flowers."

The tears were on her burning cheeks.

Keith Laird looked in condition to choke for a manful second or two, and then giving way, he laughed till the laugh proved infectious, and was echoed in childish treble from the adjoining room.

She looked at him with a flash of the old, indignant fire in her bright eyes. "You were shabby and shivering at my gate last night," she said, question, accusation, re-

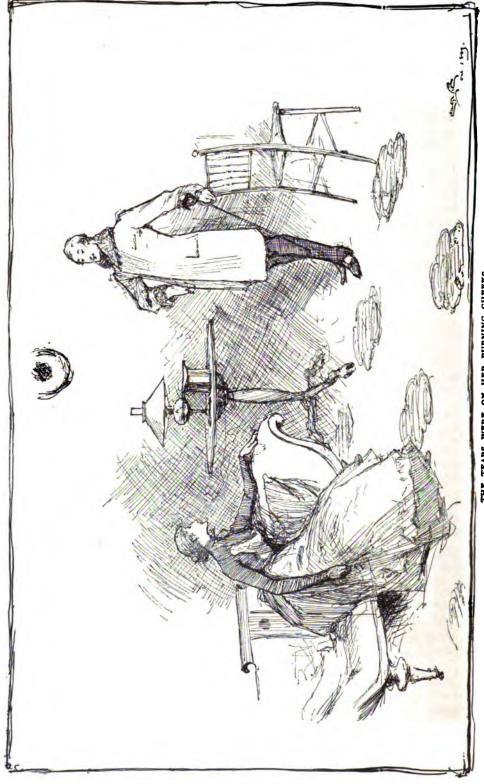
sentment, in her tone.

"And you are disappointed in me?" There was undeniable amusement in the low "I'll try to make up for it somehow, Lettice. I meant to give you my beautiful regenerated self for a Christmas present, and getting here a day too soon, filled the aching void by hunting, in an ancient, corduroy disguise. Forgive me, if, at your gate, remembering the cold-heartedness underlying

your hot dismissal awhile ago, I shivered."
"Awhile ago!" Miss Letitia rubbed her

whirling head.

This "while ago," so brief upon his tongue,—it seemed centuries gone to her! Since then, he had grown to be the strong, the resolute, the independent, and she the child o' dreams.



"Lettice!" He had stepped nearer to her, and his voice was grave. "I always meant, I think, to make something of myself—in many ways. I chose to ramble and write then. You best know what has been the added motive for my choosing other ways since. I'm rather a commercial soul now, dear, and like the fairy prince, gold-laden, though I'll take the attic vest, thank you, and keep it. You need not complain of my lack of force and decision. I hardly mean to ask to marry you even. I'm simply going to do it. You shall see decisiveness in the beginning."

"I'm a worn-out old woman," came the

voice from the lounge.

"I'm afraid you are not just what you were fifteen years ago, Lettice. I ——"

"You—you mean you are sorry you came. You have found me sour, and ugly, and old, poor, and 'set' in my ways!"

"I have found you—thank Heaven I have

found you Lettice Lewin!" he said:

"O Tannen-baum, O Tannenbaum! Wie grün sind deine Blätter!"

sounded the ringing chorus from about the Christmas tree.

"Perhaps I'm an old fool, Lettice, but see this, and this, and this!"

She did see, though, through a tremulous mist about her dark eyes, the locket she had given him, with her girl-face smiling from it, a bit of lace once torn from her sleeve by grasping blackberry thorns, an old-fashioned glove, a dead stem of hare-bells, and the long silver dagger that many a time had pinned up her long dark hair.

"You have kept these?"

"I have kept with these, every word and image of you in my heart. Lettice, Lettice, life is but beginning. God only knows what fullness yet is in it for Keith and Lettice Laird."

"Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit, Nein, auch im Winter, wenn es schneit. O Tannen-baum, O Tannen-baum! Wie treu sind deine Blätter!"

the song concluded, and when Miss Letitia and that queer Kris Krinkle broke in upon it, sharp Mrs. Simm could have sworn there were real red roses in the old maid's cheeks, and the spring of her girlhood in her step.

Maude Rittenhouse.





DRUIDESS.

"We read in ancient story,
How the Druids in their glory,
Marched forth of old, with hooks of gold,
To forests dim and hoary;
The giant oak ascended,
Then from its branches rended
The mistletoe, long ago,
By maidens fair attended." Old Song.



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

'MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS.

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CHAPTER V.



Faith Arden's arrival in New York became more fully circulated among her friends, they gathered around her in remonstrance at the seeming extra-

vagance of her plans. But they vainly urged her seeking less pretentious shelter, and the adoption of some more prudent scheme of living. As she revealed her careful calculations, however, their objections were at once silenced. The rental of a furnished room in such a location was moderate indeed at ten dollars a week. Mrs. Osgood Macpherson very justly remarked, when the friendly conclave were considering the question:

"Even in one's own house, at this season, the light, fuel, and attendance needed for each individual must cost between three and four dollars a week. The use of a nicely furnished room is easily worth the rest."

"But with an outlay of at least two dollars a day for her meals," objected Mrs. El Dorado, "the most rigid economy cannot reduce their cost below that."

"Never mind," interposed Faith, with her merry laugh. "I shall not starve myself. I take long walks, and have a famous appetite, which I gratify fully, but I don't spend anything like two dollars a day on it."

"But it is at the least at much more than the rate of your country living. One hundred and fifty dollars will scarcely last you a month here."

"Oh yes, it will, and then as I mean my holiday to last only two, or perhaps three months, I can afford its cost well enough."
Wait till the end, and I will tell you the exact amount of my outlay."

As Mrs. Osgood Macpherson rose to take

her leave she said regretfully:

"You cannot, of course, attempt here any of the marvels of culinary skill for which you are so famed. I must wait till I can see you in the country again to try your dainty cooking."

Faith smiled gravely as she answered, "It is true my facilities for cooking are very limited here, still I mean to make some efforts in that direction. I have an old-time formula for making dough-nuts, that is

nearly a hundred years old.'

If there is one thing more than another that is dear to the female heart, it is to obtain a real antique. Its nature or degree of usefulness is of very secondary importance. Faith's friends crowded round her in renewed interest and entreating for copies of this precious document. Mrs. Osgood Macpherson even offered to send her half of those she should make, but all in vain.

Faith shook her head mysteriously, and refused to consider the matter at all for the present. The vague suggestiveness of this answer offered small consolation to their disappointment, and they left her almost mournfully, as they sighed over her ob-

stinacy.

"So absurd! so selfish!" murmured Mrs. El Dorado, as she swept away with an air

of evidently offended dignity.

But in truth Faith meant to try her formula herself. She had already provided all the ingredients, and only awaited a positively stormy day, that she might accomplish the undertaking without interruption.

Soon the desired opportunity came. A fierce cold wind, bearing gusts of sleet and snow on its wings, swept through the streets, driving every idle person within doors.

Only the sternest necessity would make any one face such a gale; and Faith profited by her enforced seclusion to make the dough-nuts.

The mixture was soon prepared, and left

to rise in a cosy corner near the fire while Faith devoted herself to music and reading during the two or three hours that intervened.

Then as the storm increased in violence and the interruption of a visitor seemed impossible, Faith resumed her big apron and rolled up her sleeves for the work of making

up and cooking the dough-nuts.

Before many minutes had passed, she had manipulated the light feathered mass into tempting little shapes; and soon the fragrant odor that filled the air proclaimed the success of her efforts, and the first installment of dough-nuts presented a tempting appearance as Faith arranged them in their brown crispness on a plate.

At this critical moment came a low knock on the door, half paralyzing Faith's energies, as she paused one instant to survey her floury hands, and the general disarray of the

room.

Satisfying herself on second thoughts that it could only be a servant with a letter or parcel, Faith took courage and opened the door. She stepped back with a sudden sense of dismay as she saw who her visitor was.

Mrs. de la Roche, a very pretty, stylishlydressed matron, whose dark eyes and rich brunette complexion showed her French birth, gazed at Faith with an air of puzzled bewilderment, across which a faint smile gleamed as she came forward.

"I cannot tell you how entirely I appreciate the situation," she said. "I've done the same thing so often myself!—only I never had the luck to be caught at it."

"Come in," rejoined Faith, cordially.
"You see," displaying her hands as she spoke, "how impossible it is to shake hands."

"But I interrupt you."

"Not if you will let me go on with my task. Some things could be put aside till after-

wards, but not dough-nuts."

Mrs. de la Roche, with that perfection of breeding that characterizes the French woman, entered at once into the spirit of the occasion. Removing her outer wraps, she accepted an easy-chair near the fire, and sat there, chatting with all her wonted sprightliness, as she watched the transforming of the dabs of dough, into brown and toothsome morsels.

Having explained that her coming in such a storm was caused by her having but a few days more to be in New York, and that she was going to Washington for an absence of some months, Mrs. de la Roche, as the last dough-nut was taken up, resumed her wraps, and rose to depart.

"What shall I do with that heap of dough-nuts?" asked Faith. "It was fun to make them, but I never can eat them all. Will you let me, give you some of them to

take home with you?"

"No! give a dough-nut reception!" returned Mrs. de la Roche. "Get some crab-apple cider, which makes a charming accompaniment to them, and send for a dozen or so of your friends to spend an evening with you, and you will find it a unique and satisfactory way of using them. Do it before I go, and I promise to eat my share."

Faith accepted the suggestion with all her usual delight in new enterprises. The doughnut reception was so complete a success that she followed it up a few days later by

a more ambitious entertainment.

She had made some new friends, belonging especially to literary circles, who were men and women of prominence and mark. Faith, who never did things half-heartedly, had met them, as it were, with outstretched hands. She had found the keenest delight in thus coming in contact with these shining lights of the world of literature, and now, with her unaffected hospitality, she did not hesitate to ask them to spend an evening in her modest apartment.

Just as cheerily as though an elaborate collation was at her command, Faith welcomed her guests, enjoying as well as sharing in their converse as calmlyas though to her such an atmosphere of high-toned cultivated intelligence was of every-day occurrence. Yet the whole scene was to her like a dream of fairy land, or a chapter out of a book. Such minds could not come in contact without blending in harmonious accord over the pretty little trifles that ruffle into sparkling the smooth surface of existence. If any clashing of opinion did occur, it only elicited brighter scintillations of wit, or deeper wisdom of utterance.

Faith gave them a dainty little collation of claret-punch, with a variety of cake and crackers, which had been prepared in advance. It was prettily arranged on a table, that had been concealed behind a lace curtain, till the moment came for its use. The bright glass and silver and the fragrant flowers that decorated the table gave the whole an attractive aspect that many a richer feast does not wear, and yet the cost of it did not exceed two dollars. Faith's entertain-

ments were too dainty to betray their actual inexpensiveness.

At the end of one month's sojourn in New York, Faith made an estimate of her expenses, of each item of which she had kept strict account. She knew in advance what the result must be, for she had varied but slightly on any day from the programme laid down in the beginning. For lunches and breakfasts having been of her own providing, were nearly always of the same cost; and her dinners at the restaurant in Clinton Place but little exceeded those she prepared in her room.

Her whole outlay for her regular meals was only twelve dollars and forty cents, which was a small amount indeed, considering that it met all her needs. Her two receptions had cost about three dollars.

On the whole, Faith was satisfied with this result. Her regular home expenses were but little more than fifty dollars a month, and having one hundred and seventy-five dollars at her command, she could safely count on their lasting three months, if need be. Her rent was a heavy item, but it could not have been lessened except by her seeking a less desirable location. This would have seriously interfered with her comfort, however, and with the reception of her friends, and she did not feel that so great a sacrifice was required of her.

There were some unavoidable items of expense, such as car-fare and carriage-hire, that do not come into consideration in country-life. These, with her laundry bill, came to thirteen dollars. Faith also had a pet extravagance in her fondness for wearing natural flowers, especially on occasions of social festivity. This taste, which cost nothing at home, where her garden so fully supplied her needs, now added several dollars

to her list of expenditures. Purchases of books and music helped to swell the account, but as these would give comfort and enjoyment for perhaps years in her future life, she did not in the least regret their cost.

Some outlay for dress, especially in gloves and shoes and in the material for a hat and lace dress, was unavoidable, but that too, if greater than would have been requisite in the country, being wisely laid out, possessed the solace of enduring benefit and comfort.

These last amounts made Faith's disbursements for the month reach the sum of a little over eighty dollars. As they would not recur however, or in very small measure, she could smile philosophically as she regarded the rather formidable array of figures, and feel that altogether she had the best of it.

The next month, being February, would save several dollars, with its more restricted limit of days; and then as Faith had anticipated making few, if any more purchases in the way of dress, and possibly not many of books and music, the next statement of accounts must of necessity be of decidedly smaller figures. And even were it otherwise, she wisely determined to provide herself with all real comforts, and to make each day and moment as enjoyable as possible, even if she must cut her sojourn in the city short by a week or two. Better a brief experience of entire satisfactoriness, than a prolonged one of constant self-denial and of chafing at uncomfortable restrictions.

Thus, with her usual blithe ardor and cheeriness, Faith went bravely and hopefully on, facing the second month's unknown depths of eventfulness, its possible joys or griefs, its disasters or successes, just as courageously as she had met those of the first.

Mary Cruger.



FROM SOUTHERN KITCHENS.

HOLIDAY RECIPES.



S Christmas approaches, the house-wife's mind turns naturally to the thought of preparations for that season of feasting. There are certain standard

dishes which are indispensable to the mind and table, without which a Christmas dinner is incomplete, "small and of no reputation!"

Imprimis, a mellow old ham. No canvassed, pine-smoke flavored affair, but a bona fide smoke-house cured ham, juicy, rosy and delicious, and not less than two years old.

Then, the turkey. Insist that it be a gobbler, fat and good-looking and of Aldermanic proportions, if so be that it is to be served at an old-fashioned Christmas in the old homestead where will be gathered the children and grandchildren, and the kindred from near and far that a warm-hearted hospitality will include.

There are scal-To return to the dinner. loped oysters, and a rare roast of beef with the necessary accompaniment of the choicest vegetables of the season. For dessert, the orthodox plum pudding, sparkling jelly, syllabub, fruit-cake, dainty puddings, and mince-pie, made after the most perfect recipe for that incomparable dish. Let me remind you that if you did not make your mincemeat a month ago, you have no time to "Two months to mellow" was the rule of a housekeeper whose mince-pies have been seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread-crumbs, pepper, salt and large bits of fresh butter. Add a layer of oysters, then another sprinkling of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt and more butter. Continue these alternate layers until the dish is full, letting the last layer be bread-crumbs, butter, etc. Be sure that you use plenty of butter. To develop the fine flavor of oysters a *liberal* amount

of good butter is perfectly indispensable. Half a cup of rich, sweet cream is also an improvement. Set the dish in the stove to cook for half an hour. Remove, and serve as soon as done. Too long remaining in the oven toughens and spoils the oysters.

Boiled Turkey with Oysters.

Have the turkey nicely prepared, rub it well, inside and outside, with salt and pepper. Mix a quart of oysters with a pint of bread crumbs, a large tablespoonful of butter, a little red pepper and salt, and stuff the tur-Fill perfectly full the body and the place from which the crop has been removed. Sew up the openings, and truss the wings and legs neatly. Dip a towel in boiling water, wring it wet and sprinkle well with flour, roll the turkey in it, tie both ends and drop in boiling water Boil it a quarter of an hour for every pound, boiling slowly, but steadily. When done, turn the turkey out of the towel on a hot dish and serve with the following sauce:

EGG AND OYSTER SAUCE.

teacupful of chopped oysters.
teacupfuls of oyster liquor.
1-4 of a pound of butter.
ggg yolks.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Chop small a teacupful of oysters, put them with two teacupfuls of oyster liquor in a saucepan with salt and pepper and a quarter of a pound of butter. Put the raw yolks of three eggs in a bowl, and mix with about two tablespoonfuls of oyster liquor. When the liquor in the saucepan comes to a boil pour it into the bowl slowly, stirring all the time. Return it to the saucepan and set on the back of the stove, stirring it steadily, for it must not curdle the least bit, but be perfectly smooth. Remove it from the fire just as soon as done.

EGG-PIE.

12 hard boiled eggs, minced.
1 pound of cold chicken, minced.
1-2 pound of grated ham.
1 teacupful of bread crumbs.

- 1 teacupful of sweet cream.
- 1 teacupful of chicken gravy.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Salt and pepper to taste. Bake in puff paste.

SALSIFY.

Cut off the tops, but not the rough neck of the root, for that is an especially nice part, although most cooks ignorantly cut it off with the tops. Scrape off the skin, throwing each root in cold water as you do so to keep it from turning dark. Have ready a pot of boiling water that has been salted; put the salsify in this and boil until nearly done; remove from the water, and grate. Mix with it salt and pepper to taste, a large spoonful of butter, two eggs beaten light, and one heaping tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and drop, a spoonful at a time, in boiling lard. As soon as it is a pale brown, remove; drain, and send to the table hot and crisp.

ROASTED PARTRIDGE.

(Delicions)

- 1 dozen partridges—("quails" at the north).
 - 1-2 pound of butter.
 - I pint of cold water.
 - Salt and pepper to taste.

See that each bird is in good shape with his wings folded behind him and his legs close to his body. The latter can be accomplished by a stitch, which can be removed before serving. It adds much to the appearance of a bird to have it "trimly rigged." Rub each bird inside and out with salt and black pepper, lay them in a pan that will just hold them conveniently; dredge well with flour; cut up half a pound of nice butter in pieces and put on the birds, pour into the pan a pint of cold water, and set it in a well heated stove where the birds should cook in half an hour. Never let a partridge tarry longer in the oven, or much of its "glory" will have departed. Lay each bird in the pan on its breast, so that when turned on the back the breast will brown last. now and then, as they cook, baste them with the gravy in the pan, and when you turn them, sprinkle again well with flour. If the gravy cooks away too much, add a little more water, or better still, some sweet cream. not quite thick enough, add a little cracker dust. Never use browned flour with birds.

If you wish to depart from the prescribed amount of butter you may do so, provided you use more than half a pound. On no account use less. Birds, like oysters, have almost a limitless capacity for butter.

STUFFED HAM.

Soak the ham over night in cold water, putting it to soak with the skin-side up. The next day, when it has been properly, scraped, washed and prepared for cooking, put it in cold water in a boiler large enough to keep it well covered with water all the time. Boil it slowly, and allow a quarter of an hour for each pound of the ham. When it has been boiling half of its time, turn it over in the boiler. To test when it is done, stick a fork into it. If the fork comes out easily, you may take it up.

While it is hot, remove the skin, and trim off the rough or discolored edges. To make

the stuffing for it take

- I pint of bread crumbs.
- I small teacupful of sweet cream.
- 1 tablespoonful of melted butter.
- 6 cloves.
- 6 grains of allspice.
- I salt spoonful of black pepper.
- 1-2 salt spoonful of Cayenne pepper.
- I teaspoonful each of thyme, savory and marjoram rubbed fine and sifted. Mix all well together; salt to taste. With a sharppointed knife make incisions in the ham an inch and a half apart, turning the point of the knife about in the meat so as to make as large a place as possible for the stuffing. Fill each opening full. Have two egg yolks beaten light, spread them thickly all over the ham. Set it in the oven and bake for half an hour.

ROAST TURKEY.

The turkey should hang for two nights. If frozen, plunge it into a tub of fresh water to thaw before cooking. To make the stuffing or filling, take

- 1 pound of bread crumbs.
- 1 teacupful of sweet cream.
- ı raw egg.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter.
- I slice of onion, minced fine.

Season with salt, and plenty of black pepper. Fill the body of the turkey and the hollow in the breast from which the craw was removed. Take a stitch or two in the skin to prevent the escape of the stuffing. Rub salt and pepper over the turkey, dredge

it well with sifted flour; put in a pan with two quarts of water, and set in the oven to roast. As it cooks, baste continually with the gravy in the pan. When the back is brown, turn first one side and then the other to brown, dredging each time with more flour. Last of all, brown the breast. Let the fire be steady, but not too hot, or the turkey will be brown before it is done. For a twelve-pound turkey allow three hours.

If the turkey has been properly dredged, the gravy will need no additional thickening, but if it is not quite thick enough, a little flour, mixed to a smooth paste, may be added, stirring well meanwhile to keep it smooth. All of the grease should be skimmed from the gravy before sending it to the table.

....

A most charming relish for tea is browned mullet roe. Order from your grocer the dried roe, grate three whole ones, which will be six pieces. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan on the stove; when it is hot, stir in the roe, and keep stirring it about until it is nicely browned, which will be in a few minutes. Serve on a warm dish.

Browned Mullet Roe.

SWEET BREADS.

The following is the most elegant way that sweet breads can be cooked. them in salt and water for a day and night, changing the water twice in that time. cook them, put them in a saucepan, in water enough to cover them well, let them boil until the water is nearly out of them, then set the saucepan a little back, and let the remaining water stew and fry out, stirring the contents of the saucepan frequently. When the sweet breads are brown, and there is a rich, brown gravy at the bottom of the saucepan, pour off the clear grease and serve the sweet breads and gravy in a covered dish that has been warmed. The flavor of sweet breads cooked in this way is very fine. little Cayenne pepper can be added by those who like condiments, and it is perhaps a wise addition to so rich a diet.

MINCE PIES.

One pound of sugar.
One pound of raisins, chopped fine.
One pound of citron, chopped fine.
One pound of currants.
One pound of suet, chopped fine.

One pound of tenderloin beef or pork boiled until tender and minced up fine.

One pound of minced apple.

Half an ounce each of mace and allspice. Quarter of an ounce each of cinnamon and cloves.

One nutmeg, grated. One quart of brandy.

Mix the ingredients well and put in a jar. If not sufficiently moist, add as much syrup from your brandy-peach jar as you think necessary. Tie the jar up closely and set it away.

PLUM PUDDING.

1 pound of sugar.

- 1 pound of butter.
- 1 pound of flour.
- 1 dozen eggs.
- I pound of raisins.
- 1 pound of citron.
- I pound preserved orange peel.

I tablespoonful each of mace, cinnamon, cloves and allspice.

Cream the sugar and butter together. Beat the eggs separately and very light, and add them to the sugar and butter, alternately with the flour, as you would for cake. Pound the spices fine and soft before adding. Have the raisins stoned and chopped, and the citron cut fine, the orange-peel preserves must also be cut fine and the raisins and citron floured. Mix all well together. Flour well a linen bag that has been dipped in boiling water. Pour the pudding in, tie it up tightly and plunge it into boiling water, where it is to remain for five hours, boiling steadily all of the time until you are ready to serve it. To be eaten with the following sauce.

WINE SAUCE.

3-4 of a pound of fresh butter.

1 pound of soft white sugar.

1 tumbler of Sherry or Madeira wine.

I-2 a nutmeg.

Cream together the butter and sugar until light; add the grated nutmeg. Stir in the wine, and then melt the sauce in a porcelain kettle over a very slow fire, stirring all the time to prevent the butter from oiling.

SYLLABUB.

- 1 quart of rich sweet cream.
- 1 tumbler of wine.

I lemon juice and rind, and sugar to your

Sweeten the quart of cream and pour into it a large tumbler full of the best Sherry or Madeira wine, whip until the cream is stiff. Now add the grated rind of a fresh lemon and the juice, which must be strained. Beat the cream somewhat longer, and you may then fill the glasses. Use pure sweet cream, good wine, and a fresh lemon, and when sweetening the cream, put in a little more sugar than needed on account of the lemon juice to be added.

ORANGE PUDDING.

14 eggs.

1 pound of soft white sugar.

1-2 pound of butter.

2 teacupfuls of orange peel preserves.

I teaspoonful of lemon extract,

Break the eggs, separating the yolks from the whites. Put the yolks in a bowl with one pound of soft white sugar, and beat until perfectly light. Melt half a pound of fresh butter, taking care that it does not become all oily, add this to the beaten yolks and sugar. Drain from the syrup two teacupfuls of orange peel preserves. If it has not been already shredded, cut it in slender strips.

Beat seven of the egg-whites very light. Add to the pudding a teaspoonful of lemon extract, and last, stir in the egg-white.

Have three large pie plates lined with puff paste, divide the orange peel in thirds and strew one-third over the pastry in each pan. Fill the pans with the pudding and lay narrow strips of the pastry across them in

squares or points.

Set in the oven and bake rather slowly, keeping them covered to prevent their scorching, which they do readily. A knife-blade set down straight in the pudding should come out clean when they are done. This is a very delicious pudding. Quince or peach preserves can be used in place of orange peel, but the latter seems especially nice for this pudding.

FRUIT CAKE.

- I pound of butter, (washed).
- 1 pound of flour, warmed.
- 1 pound of soft white sugar.
- 16 eggs.
- 2 pounds best raisins.
- 2 pounds of currants.
- 2 pounds of citron.

- I tumbler of good port wine.
- 1 lemon, grated, rind and juice.
- I teaspoonful each of finely pounded mace, cinnamon, and allspice.

I grated nutmeg.

Wash and cream the butter, add the sugar to it and beat until light. Beat the eggs separately, until light. Sift the flour three times and warm it thoroughly, but do not let it get hot. Stir the yolk of the eggs into the sugar and butter, then add the flour and whites alternately, a spoonful at a time.

The raisins must have been stoned and chopped, the currants picked, washed and dried, the citron cut up, but not too fine. Flour the fruit well before putting it into the cake. Grate the rind of a lemon, squeeze out the juice and add it to the cake, pouring in also a tumbler of port wine. Stir in the pounded spices last, add the fruit, stirring it in thoroughly. Bake slowly.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES.

These cookies should be mixed two or three weeks before Christmas.

Boil five pounds molasses, one pound butter, and one-half pound lard together (the molasses is weighed, instead of measured, because, in winter, a measure is not exact). Boil 10 minutes.

When cold, dissolve five cents' worth of cooking potash in a little warm water, and add to the syrup. Add flour to make a very stiff dough. Add

- 1 lb. of citron, chopped fine.
- I lb. blanched almonds, ditto.
- 1 lb. sugared or dried lemon peel.
- 3 teaspoonfuls cinnamon.
- 3 teaspoonfuls cloves.
- 3 teaspoonfuls cardamun seed.

TILLIE PETERSEN'S SPICE TWISTS.

Take risen bread dough. Roll out a half inch or so thick; brush over with melted butter. Then, dust over with spice and sugar mixed (spice to taste, probably for a dozen twists, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and allspice mixed, or cinnamon alone will be sufficient). Make into small twists like

a figure eight. Raise like rolls. Bake in a quick oven. If the bottoms do not brown, turn them over and put in the top slide of the oven, or on the top of the stove, without turning. When done, turn out on brown paper to allow caramel to harden.

TILLIE'S CINNAMON LUNCH CAKES.

- I egg.
- I cup milk.

- . ½ cup sugar.
 - 1 pint sifted flour.
 - 1 teaspoonful baking powder.
 - 1 teaspoonful cinnamon.
 - I teaspoonful melted butter.
 - 1 pinch salt.

Beat egg and sugar together very light. Add flour (into which the baking powder and salt have been sifted) and milk, alternately. Add cinnamon, and last of all, butter. Very simple and good.

Octave Thanet.

CATHERINE OWEN.

As the December number of The Home-Maker goes to press, the sad news of the death of Mrs. Helen Nitsch (Catherine Owen) is brought to the editors.

From her quiet home in Plainfield, New Jersey, she has, for the last six or seven years, sent out papers and books upon housewifely topics, which have given her place in the very front rank of those who have striven to benefit and bless American households. Her Ten Dollars Enough, Progressive Housekeeping, New Cook-Book, and her latest work, which appeared in The Home-Maker, in monthly installments—Cheap Living in Cities—will long remain culinary classics. Up to date, every number of this magazine has been made more valuable by a contribution from this

noble woman. Her projected series, Cheap and Good Country Living, promised to be her best work. Subscribers and readers will share in the deep regret of the editors at the untimely close of the undertaking. But two numbers have been published. A note from a member of her family, written a fortnight before her decease, stated that a severe attack of rheumatism disabled her temporarily, but that she hoped to send the chapter for December in season—a hope never fulfilled.

Mrs. Nitsch was in the prime of life and usefulness, being but a little over forty years of age, and greatly beloved by all who had the happiness of knowing her personally.

Editors of THE Home-MAKER.



BEA'S WHIM.



I wasn't dear and it wasn't sweet! Oh no! Oh no!" said Mrs. Tasker, holding her small daughter close to her heart, and kissing and kissing her as if she would fain quaff her to the dregs,

like a draught of nectar.

And the baby, whose affections were only moderately developed, but whose hunger was keen, vociferated for supper, and struggled away from the kisses. Holding her still in her arms, the mother went to the cupboard, brought out a bowl of milk, and sat down to feed the child.

At this the generous dog nodded his tail approvingly; but puss on the hearth yawned with disgust to see good milk wasted on a

baby; O fie!

The mother's smiling face began to settle into its wonted lines of care, as she cast absent glances about the room and out of the window; but wee Katy recalled her to the business in hand by frequent demands of "More! More!" in silvery tones, or by seizing the spoon between her teeth in pretty roguery.

"There, darling has had enough! Now go play with pussy while mamma sets the

table for sister Bea.'

Whereupon the baby, with strength and courage renewed, began to vex the cat by pinching her ears, and to hinder mamma's progress by running before her feet and sometimes falling down on the warped, uneven floor.

It was an old house, and the people who lived in it in its prime, were all silent now in the graveyard by the river. But it was a cheery house still, with its influx of new life; and the teakettle hummed its "even-song" upon a stove always well polished in spite of the great crack across the middle where the red fire shone through.

"Gooseberry preserves? Well, yes," thought the good mother, with another glance at the bare trees bowing in the wind. "We'll keep the cranberry for Christmas, and that'll be enough; but I do like a good supper for the children in bad weather like this, especially for Bea, dear girl! She comes home so tired and pale."

A knock at the kitchen door. She lifted

the latch with her floury hand.

"Why, is it you, Mr. Parker? Dear! dear! Take your overcoat right off! Why, how did you venture out in this driving storm?"

"Well, I am a'most too old for it, a'most too old," said the guest in a feeble, quavering voice, stamping his feet while the widow attacked his well-whitened coat with her broom. "I told Eben I was coming here, and he might call for me on his way from the store. But I've been a'most sorry I tried it, it has put me so out of breath. Where's Bee?"

Mrs. Tasker's face always brightened at

her daughter's name.

"O, Beatrice will be here directly. Set your chair up by the stove, Mr. Parker," stirring her biscuits as she spoke. "Beatrice is at Deacon Sewall's to-day, and I suppose she'll sew as long as daylight lasts and maybe a little longer, as there's wedding-haste, you know."

"Bee's handy with her needle, so they say," remarked the bright-eyed old man, spreading out his thin hands to the heat of the stove,—"that's what they tell in the village; and Eben's wife, she wants to know if Bee can't come over next week, and make some gowns for the children?"

"Eben's wise? Well, we'll ask her when she comes. I don't know how long my daughter is spoken for after Christmas," replied Mrs. Tasker, setting the biscuits in the

oven with tremulous joy.

Those wealthy, fashionable Parkers! Bea had never aspired to the honor of even making over their old garments; and now here were five little misses about to cast a small

fortune at her feet,—that is, if they all wanted

Here the Tasker children began to pour in, fresh from school,—John, Jane, Mary and Tom-with much stamping and laugh-

"I hope you don't mind the children's noise, Mr. Parker," said the mother, nervously.

It was growing dark; of course he must stay to tea, and what was there for meat in the house? Well, she could warm over that minced beef she had been saving for tomorrow's dinner.

"Here's Bea at last," said she, straining

her eyes at the window.

The girl was not so remarkable to look at, -as you will presently see,—that her mother need speak of her with such infinite pride. Nor had she a single accomplishment, poor thing! Accomplishments are expensive, particularly music, unless indeed you sing as the birds do, and as Bea did, without notes. She had excellent powers of mind, it is true, and had often sighed for the "higher education" granted to the favored of her sex; but this was utterly out of the question, and now at twenty-one she called herself "a failure," because she knew no more than what she had diligently gleaned at the public schools.

"O, why should life all labor be?" said she to herself, as she threaded her way from the well-lighted village of Putney to her own

home on the outskirts.

It was the twenty-second of December, but there were no foregleams of Christmas in Bea's heart. It had been an unusually tiresome day for her, and now a chilly storm had set in. Moreover, she had met several of her former school-mates at different points on the road, and the sight of them had awakened some unpleasant, jarring thoughts.

These girls were all wealthy. Not one of them had a heavier care on earth than embroidering portieres, painting in water-colors

or playing lawn-tennis.

A few of them had kindly nodded from their carriages at common-place Bea, trudging on foot with a bundle; but one—Miss Angelina Parker—had pretended not to see

At another time Bea might not have minded this so much, for she was a brave girl, and a bit of a philosopher withal; but to-day Miss Sewall's wedding-dress had tried her nerves by wrinkling on the shoulder, and she felt tired and unreasonably depressed. And more and more as she urged her way through the blinding storm, the

happy lot of these old schoolmates would insist on rising up before her in vivid contrast with her own.

"How would Angie Parker feel, I wonder, to be shut up all day by a red-hot air-tight stove, sewing for dear life, and Miss Sewall watching every stitch through her

spectacles?

"Or how should I feel, with Angie's money and Angie's time to read and study? The time she wastes washing and dressing her skye-terrier? Would it have done me any harm—a little money and a little time? Why was my grandfather cheated out of his inheritance? Yes, why? That is," added Bea, "if he had an inheritance! How do I know? And what possesses me to brood over that old grievance to-night? O fie! I mustn't go into the house frowning like this!"

'' Well, Bea dear," said the best of mothers, greeting her at the door with a kiss. "You look as if you'd had a battle. But supper is ready, and a cup of hot tea will

do you good."

"She grows to favor the Prescotts," said old Mr. Parker, as Bea took her place at the

table opposite her mother.

Bea raised her eyes with a smile. Soft, kind eyes they were, but too near the color of old tea-leaves for beauty; unless, indeed, when she felt very happy—which wasn't the case to-night—and then they darkened to hazel.

"I don't feel much sorry I was obleeged to stay," said Mr. Parker, contentedly, pouring his tea into his saucer, a breach of good manners not allowed at his grandson's table. "Yes, for I don't know as I've ate a meal in this house afore, since that salmon dinner John Grant gave sixty-three year ago, come next spring.

"John Grant? Had he adopted his baby

then?" laughed Mrs. Tasker.

"O yes, his baby was a dozen year old by that time. The baby was your grandsir Tasker," explained Mr. Parker to Bea, who nodded politely, though of course she

had heard it all before.

"Queer for an old bachelor so, to go to adopting a child; but then he used to set his eyes by the child's mother. Well, that's nothing, here nor there; but I will say I never ate a better salmon than I ate that day at Squire Grant's table. Dolly Means did beat all for a cook! But mebbe 'twould all have faded out of my mind by this time if it hadn't a been—

The old man passed his cup for more tea, and resumed:

"You see that was the day Squire Grant got Squire Bond to the house to make his will, and I felt so amazing important to be one of the signers of it, along with Dolly and the hired man. Well, they're both dead now; all four dead, fact; none of 'em living but me."

Bea had grown suddenly interested.

"Then there really was a will? And what became of it?"

Mr. Parker shook his bald head.

"That's what nobody knows. I can testify to seeing of it put into a leetle brassnailed hair trunk; but when 'twas searched for, forty years after, it came up missing."

"Twas one of the mysteries," said Mrs. Tasker, quietly. "Will you pass the cake,

Beatrice?"

"Now, mamma, you never told me this! Pray go on, Mr. Parker. Was the money really willed to that little boy,----to my grandfather?

"Certain! O yes. There was no secret about that; to your grandfather, James

"Was it a large fortune? About how large, Mr. Parker?" Bea was fond of fig-

"Well, I don't justly know. I should say, if I was to give a guess, that John Grant was worth more'n a hundred thousand at that time; but, bless my soul, it grew for the next forty years, and it can't have stood still any since.

"My grandfather's money! And who has

"Bea!" said the mother, warningly, "don't, Bea!" But the question had been asked, and Mr. Parket answered it, though with evident reluctance.

"Well, I do s'pose it all went to Eben's wife's folks.

fe's folks. It hadn't ought to, but it did."
"We won't talk about it," said Mrs. "It's useless to stir Tasker, with agitation.

up these old affairs."

"That's so; but I see your daughter won't be easy till she's picked the whole story out of me," laughed the bright-eyed old man. "And considerin' I've started on't, don't you believe I'd better finish?"

"Yes, please do," said Bea. right had Eben Parker's wife to our money?"

"Well, her grandsir and John Grant were brothers, that's all."

"Oh!"

"But there wa'n't a good state of feeling between 'em, and John Grant never meant Sam should have a cent. That was the fact about it. That was principally why he adopted little Jimmy Tasker, 'twas so's to cut off Sam.

" Oh!"

"Yes, Sam was his only brother, but he'd done something—well, John owed him a grudge, and had reason to. It didn't make any great difference to Sam, his being cut off, for he died pretty soon; but Sam's heirs, you know, they were cut off too, and John meant they should be.

Well?" "Certainly.

"And the property went to James Tasker." "To my grandfather. I understand."

"Well, I mean it would have gone to him only he died before he got hold of it. is, he died before John Grant did! He was killed middling-young by a tree falling on him."

"But there was the will. Why didn't the money come to my father, James's only son? Wasn't he the next heir?"

"To be sure. It had ought to. John Grant died in full faith that your father was a-goin' to get every cent of it. He never thought of that will's getting misplaced and Ah, well, Bee-trice," added the old man piously, by way of climax, "this had ought to be a lesson to us not to set our hearts on worldly riches that take to themselves wings and fly away.'

"Do you mean to say," cried Bea, impatiently. "You can't mean to say that Mrs. Eben Parker's family—that her father would take that money when it belonged to some-

body else?"

"Bea! Bea!" said Mrs. Tasker softly.

"Ahem! Well yes, Peter Grant, I suppose he did know it ought to go to your father; but the lawyers, they told him he had the case, and he had better go ahead and take possession.'

"The lawyers, indeed!" thought Bea.

"Twas all legal," went on the old man "Peter gave your father this old house, and all the land it stood on; and he wa'n't obleeged to; not by law."

"By law!" cried Bea, indignantly.

"Bea, my dear Bea!" said Mrs. Tasker. "It aint no ways strange she don't like the sound of it, you know," continued old Mr. Parker, indulgently. "Some was of the opinion at the time that Peter had ought to gone halves; but then he had the law on his side—and Peter was grasping. We all know that, and it wa'n't to be expected—"

"Mother," cried Bea, "was a thorough

search made for that will?"

There was a bright spot of red in Mrs. Tasker's cheeks, and her voice quivered

slightly as she replied:

"Certainly, Bea, for years and years. Indeed, your father never really gave up hunting. How often I've seen him spring up from his chair and rush for the garret; and I dreaded to see him come back so down-hearted. But it was of no use reasoning with him; he always said the will was in the house somewhere, and must be found. But he died without the sight."

"Why, mother, was that why he spent so much time in the attic among those yellow papers? Where did all those papers come

from, I wonder?"

"They belonged to old John Grant—the most of them, I think. I've often begged your father to let me bring them down and make a bonfire of them, but he had a sort of superstition about it, and never would consent."

"I'm rather glad," said Bea, quickly, "for now I can take my turn at hunting."

"O, don't talk so, my daughter. Don't you get to thinking and fretting about that old will! Twas the bane of your dear father's life. He couldn't settle to anything, just for dwelling on that."

Mrs. Tasker looked almost terrified, and tears sprang suddenly to the eyes of Beatrice

as she saw her mother's emotion.

It was all clear to her now. She understood for the first time her father's moody, dreamy ways, the fitful bursts of gayety and gloom which had always made him seem so different from other people. It was this false hope that had lured and tantalized him all his days, and at last had been his death, poor, dear, papa!

"And what a wearing grief and trial it must have been to mother! How could she have kept it all to herself? Why didn't she tell me, her oldest daughter? Though I know why, to be sure; it was because she wanted to spare me the pain of it; it was because she is the dearest, bravest, kindest, most un-

selfish woman that ever lived."

The conversation drifted to Christmastrees and weddings and snow-storms; but Beatrice scarcely heard another word; her thoughts were wandering far back into the past of "sixty-three years ago, come another Spring."

CHAPTER II.

Next day it snowed right and left, and up and down and diagonally; troops of flakes from all quarters joining in white battle to the bugle-music of the terrific wind.

Beatrice thought of nothing but returning to the Deacon's and the unfinished bridal-dress; but her mother declared she should not leave the house in such a blizzard; no, not if Miss Elizabeth Sewall had to postpone her wedding, or stand up in one of her old gowns.

So Bea turned back from the door with a sigh of disappointment mingled with relief. "Perhaps I can finish it to-morrow," she

said

"And Bea, since the day is lost, suppose we just sit down together to make over my black serge? We could accomplish wonders with Jenny at home to mind the baby."

To Mrs. Tasker's surprise Bea hesitated

slightly, and cleared her throat.

"Do you know," she said, laying her cheek caressingly against her mother's, "there's something else I choose to do today, and call this my Christmas holiday; that is, if you are not in haste about the serge."

Mrs. Tasker felt self-condemned at once.

"To think I should have gone out of my way to remember that old dress, Bea, when there is your new plaid basted and ready to make! That comes first, of course, and you've so little time to sew for yourself."

"But mamma, dear," said Bea hurriedly, and a little confused. "I'm in no mood, for dresses; I'm plotting to do something rather foolish; I'm going on a pilgrimage."

"Not into that garret? Now Bea! Bea!"
"For the first, last and only time, mam-

"Is that a promise, a solemn.promise?"

"Indeed it is," replied the girl, startled by her mother's sudden pallor. "Kiss me three times for luck, and this shall be the end of it, upon my word."

"But hear the wind blow, child!"

"O, I shan't feel it through all these wraps. See, cloak, overshoes, mittens and all."

Mrs. Tasker turned to take the hot soapstone from the back of the stove, and wrap it in old newspapers.

"Here, if you will go, take this. And don't stay long."

"No, no, only long enough to make my fortune. Good by."

And off sped the Arctic explorer.

"Now where to begin?" thought she, as she mounted the narrow stairs and peered around the wintry attic hung with cobwebs and carpeted with rubbish.

It was the children's stamping-ground, and they had probably de-molished long ago the article she cared most to find-"the leetle brassnailed hair trunk.

No, there it was, in plain sight under the eaves; bursting with worthless, moldy old letters to "Honored Sirs" from "Obedient Servants" dead and gone; with here and there a worm-eaten invitation to some party or ball; these were in the little trunk and nothing more.

"Well, here are three large chests. Dear, dear, to think of saving so many old newspapers! Ah, a basketful of deeds!

Now for it!"

She smiled derisively at her own folly as she untied the red tape and fluttered through the dusty heaps. What could she expect to find in this refuse that had been searched thousand times?

Now and then, on the floor, or in old boxes, she came upon sheets and half sheets of blank paper which might serve the

children for scribbling paper; these she would save.

"A meagre reward for all my trouble! Mrs. Tasker gave up her dress very sweetly to gratify Bea's whim; and Bea must atone to Mrs. Tasker for having such a whim. It ம் too foolish!"

She had wandered back to the eaves, and was pulling something from under a loose, board. More blank paper. It was folded up like a deed, still it was not a deed, for it had no writing; it was manifestly a mere blank sheet of foolscap which nobody would have looked at a second time—nobody I mean, except a keen-eyed observer like Bea.

"Why was it folded at all, that's what I'd like to know? It isn't customary to fold

blank paper."

Had the children done it? Certainly not, for the creases were time-worn and jagged.



"Rather peculiar. Let's look into this." She opened the sheet.

"Why, what's this? It looks like part of

a pen-stroke.'

The light struggled dimly through the dusty, snow-clouded window. She strained her eyes intently. Was that a pen-stroke, or only a flaw in the coarse paper?

Bea was growing excited.

"Why, here are traces of something! Just the faintest, faintest trace of a-is that the long tail of a letter J? Or what is it? Did father ever see this, I wonder? No, his eyes were so poor, and he never would wear spectacles.

She fell into deep thought; peered again and again at the sheet; and presently, with a peculiar smile, dropped it into the pocket of her sewing-apron.

"My pilgrimage is over, mamma," said

she, running down stairs to the sitting-room. "Now if your ladyship so elects, we'll have out the serge gown and the flatirons."

A smile of relief broke brightly over Mrs.

Tasker's face.

"That sounds like yourself, Bea! You can't guess how I dreaded to have you go up for fear that awful fascination would seize you, and you couldn't get away.

"There is a fascination in it, and I can't blame poor father," returned Bea, turning

away to look for the ripping-knife.

It was such bliss to have her at home that her mother did not observe how oddly the girl behaved that day; blundering over plain seams, forgetting to answer questions, and laughing sometimes in the wrong place.

"Sulphide of ammonia," she was saying to herself, "Yes, that's what will bring out old writing. I'll go to a druggist to-morrow and ask carelessly if it isn't. I'll say, 'Will it transform the iron of faded ink into black sulphide?'"

O, very learned is she and very innocent, standing there before the counter propounding this conundrum! And then—and then —but not a word yet to dear mamma!

Early next morning the "innocent" Bea

dropped into a druggist's at Putney.

"Sulphide of ammonia? Certainly that's it," responded the clerk as coolly as if people came to him every day to restore old records, and he thought nothing of it. "Wet the paper first, and then apply the solution with a sponge.

Bea thanked him, hoping he would not see her hand tremble as she received the

precious package.

The wedding-gown was a trial and a terror; but the wrinkles were smoothed out at last, the final stitch set; and giving Miss Elizabeth a warm kiss, anticipatory of her bridal honors, Bea rushed home and tried to be properly merry over the simple Christmas gifts the children had arranged in a clothes-basket and covered with a shawl.

It was not till ten o'clock that she found herself alone in her own room, kneeling before a wooden chair in which she had placed the doubtful foolscap duly moistened with warm water.

Now for the solution. She dipped in the

sponge, and applied it to the paper.

Her heart throbbed, her fingers shook. Had she been cherishing a delusion? Well, at least no one would be harmed by it but herself. In that was her solace.

No! See! The writing leaps up to view! What writing?

John Grant's will again! Not a word missing! It wakens to life after a sleep of sixty-three years, to a new life, prepared to undo past wrongs, fulfil the wishes of John Grant, and restore to a long-defrauded family their lost birthright!

"Genuine?' Why yes, mother, no doubt And we'll have old Mr. Parker here in the morning to prove it. O, I'm so glad he's alive!" sobbed Bea, as she and her mother paced the floor together that night, too excited to sleep.

Mrs. Tasker's face was radiant, though her eyes overflowed, and she was several times on the point of exclaiming, "O my dear, my dear, if your father was only here

to-night!"

But remembering that this was one of the things that are better left unsaid, she wisely

refrained; and when Bea asked:

"Is it because you are too happy that you don't say more, mamma?" she answered, "I'm a glad and thankful woman, my daughter. But aren't you a little sorry for those Parkers? Eben has nothing of his own, and when his wife's money is taken away -

"O, but we wouldn't think of taking it

all! Only half of it, mother."

"The whole is ours, or none is ours, Bea."

"Yes, I suppose so. But of course the first thought is to divide it."

"Your first thought, you mean, Bea. Why, I hadn't thought of it at all."

"Well, you were just going to think."

Mrs. Tasker turned about and faced her

daughter, "But Bea," said she, and there was a

tremor in her voice of long-suppressed indignation and pain,—"those Parkers have treated us so shamefully from first to last."

"I know it, mother, and Angle cuts me

every time she gets a chance."

"You, Bea, you? How can she? How dare she?"

"Still, mamma—to take away every cent of the money that girl was born with-just think of it! And drive her into poverty! How could we?" cried Bea, her generous young face kindling with her noble resolve.

"A But dear, you said half?"

"Isn't that enough? Do you want me to say two-thirds?"

Mrs. Tasker laughed.

"Good for evil is an expensive luxury,

but you see, mamma, we can afford it, for we're rich, O, so very rich!"

"Yes; but my child ---"

"What's the most delicate way to manage it, mamma?" went on Bea, with both arms around her mother's neck. "They'll so dislike to take a gift from us, you know."

Mrs. Tasker laughed again.

"They'll bear it bravely, never fear. You haven't felt this stinging injustice all your life as your father and I have felt it, Bea, or you wouldn't — But if you are clear in your own mind, child—"

"Clear? Why I'm as clear and as sure as I am that in one minute it will be Christ-

mas day."

"Christmas?"

Mrs. Tasker looked up at the ebony clock on the mantel and drew a deep breath.

"Christmas?"

"One, two, three"—the clock was ringing it in with a silvery tongue.

How sweet it was, that sound like cathedral chimes, which seemed to come from some blessed region far away. "Peace on earth," it said, "Good will to men."

"Yea, good will even to those we account our enemies, even to them that despitefully use us," said Mrs. Tasker softly to herself.

Then aloud, as the echo of the sacred

chime died away:

"Mrs. Parker does have rights as the grand-niece of old John Grant. It shall be done, Bea, and done in your name."

"Why so, mamma? Have it from your-

self."

"No, it is your Christmas gift. And besides," added Mrs. Tasker, half seriously, "When the lawyers call us sentimental, it will be so easy for me to have no words about it, but just tell them, 'it is Bea's whim.'"

Sophie May.

AN AFRICAN CHRISTMAS STORY.

is in that part of

Southern Africa

called Matabele

Land, north of that Zulu Country where the French Prince met his sad death, that the scene of my story lies. Look on your map for the Zambesi River, and follow it up from the ocean until it bends down to the South; and just below that bend lies the Matabele country; and then go back, and in the upper bend lies an-Jother land whose name you must remember, for my story has to do with that too-the Mashona land. are lovely countries, both of them, but Mashona especially, for it is a high tableland, 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, like the plains of Montana and Dakota, where the air is crisp and fresh, and you feel that you want to get your lungs full of it; and little rivers run all through the fields and

forests, and the grass is green-when every-

where else it is dry and scorched. Eighty years ago this country was full of people; a great tribe had their home there, and had plenty of cattle, and enough to eat and were peaceful and happy. But the Matabele men, their neighbors, were of another sort, and liked to fight, and fighting with the Mashona men was easy—for they did not care to fight; so that now the Mashona country is almost deserted, and its poor people have been killed and driven out until only a few are left, and the rich fertile country has gone back to Mother Nature and her wild animals. But it was not so in these days I am telling you of. For the king of the Matabeles, whose name was Sekomi, had a wife who was the daughter of the king of Mashona-land, and so the two countries were at peace, for the And while this happy state of things was on, there came one day to Sekomi's village a white man with a little escort from the coast; and when Sekomi asked him what he came there for, he said that if the king would get his people together on the next day he would tell them all what he came for, and having nothing better to do just then, and being rather curious, like all the rest of us, I suppose, the king agreed.

So that when the missionary came out of the hut which the king had given him to sleep in, on the next morning, he found over two men, women and gathered in the centre of the village in an open space where the councils of the tribe were held, and where the war dances before and after battles took place, yes, and where many a time the grass had been red with the blood of the poor captives taken in the battles. But these were peaceful times, as I told you—and the grass was green now—and the dusky figures and faces covered it like patterns on a bright carpet everywhere. And the king had put on his best clothes, a splendid leopard skin, and his greatest warriors stood all about him -while close to his throne, if throne it could be called, for it was only a carved block of wood, there stood his favorite wife-the Mashona woman, Magonda, and her boy, Itumwa—a straight little fellow, perfect in form and strong in limb, with bright, keen eyes, and a proud bearing, as though he knew he was the only son of a great chief. For this boy was Sekomi's pride, because he hoped that he would grow up to be a great warrior like himself; and all the love that his savage soul was capable of was given to the boy, Itumwa. Though, indeed, the boy's mother was a favorite too, for she was a true princess, and the only one of all the king's many wives who had borne him a son. I do not know whether you would think so but she was a beauty also, as Matabele men looked at beauty, and the king was proud of her, almost as much as he was of her son.

Then the drums were beaten, and the missionary stepped out into the middle of the circle, with an interpreter by his side, and looked all around upon that great crowd of He thought of his errand a dark faces. moment in silence, and prayed to the Master to help him, and then began the story of the Cross. He spoke on for hours, and no one interrupted him, no one broke away from the circle, no one gave a sign or made a sound that would tell whether he were pleased or not. The king heard it all through in silence from its beginning in Bethlehem to its end on Calvary, and until he spoke no one else dared to stir or whisper.

But when at last the good man's strength gave out and he could say no more, Sekomi rose, and taking his boy by the hand, led him up to the preacher, and said: "Talk to him, he has time to listen. I have not," the poor exhausted missionary thought that all his words had been in vain.

The crowd of listeners broke up as the king went his way, and only the young boy and his mother were left.

One last bright thought came into the missionary's mind, and sitting down under a tree he called the boy to him, and taking out of his pocket a few cheap tracts with little rough pictures on their title-pages, he chose two and gave them to the prince. One had on its page that old familiar group which all children know so A mother, with a child on her knees. in a stable, the cattle standing about, and angels looking on. The other, a picture, which older people love better, because they understand it better as the years gather behind them—of a Cross, and a dear Form stretched upon it, and at its foot a man and a few women looking up in sorrow at the face above them.

We know what these pictures mean. One tells of Christmas and the other of Good Friday! But to the little savage prince they were strange and wonderful, not as they are to us, but as pictures. He took one in each hand, and looked at them again and again, turned them over, to see what was on the other side and where the picture came from, and at last, holding the Christmas picture up, and laying a finger on the Christ child—he asked: "Who is that?" "A Prince"—the missionary answered.

"And that?"

"His mother"

And then, with his finger on the cross-

"And that?"

"The same Prince"

"And that?"

" His mother."

"And what is he doing up there?"

"He is dying to save His mother."

The boy looked up at his own mother and then at the two pictures, and again at his mother, and at last, straightening himself up and throwing his arm around his mother's neck, he said: "A prince who died to save his mother—I would do that too."

How much more the missionary found time to say to the young chief, or how clear he was able to make the old, old story to his mind, I cannot tell. But the boy asked for and was given the two plain little pictures, and went away saying to himself over and over: "The boy who died to save his mother."

"The prince who gave his life for his mother."

On upon his long journey to other tribes the Gospel messenger was soon forced to go. The king of Matabele and his tribe would not give him another hearing; and the only hope that he could carry away with him as he went on his way to new dangers upon his Master's errand lay in the remembrance of those two coarse pictures. fragments of the great and holy truth, left in the hands of that little dusky savage prince in Matabele town.

A great comfort to the little child were his two cheap pictures, for he had not forgotten anything that the missionary had told him in those few hours that they were together; and somehow his active child-brain supplied what was lacking in the brief account by lively imaginings, always in the right direction, for he had really seized upon the soul of the story; and the Child of the Manger and the Man of the Cross were an intelligent and harmonious life to him in their one grand lesson of Sacrifice.

And then, as time went on, there came into his life another element that helped him to bring his thoughts into practical shape; for he had a brother now, a babe that lay on his mother's lap, as did the one in the Christmas picture; so he manfully divided his wellworn treasures, and gave his brother the one that seemed to belong to him; and so much had he thought about the scene that he could not be contented until he had drawn his mother into a plan to make it seem more real

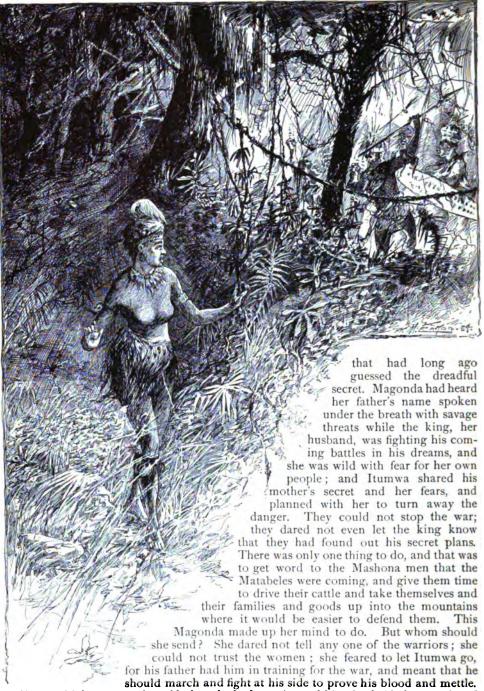
One day in the bush behind the village he coaxed her to sit with the baby on her knees, and disappearing into the thicket, he soon drove up two or three meek-mannered cattle and a solemn donkey, and by blows and cries forced them to join the circle, until he thought he could almost see the halos around the head of the human pair that formed the centre of his rude group-We who love to see that holy picture reproduced in endless variety in sculpture and painting—can we laugh at the child's It was the true blending of the artistic with the religious sense that are so strong in our race, working as they have ever worked since the angels sang to the shepherds the song of "Good Tidings" only the material was scanty and crude, and the lights upon the holy faces were replaced by the shadows of a tawny skin. But God makes shadows as He makes lights, and with Him perhaps the little heathen's struggle to realize the Divine Incarnate was as true a tribute to the fact that was born of His own great love as any effort of a higher

But then, giving one picture to his baby brother, there remained yet the other. What should he do with that? It was beyond his grouping. When could he get the centre-

piece for that? "The boy—now man—that died to save his mother." If his brother had. one, must not the other be his? If the baby that lay now in his mother's lap, with the wondering cattle and the puzzled donkey about him satisfied his longing for the reality of the Christmas legend, must not the Prince, now more than half-grown, begin to think whether the cross in the second grouping might not be for him? He could not get rid of the idea; and in his savage way would creep off by himself and stand for hours stretched upon the low-hanging branches of a tree, and think of his mother, and what he would do for her when he was a man. if ever the time came to test his love.

And it did come. How strangely God turns back our thoughts upon ourselves in those ways which we call trials! We think we would do this thing or that for love of Him if we were asked to do it; and the changes of this mortal life become chances to do the very thing that we were thinking of; and so God tests our thoughts to see whether they were like His thoughts, ready to shape themselves into costly acts when the need came. Who shall say that He had not this same purpose before Him, as He ordered events to bring this natural growth of the truth in that dark, heathen soul to a trial that would show it to be divine?

At any rate, so went events, and the trial came to Itumwa. He was to be the centre figure of the second picture himself, a part he had felt must belong to him ever since the day that he had filled out the other, and left himself out of that grouping. The Matabeles were becoming restless; they had been at peace with their neighbors too long, and as the other tribes about them were warlike, and the Mashonas were not inclined to war, nor likely to make so strong a fight if compelled, naturally Sekomi thought his time had come to quarrel with the Mashonas, and all the more because they were prosperous and rich in cattle, and their country was better than his. It does not take long to find a pretext when one is ready to quarrel; and Sekomi soon satisfied himself that he ought to revenge his fancied injuries, and go up and plunder his neighbors—the Mashonas. But Sekomi was a coward, and a bully—a coward because he was a bully—so all his plans were kept secret; and while every one in his tribe knew that war was coming, and was gladly getting ready for it, only the head men of the tribe had been told in what direction the blow would fall. There were two besides the head men and the king



She would have to go herself, though she knew it would be death if she was found out; and go she did, creeping out of the village one dark night when a war-dance and feast were keeping all the tribe busy, and running like a deer the many miles to save her father. The message was delivered in safety, and she was nearing home again when a treacherous woman, who thought she had some cause to hate the

poor, distracted queen, and had followed her every step of the way, rushed into the village before her, and told the story of her journey to the whole band of warriors, with the king at their head as they stood up for another wild dance.

Poor little Magonda, crawling through the bushes to her hut, with the happy hope that she had saved her father and people from destruction, was met at the door by her angry husband, who seized her by the throat and raised his axe as if to dash her brains out, but dropped his arm the next moment and flung her from him into the furthest corner of the hut, and rushed out with a savage howl of rage. A quick command to his soldiers, and in a moment Magonda was bound and dragged from her screaming children and thrown into the prison hut, with guards standing at every corner. knew, and every one in the tribe knew, that death was only delayed; and before the council broke up, it was known to all but herself that they had sentenced her to starve for three days and then to be burned at the war-stake in the centre of the village.

It was Christmas Eve in Matabele-land, and it was also the last day of poor Magonda's reprieve. She was to die at noon on the next day, in the presence of the whole tribe. For three days she had lain all alone in the strong prison-house with only a gourd of water at her side, and her single visitor other than the guard who came in to bring the water, had been her youngest boy, who toddled up one day crying for his mother, and was allowed to creep in at the low door for an hour by a tender-hearted sentinel. From that time on he had come and gone undisturbed, playing a while in the sunshine outside and then pushing himself back again with one foot as a propeller after the fashion of toddlers and crabs, to his mother and his sup-And now, in the darkening shadows of the Holy Eve, he lay fast asleep upon his poor exhausted mother's knee, while she kept her last sad vigil alone.

But what had Itumwa been doing all this time? As soon as he heard of his dear mother's fate, he had gone away into the bush with his one picture, and, throwing himself face downward in the high grass, he had spread the soiled and crumpled page with

its sad center-piece out before him.

"The boy who died to save his mother. The Prince who died for his mother," he slowly repeated to himself again and again.

Then his finger rested for a moment on the Virgin as she stood with face upturned to her Son, and at last he said, "That is Magonda.

Then came another long waiting, and with a quick decisive thrust the finger once more touched the picture full at the breast of the crucified, "That is-I," he said, still more slowly, "The Prince who died to save his mother."

And now, in the gathering gloom of the Holy Eve, when mother and child inside were making up all of the Christmas grouping that their solitude allowed, Itumwa was fast working his way through the soft earth from the bush twenty feet away behind his mother's prison towards a realization of his own chosen part in the Calvary scene. midnight, as his mother sat and waited for the hours to pass away, the earth at her feet rose in a little heap and then crumbled away and a small but strong hand gave a gentle pull at her foot. She started in terror for a moment, but with a mother's instinct recognized the touch, and in a few moments more her brave noble boy shook off the dirt, and stood up at her side. One long sweet embrace, and then he quickly told his errand, and set at once about its execution. They took a piece of bark that lay at hand, and wrapping the baby in his mother's mantle, laid him down on the bark, still asleep.

"Now, mother dear, here is food and here is water: eat quickly and go with brother to your father. I will stay. Father will not hurt me; and if he does!" and he quickly placed the other picture—his picture—for a

second in her hand.

Too well she knew what it was, and what he meant by the action, but her faith was strong as his, and stronger, that the father would not really harm his boy. she accepted her deliverance, crying softly to herself as she ate to get strength for her long swift journey, and then she gently pushed the bark cradle into the hole, and followed after, with blessings on her dear boy's head. Once clear of the ground, she fastened her baby on her back, and with a speed that came from long practice, put mile after mile quickly behind her: and, as the Christmas morning dawned, was already entering the pass of the mountain that led to her tribe's home, and ere noon was safely hidden away in a cave of refuge with father, brothers, and friends by the score to guard her.

And now Itumwa kept his Christmas vigil in his mother's stead—his picture within his closed hand—and repeating softly to himself the legend whose words seemed string-



the prison, made the guard stand aside, and creeping in at the door, through whose low opening a faint streak of moonlight followed him, he stood up and waited; until as his eye grew more accustomed to the shadows, he saw stretched on a rough bed at the further side a covered form, sleeping! his wife—he thought, condemned to die a cruel public death on the morrow. The strong savage man shook with suppressed passion from

head to foot, but yet he felt he could not The council had given her sensave her. tence; he had declared before the whole tribe that it should be so, and he dared not rob the people of their victim. With a deep sigh he drew himself up to his full height, the spear was balanced in his steady hand, and thrown. Then like one stricken himself, he hurried through the opening, and ran as though hunted by fiends to his own house, while the spear, true to its aim, entered the breast of the sleeping boy, just where the Roman soldier's spear had pierced the side of the Master.

Itumwa's soul passed out into the dawning glories of the Christmas morning without a struggle, and his two pictures, the one in the mountain passes of Mashona land, and the other in the dark prison hut of the Matabele village, were complete. His little brother was the living child yet upon this lowly mother's knee. Himself was the "Prince that died to save his mother."

This would be a sad Christmas story indeed, did it end here, but that is not my purpose. For as all God's plans that come to their fruitage here on earth seem to pass first through the deep darkness before they come out into the light, and the light seems all the brighter for the darkness behind it, When Sekomi found what so it was here. he had done, as the guards went in to bring out the condemned woman to her dreadful trial, he fell on the ground and tore up the earthen floor in a mad frenzy of grief; then, breaking his spears and battle-clubs, every one, he made his way once more with head hung down and eyes half closed as though afraid to meet the light, through the astonished crowds that had gathered at the news, to the hut which had been his wife's prison, and was now his boy's tomb. With tears streaming down his rough cheeks and washing wide furrows in the war-paint, he knelt down beside his little victim and gently drew out the fateful spear. Then he unclasped the little hand that still closed so

tightly upon its one treasure, and there lay before him—that second picture!

He understood it all now; and, like a flash of light from Heaven, there came back to his mind the missionary's visit so long ago, and the words he had spoken. He stretched himself upon the quiet body of his darling boy, and cried like a child. Then rising, and going out into the midst of his wondering people, he gave a command in a tone that none dared to disobey, and at once three swift runners, carrying a symbol of peace, set out for Mashona-town at full speed.

The king went back and seated himself at the door of the prison. All day long he sat there, not tasting food, nor speaking, nor rising, until, just as the sun was going down, the messengers returned, and with them the mother of the Christmas grouping and her child. Taking her by the hand, the king led the way into the hut once more, and there together, by the side of their boy, asleep in Jesus, I dare to say, they knelt and communed in softest whispers.

What God said to comfort their poor, darkened souls—how He let in the blessed Christmas light upon the shadows of their deep agonizings—I cannot tell. But somehow, with the two pictures, and the dear young forms of the living child and the dead before them, the words spoken in His name so long ago, seemed to come back; and peace, the peace and good-will of Christmas itself, stole into that darkening prison tomb, and made it light with the brightness that shone from Heaven on that night so long ago, when angels sang, for the first time, over earth's toilworn and sorrow-stricken plains—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

The missionary came back to Matabeletown soon after, at Sekomi's own request; and the first ones to take the name of the Master and receive His holy sign upon their foreheads were Sekomi, the baby brother, and the mother, "whom the prince, her son, had died to save."

Barton Lee.

COMMON SENSE TEMPERANCE TALK WITH OUR GIRLS.



N the course of my life I have known personally six women of education and fair social position, who drank, occasionally or habitually, to intoxication. All of these were

married, and over thirty years of age before the fatal passion became inveterate. Four out of the six were also opium eaters, having formed a taste for the drug during illness in which it was given to allay pain.

It is said that there are thousands of women in America who use narcotics to excess. Again, that ninety-nine per cent. of these unfortunates are wives, and that eighty-eight per cent. began the practice by taking anodynes prescribed by physicians. Finally—that if they cannot get opiates, they accept intoxicating liquors as a substitute. One or the other the enslaved wretches must have.

From these data, it would seem that Our Girl's temptation does not lie in the direction of the undue use of drugs or strong Perhaps because she is too happy and healthy to covet lethargy; it is certain that the bubbling fount of innocent gayety, and the ardent hopefulness with which she leans toward the possibilities of her future suffice her in the stead of artificial exhilara-Manifestly my Temperance Talk with her must run in a different groove from that addressed to her brother in our July num-While the fact that there are a few women, once as fair and good as she, who' have forgotten sex and home-loves in the maddening thirst for stimulants, should warn her away from the remotest chance of such a fall, her chief need of admonition on this subject arises from the circumstance of her influence over men.

When but a child, I noticed that the belle of a Christmas party shook her head smilingly, when egg-nogg was passed to her, and that her attendant followed her example in declining it. I, also, heard the explanation of her singular conduct given, subsequently, to her girlish companions:

"They say that Ed. Taylor is trying to break off drinking. He was my shadow all the evening, you know, and, of course, it

wouldn't do for him to accept what I had refused. Moreover, girls!" resolutely, "I made up my mind to-night never to drink so much as a glass of wine with a young man again! I will not lose the thousandth part of a chance of saving a tempted soul, or take the millionth part of a risk of ruining one."

In lurid contrast to this fair portrait, I place that of a "society girl" who, at a Christmas-dinner, bantered her favored suitor to pledge her in a glass. He stammeringly assured her that his head was already dizzy with champagne and the heat of the room; he must beg to be excused, he felt that he had taken quite as much as was convenient, etc., etc. The giddy creature beside him did not suspect the degree of moral courage required to acknowledge thus much, and pushed the petition in the persuasive subtone in which it was first presented:

"Only one Wassail-cup with me! for Christmas-luck—you know!" lifting her own glass as she spoke.

The "Wassail-cup" turned the balance of the toppling brain. The victim was disgustingly drunk before the ladies left the table, and the frightened temptress had no escort home. Nor did he call to apologize for his remissness. On New Year's day, arrived a dainty box containing two holiday-cards from her quondam admirer. Upon one was illuminated the text—"Lead us not into Temptation!" Upon the other was painted a green spray, and underneath, written in familiar characters—"There's Rue for you!"

The shock of this, his first fit of intoxication, sobered the young man for a life-time, but he never forgave his almost-betrothed

for her share in the disgrace.

Travelers tell us of tottering stones, many tons in weight, that rock at the touch of a child's hand, yet cannot be overthrown by a hundred men. Some men's brains are "built so"—to quote from our July number Why their vaunt of the quantity of fiery or fermented liquid they can carry should be more dignified than the boast of him who eats three dozen eggs, or thirty quails upon a wager, is hard to explain. Setting aside the fact that in the long run they are apt to find enough liquor and potent enough to lay them low—it is more to our present purpose to consider the other fact that these are excep-

tionally steady or phlegmatic heads. It is the fellow of generous impulses, ready sympathy and magnetic temperament, the boy who always will be a boy, and whom everybody loves and pets, whose brain answers most quickly to the volatile stimulant. It is sensitive, like the rest of his organization. He is thin-skinned throughout, responsive to appeal, vulnerable to ridicule. I have him in my mind and heart as I plead with youhis sister, his friend, or one dearer than either—to help save him from himself. He may run or fall into danger, in spite of your restraining hand, and so break your There will be bitterer rue for you if you can, then, recall a time when your example was warrant for the initial step, the match that may have fired a prepared train.

One frightful feature of the risk is that even the mother who bore him often cannot say where is the weak spot in his moral or physical constitution. Her boy may be stronger than her girl to resist temptation; he may be more susceptible.

Is it worth while to make experiment of com-

parative perils?

Yet this every woman does who tastes, or tosses off a "convivial glass" in sight of, or in company with a young man. It costs her nothing to leave it untouched. That she partakes of it freely and without scruple, may cost him—everything!

In offering motherly and affectionate Christmas-greetings to Our Young People, I ask that the holiday-mottoes I have quoted may be hung in the mental gallery of each one, with serious thought of their significance

and application;—

"Jead us not into Temptation !" "There's Hue for you." Marion Harland.



By Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—A HOLDER FOR THE MAGAZINE.—A HAMMOCK CUSHION.—HAMMOCK CUSHION NUMBER TWO.—WIDE KNITTED LACE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"To willing hands and loving heart No labor seemeth heavy, And each one strives with ready art To make old Christmas merrie."

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says a certain book that is now more seldom read than when its perusal was attended with unbounded dangers, and "Good cheer and goodly gifts make a sad heart glad," wrote an ancient author. And if our willing hands can help to make some one merry, surely our loving hearts will bid us do it.

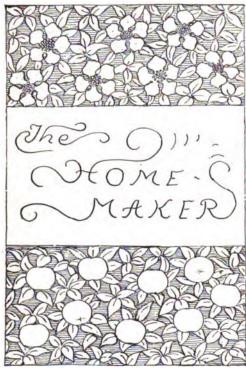
It is perhaps too late for any but the superhumanly industrious to achieve any very elaborate work in time for Christmas, but there are some simple gifts that can be made without great labor, and even if they do not represent half a year's work, they may be just as warmly welcomed.

ORNAMENTAL BOOK COVER.

It goes without saying, almost, that a subscription to the Home-Maker would be a well-prized gift, but it would be even more a reminder of the giver if accompanying it was a beautiful adjustable cover in which to

keep the current number, till replaced by the next month's issue. The decoration illustrated is a representation of apple boughs with blossoms above and fruitage below, an artistic mingling, like the HOME-MAKER'S contents, of the beautiful and useful.

Two pasteboard pieces are cut in the shape and size of the magazine and covered with gray linen and lined with satin. Figure 2 shows both sides of the outside. Number 3 gives the inside, with the openings, or pockets, into which the outside leaves of the book are slipped, a ribbon bookmarker to keep the reader's place and little straps on one side to hold a paper knife.

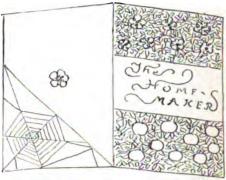


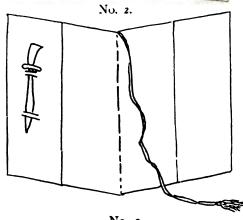
No. 1.

The cobweb on the reverse of the cover can be put in with gold thread or it may be drawn with indelible ink. The pattern in Number I can be enlarged from the drawing by the system of tracing it in squares now known to most workers, and either painted in oils or worked in Kensington stitch with the lettering done in outline stitch.

A HAMMOCK CUSHION.

This decorative circular pillow, although designated as a hammock cushion, is an equally suitable gift for the owner of a yacht whose other appointments make it worthy of anything so handsome. It is not now the weather for outdoor life, but Christmas gifts are in season even when out of season, and this one will be ornamental on a sittingroom sofa till summer brings it into proper





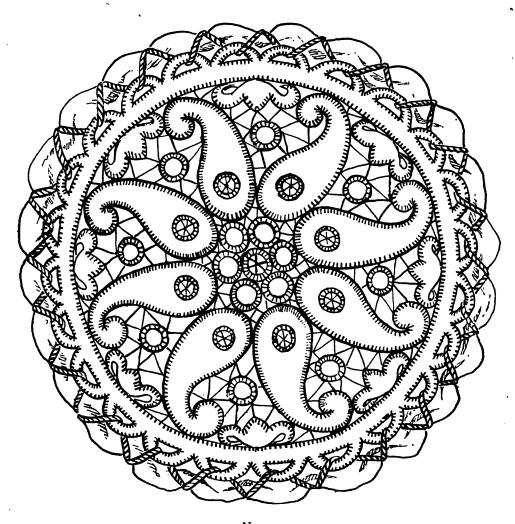
No. 3.

The cushion is made of two circles of gobelin blue satin, with a puff of the satin gathered to the edge of each. Over the upper part is a cover of gray linen ornamented with a design similar to the drawing



No. 4.

in Number 5. Any spherical pattern in cut work can be substituted for this one, but the peculiarity of the edge must be preserved. The pattern is worked in light blue silk in button-hole stitch and the figures are connected by bars of the same, the linen being



No. 5.

cut away to show the satin beneath. The circle of linen upon the bottom may, if the worker pleases, have very little decoration except the open edge, which is like that on the top and admits of a cord being laced across the puff in a way that adds greatly to its beauty. Cut Number 4 will show the arrangement of the cord.

Another Hammock Cusilion.

This cushion is made in bolster form, or rather in huge imitation of one of the French mottoes which envelop a fanciful paper cap. The center is a fourteen-inch wide strip of silk canvas with a slender garland of bright colored flowers through the middle, worked in cross stitch. The ends which are deeply fringed are made of satin, and after the

cheese cloth roll stuffed with down is put in, the ends are each tied with a narrow ribbon.

WIDE LACE FOR TOWELS, &c.

This lace, which is pretty for edging the ends of company towels, made of fine huckabuck, or for ornamenting bureau or washstand covers, is also very handsome for many other uses when knitted of zephyr wool or knitting silk, or when made of yarn it will be a very satisfactory trimming for flannel skirts. People who do not know how to knit themselves have such a great respect for knitted trimmings that few presents would give greater satisfaction than some handmade edging, particularly when it was the work of a friend who cared enough to take so much trouble with her gift.

For this pattern cast on thirty-seven stitches and knit once across plain.

First Row—Knit 2 stitches, thread over, narrow, thread over narrow; knit 7 stitches, narrow, thread over; knit 3 stitches, thread over; knit 1 stitch, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 3 stitches, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 1 stitch, thread over; knit 3 stitches, thread over twice; knit 3 stitches.

Second Row—Knit plain until you come to the last five stitches, then, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit I stitch. Only make I stitch of over-twice. All the alternate rows are like the second.

Third Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 6, narrow, thread over; knit 5, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 5, thread over twice, knit 3.

Fifth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 5, narrow, thread over; knit 7, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 3 together, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, thread over, narrow; knit 1 over twice, knit 3.



No. 6.

Seventh Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 4, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow; knit 1, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 3, thread over, narrow; knit 1, over, twice; knit 3.

Ninth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow; thread over, narrow; knit 3, narrow, thread over; knit 11, thread over, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 5, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over twice; knit 3.

Eleventh Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 2, narrow, thread over; knit 13, thread over; knit 3, together, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 2, narrow, thread over twice; knit 3, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over twice; knit 3.

There are now 43 stitches.

Thirteenth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 4, thread over, narrow; knit 3, thread over; knit 3, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 3, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2.

Fifteenth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow; thread over, narrow; knit 5, thread over, narrow; knit 7, narrow, thread over; knit 5, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2.

Seventeenth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 6, thread over, narrow; knit 5, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 3 together, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2.

Nineteenth Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over narrow; knit 7, thread over, narrow; knit 3, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 3, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 1, narrow; knit 1, narrow; knit 1, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2.

Twenty-first Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 8, thread over, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 5, thread over, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over twice, narrow; knit 1, narrow, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2.

Twenty-third Row—Knit 2, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow; knit 9, thread over; knit 3 together, thread over; knit 1, narrow, thread over; knit 2, narrow, thread over twice; knit 3, thread over, narrow; knit 1, thread over; knit 3 together, thread over twice, narrow; knit 2, repeat from first row.



HOW A MOTHER'S TROUBLE VANISHED.

A mother's trial faced me—my boy must go to school! Already he had been too long cuddled at home. Visions of rattan and severe teachers danced before my eyes, and waking or sleeping, the dread ordeal was ever uppermost in my mind. How could I send my baby out into the world,—even if only into the school world? But go he must; and hardly knowing which seemed most dreadful to me, private school, public school or no school, I selected, almost by chance, a certain Froebel Academy. Thither, one morning, I conducted my boy.

My heart was filled with rebellion and a jealous anger, that he must be given over, even partly, to the care of others, who surely, neither could nor would do for him as would I, his mother. I knocked at the door with a frown upon my brow; and I must have presented quite a fierce appearance to the smiling-faced lady, who ushered us in and seated us at one side of the room.

I looked upon a scene which was certainly pleasant and quite a contrast to my expectations. Through eight white-curtained windows shone the sun, apparently determined to see all he could of the pretty scene. At one end of the room hung a picture of Friedrich Froebel, gazing benignly at a result of his life. A piano stood beneath and on it, in a bowl, grew a Chinese plant. A bunch of dried golden-rod ornamented one corner—also a branch of swamp willow. A

box of plants enjoyed the sun in one warm window, and, on the walls was exhibited some work of the little ones. There were folded colored papers looking like beautiful rosettes; geometrical figures drawn and colored; papers cut and pasted in different designs; colored strips woven into mats. Through them all, harmony of coloring and correct work insisted upon making themselves observed.

"What an education," thought I, "for a child's eve and hand!"

A circle drawn upon the floor marked the place for the little wooden chairs in which were seated the young workwomen and workmen. I could not but notice how carefully they were protected from draughts by boards at the bases of the windows. These allowed a perfect ventilation without the slightest danger of cold, even to the most susceptible. Three teachers occupied low chairs, right among the little ones. This suggested another thought.

Said I, "They have put themselves on a level with the childish minds. They have gone down into the little lives."

The finishing touch of the picture was found in the faces of teachers and scholars; happy and smiling they were, yet earnest, interested, and at times, rapturously intent.

Soon after we entered, a march was played and the children enjoyed exercise for a few moments after the opening. As they marched, two tables were placed for them, and soon they were reseated, the younger at one, the elder at the other. The younger detachment was employed with sewing cards; the elder with colored geometrical figures drawn

on paper squares.

Afterwards came a game. The children sat in a circle with bowed heads on folded They were plants of early spring not There were chosen three chilyet grown. dren to be gardeners. These watered and tended the plants which gradually grew and bloomed—the children representing these operations of nature by rising slowly, lifting their heads and spreading out their arms. The plants were named. Some children were then chosen to be butterflies. hovered about the flowers, imitating flying by moving their arms. More became bees and buzzed about from flower to flower. Others were only children, sharpening scissors with which to cut flowers. Each cut his or her own choice. Then some were birds, each naming the kind he chose to be. Several songs occurred during the game, descriptive of the various doings, and all the operations of flying, sharpening scissors, growing, gathering honey and picking flowers, were imitated by motions. difficult, mothers, to see what the children learned in this song, and do you not heartily approve of the method of learning?

After the game, the children were again seated at the tables, the older engaged in clay modelling; the younger in folding papers. Then came a drill, with music, flags and a teacher for a captain. Then came more work, and when the morning had come to an end, I had seen work done by the little ones which surprised me exceedingly. I had no idea that little fingers could

be trained to be so exact.

I saw mats woven from strips of colored paper; cradles, chairs and benches made

with wires and soaked peas; pea-pods, closed and open, modelled in clay; stars, crosses, and many geometrical shapes made with blocks, sticks and pieces of wood; papers cut, folded and pasted.

Finally, all settled in a circle to listen to a story, and at its end, hats and coats were carefully put on the little ones by the teachers, and all were ready to depart for

home, after singing a farewell.

All the morning peace and contentment reigned. Conversation was allowed, but gently restrained. Soft voices and kindly speech were encouraged. Efforts to help one another were applauded, and polite the children seemed to be intuitively. morning was like a foretaste of Heaven, and certainly it was a revelation to me. The great advance in educational methods since my school days had been made without my knowledge or consent—and is it not the same with many other mothers? We hold back our little ones, folding them closely in our arms to keep them from what? Harm? No-from better influence and training than we can possibly, for many reasons, give them at home.

As I entered the school-room, for such we must call it for want of a better name, I felt the moral atmosphere to be most elevating. As I left it I began to breathe another air and one not so highly charged with moral ozone; but my doubts and anger and

jealousy had vanished.

I was sincerely thankful for my morning's experience, and very happy over it. A burden had fallen from my heart, and sunshine reigned in the place of darkness. Gladly I sent my boy to his teachers, morning after morning, and patiently I am trying to make our home-life more like the life of an "in earnest" kindergarten.

Barnetta Brown.



MY COMFORT.

(Photographed from Life.)

Come to my arms, my Comfort!

Nestle thy brown head deep;
O'er poet's dream and poet's hope
Thy baby vigils keep;
For what are songs of rapture?
And what a poet's pen?
When God has called to motherhood
Who asks for glory then?
When God has called to motherhood
To bear and rear him men!

Come to my arms, my Comfort!
Cradle thee on my breast;
My heart lies lightlier 'neath thy weight,
My soul knows deeper rest:
What though some arm hath failed us?
What though some joy is done?
A baby's love's the sweetest love
Beneath the big, round sun;
A baby's love's the purest love
A woman's love e'er won.

Come to my arms, my Comfort!
What are Italia's skies
Beside my baby's dimpled warmth,
The light of her sweet eyes?
What is a crown of laurels?
Or what a poet's muse?
What is a people's loud applause
When mother's heart must choose?
Ah, what a people's loud applause
When mother's baby coos?

Come to my arms, my Comfort!
Put thy red lips to mine;
There's something in their dewy touch
Bespeaks a love divine;
For once a Babe on mother's knee—
The cross-shade o'er His brow—
Gave love for love to mother's heart
As thou art giving now,
Gives still His love to mothers' hearts
In giving such as thou.

S. R. Graham Clark.



"I hear my children shout in glee,
With sparkling eyes and floating hair
Bringing a Christmas-wreath for me.
Their joy, like sunshine deep and broad,
Falls on my heart, and makes me glad;
I think the face of our dear Lord
Looks down on them, and seems not sad,"
T. B. Aldrich.

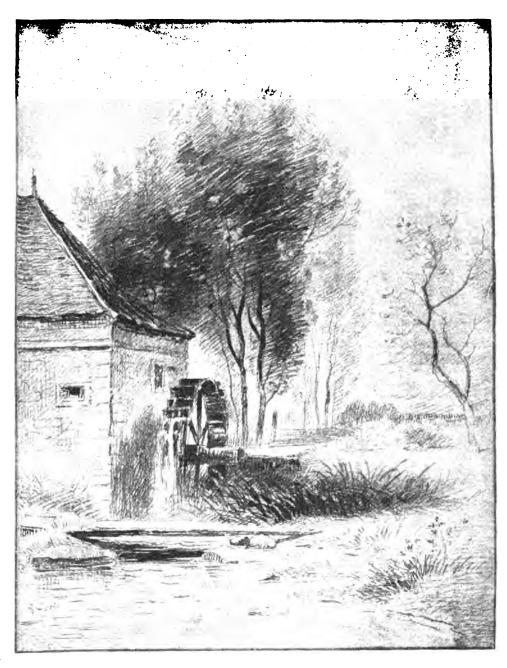
HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS



Ruskin's "Know what thou hast to do," is advice particularly applicable to the student who is ambitious to do good work in the line of pen-and-ink drawing.

The hand must be steady, the touch firm, open and free, and what is especially to be avoided is "muddiness," "scratchiness," or any lack of purity of line, also indecision.





Splendid efforts can be made with this medium. Bold, broad work can be accomplished by it, as well as the most delicate and refined, and it is always safe counsel to advise any art-student to practice, whenever he or she can, with this most happy and charming medium. Work directly from Nature whenever it is possible to do so, and always

avoid "make ups" and "shams" in getting your composition together and well in hand, and study carefully your subject before venturing to make a note of it, whether it be in pencil, water-color, oil or charcoal. If in pen and ink, then give due heed that every thing is ready before you "fire away." The examples accompanying this article are three

in number. "A Pair of Bars," "Cottage by the Brook," and "A Fragment from a picture of 'An old Mill."

Some writer in speaking of the trials and vicissitudes of an artist's life, mentions the

road to art as "steep and stony, but after all, the only one fit to travel, for it leads to the Gods." So you, who are about to embrace the profession, take courage, study hard, and without doubt you will reap your reward.

A. C. Howland.



A WINTER GARDEN.



AY I tell you how one man, dearly beloved, revered by all who knew him, retained the elastic step, sparkling eye, and glowing heart of youth, even to the four-score years of

life?

He was not one of your frisky old men. While full of humor, and fun-loving as a child, no one who approached him ever presumed to take a liberty with him. His quiet dignity of manner was natural, never assumed. Again and again I said to myself, "How has this man grown old so gracefully?"

His interest in everybody and everything about him was entire. A new top reached up to him by his four-year-old great-grandson was examined, tried and approved with as much interest as he bestowed upon the latest development in science presented to his notice by a colleague. A rifle was brought in by a boy-friend, who ran with flying feet and bounding heart to the Professor, to display his latest acquired treasure, and then went out from the old man's presence with an added pleasure in the new possession, because of the Professor's sympathy and approval.

He was not one bit of an old fogy. New inventions were never looked upon, by him, as innovations. Each one, as brought under his observation, was fraught with peculiar interest. Old means of accomplishing results were easily set aside when new, if better ones, were found. He recognized the fact that this is a progressive age.

His interest in the people of the countryside never flagged. His earnest endeavor to alleviate suffering, to help the poor to help themselves, to up-lift mankind was the study of this man's life. He gave himself no time to think of old age and wrinkles, and so they never came to him.

Ever temperate in all his habits, he was hale, fresh and vigorous, with erect carriage, and seemed and felt younger than his neighbor, B, although thirty years his senior. The life effort of B was to look young. His time was spent in exercising, massage, etc. The dear Professor never gave the subject or himself a thought; B never thought of anything or anyone save himself.

A circumstance, small in itself, but illustrative of the Professor's versatility of interest and knowledge, occurred one day when he was enjoying a visit from an old friend, a noted geologist of the day. The two were deep in a discussion of the Glacial Period. The geologist had just remarked upon the peculiar beauty of the scenery about Pompton, saying it was greatly enhanced by the vari-colored rocks which had been brought

Just and lodged there during that period. then, in tripped the Professor's wife, wearing a new gown, fresh from the modiste's. Her husband at once gave her his undivided attention, pronounced the fit perfect, and, daintily touching the lace about the wrist, said, "This is a pretty bit of point-applique, my dear."

His friend looked up surprised, and said, "Professor, do you really know the name and quality of that stuff? I should never know the difference between that and the strips of sheeting the girls in our church society punch holes in to sew up again, for

the heathen."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "I learned to know laces when in Brussels and Bruges. At the time much was written and talked about the large number who lost their eyesight, working in the lace factories. work of these people is a part of themselves. Thus I came to have a pretty thorough knowledge of laces."

The Professor's familiarity with silks was acquired in the same way, because of his interest in the weavers. He devoted some years to bettering the condition of this one class of artisans, many of whom, in the town of A, own their cottages, built for them by this single-hearted man, and paid for in

installments.

Seven years he gave to the reformation of

prison discipline. He felt that our criminals, while justly punished for crimes committed, should be humanely treated during their incarceration. The States, in dealing with their erring sons and daughters, should, he thought, use every means to elevate and improve them morally and physically, that when their term of servitude ended, they should go forth better men and women for their discipline, instead of having sunk to lower depths and become hardened in vice.

The result of this seven years' work will endure while crime is, and prisons exist.

These are but incidents in this noble life. Ever deep in scientific research, this man still found time to hold out a helping hand to the toil-worn and weary. The question answered to himself, "who is my neighbor?" was, "all who have need of me."

The amount of work—unselfish work, the turning of each leaf in his life unfolds, is

wondrous.

He was one of the sweetest-tempered of He agreed with the Duke of Wellington, "there is nothing in the world worth getting angry about." All around him basked in the sunshine of his nature.

Happy in himself, making all life about him the better for his living, no wonder he enjoyed perennial youth. His heart would never have grown old, had he lived to see a hundred years.

E. B. R.





FURS.

The would-be purchaser of furs should carefully consider the weight of her purse, deciding just how much she can afford to pay for the desired articles, and conform her taste to expediency. If her means are large, she will stand puzzled before the numerous varieties and styles of garments, and will probably have more difficulty in making her choice than will the woman who has laid aside a certain amount beyond which she must not venture.

One word to the many of the last-named class. If you cannot afford the "real" article, do without. Your plain cloth jacket will feel warmer for the thought that it is not imitation. Dressing just as well as you can afford to do is refined honesty; pretending to dress beyond your means, vulgar hy-

pocrisy.

And yet, there are furs that are just what they claim to be and are of moderate cost. For instance, Alaska sable, which, fortunately, is fashionable and cheap. Be content with this really beautiful fur, or if you must have seal-skin, buy enough of the best quality and trim your cloth suit with it. Do not select a cloak of dyed beaver instead. In nothing is pretense more palpable than in Imitation ermine, fitch, sable, mink, etc., in which servants and factory girls delight to adorn themselves, are always unpleasantly suggestive of dead cats. few years ago you bought a handsome seal garment which has now lost its pristine freshness and is out of date, do not be discouraged because you cannot afford to purchase another of more modern style. Have a long cloth cloak trimmed with bands of seal made of your old garment. No one will associate the two and will probably admire your handsome new coat, little thinking you have made use of the remains of your ancient friend.

It would be difficult to say what is the fur that fashion has decreed shall be "the rage" this winter. Sable, Alaska sable, or black marten, silver fox, Persian lamb, llama, seal, plucked and unplucked, Astrakhan and a score more vie with one another in popular favor. Mouflon is much liked. It is a soft gray fur and drolly recalls to one's mind visions of "Mr Barnes of New York" and hunting expeditions in Corsica.

Capes are worn by all sizes and conditions of women. To slender figures they are extremely becoming, but they increase the apparent size of those who incline to embon point. They are made of nearly all kinds of fur, those of seal and sable being the handsomest and most becoming. Lighter shades are trying to many complexions. Some of these capes have rolling collars, but they are not so much in vogue as the high standing ones, which, almost touching the cheek, enhance the delicate coloring of a fresh young face. One peculiar cape is made of leopard skin and has a muff to match. Only a woman sure of her style and face would care to appear in an article at once so striking and of such doubtful beauty. Leopard skin is, however, effective for trimming seal capes and jackets, and the yellow and deep brown form a pleasing contrast.

There is no prettier mounting for the face than the long boas so fashionable now. Only those who have worn them can realize the comfort they prove in shielding that most chilly and vulnerable of all spots—the back of the neck. In church or theatre

they are genuine blessings, and many a draught of cold air has failed to produce a next-day's influenza because the convenient boa was easily drawn up. Fur collars, rich and warm, possess the same advantage.

Muffs are large and round, or smaller and flat, and are à la mode singly or as accompa-

niments to wraps.

Seal jackets, wraps and long cloaks are as popular as ever. One especially pretty jacket has a vest, collar and cuffs of unplucked seal

A long coat is handsomer untrimmed. The bands of fur greatly add to the weight of an already heavy garment and do not contribute to its beauty. The same is true of the cloth skirts that are finished thus at the bottom.

The skirt sags and is awkward for rapid walking. A side panel edged with fur is to be preferred.

Circulars for evening wear are of soft material and lined with light fur. These en-

tirely cover the gown.

Dainty cloaks of Persian lamb are beautiful for little girls. Fleece-lined gloves and mittens for children have fur cuffs and keep the small fingers deliciously warm. Caps of fur are also comfortable and pretty for the boys and girls who are fond of skating and coasting.

For information in this department thanks are due to E. J. Denning and Stern

Bros., New York City.



(The Wrong Box. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.)

Surely, never since the two Dromios set a daft community by the ears with their Comedy of Errors, did the pranks of two men mix, mystify and madden all concerned in the tale, more effectually than Mr. Wickham's "lark" in the luggage van of an English railway train. Each complication outdoes the preceding, until the reader draws a long breath at the (it is hoped) final disappearance in the wrong carrier's cart of a Broadwood piano that has such body in its tone

Indeed, if the extravaganza has a serious fault, it is that the joint efforts of the two

authors have drawn out the story into tediousness. By the time we reach the last fifty pages, we have had "somewhat too much" of Pitman, and the incorrigible Michael drags upon us, while the introduction of the Squirradical and the lovers appears to be rather heavy machinery for the mere accomplishment of the exit of box and carrier. But the whole thing is excruciatingly funny, and he who begins, will finish it.

(Our Baby's Book. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.).

A set of large illuminated cards, fastened together with ribbons and silver chains. The first bears a vignette of Our Baby, and the second, the toddler in frock and apron. Both are inscribed with the famous rhymes beginning:—

"The bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day, Is bonny and lucky, and blithe and gay."

Then comes a page headed "Born," with space for the date of baby's birth; next, one illuminated with gilded scales, and the caption, "Baby's Weight," to be set down quarterly, up to two years of age. Another is lettered, "Baby's Home," with space allotted for a lock of his hair, and the date of his first tooth. "Christening," "Baby Walks," "Baby-Talk," and place for photographs, occupy each in proper order, its own space. The fancy is pretty and novel, and the mother who fills out the blanks with data as baby-life develops, will have a record that will increase in interest and value as the years go on.

(The Viking Age. By Paul B. du Chaillu. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. In two volumes.)

Two superb volumes, valuable alike to the young reader and the mature scholar. M. du Chaillu has earned the gratitude of his generation by the patient industry and literary skill which have brought together for others' use the immense mass of information preserved in these books. He sums it up modestly as "The Early History, Manners and Customs of the English-speaking Nations," and with equal modesty, writes two pages of thanks to friends and authors who have aided him in the task. But the plan, language and peculiar charm of the work is his own. Every page is a fresh temptation. The tribute of a thousand years is brought into our homes, and the exhumed treasures of a deeply-buried past are laid before our eyes in no less than 1366 illustrations! His extracts from the "Sagas" are authentic records more exciting and entertaining than The Arabian Nights; his story of how Norsemen lived at home, and fought abroad, what they believed and how they died in the day from which he has lifted the cloud, is more marvellous than the tales of African adventure and monsters in which his breathless auditors hardly dared believe.

Lee & Shepard, whose name, as the days shorten, sounds like the echo of Christmas bells, offer among other tokens for the holidays three neat boxes, enclosing exquisite clusters of cards, linked together by ribbon and silver chains: "On the Merrie Christmas Time," "A Happy New Year to You," and an illustrated calendar for 1890. All are printed in delicate colors, and the designs are graceful and suggestive.

(Bible Talks With Children. By Rev. J. L. Sooy, A. M. P. W. Ziegler & Co. Philadelphia.)

Beyond comparison, the finest book of its kind ever published as a Parents' Assistant and Children's Delight. The "Talks" are simple and comprehensive, and attractively presented, covering the ground of Scripture narrative from the Creation to Revelations. To each is appended, as illustration, some bright, touching or pertinent saying of childhood. The engravings—178 in number and all full-page—are from the inspired pencil of Gustave Doré, and each is a rich study.

Happy the little folks to whom Santa Claus shall bring this splendid casket of truth and beauty! Mothers who would make Sunday a delight to their children, and who mourn the comparative indifference of the rising generation to the dear old stories their elders love the better as the years grow short and few, cannot do a wiser thing than to purchase "Bible Talks."

(The Odd Number.—Thirteen tales by Guy de Maupassant. Translated by H. Jonathan Sturges. An introduction by Henry James. Harper & Brothers, New York.)

If there is truth in the luck of odd numbers, this little book should win for many the good luck to read it. The only defect in what would else be round and perfect as a star is the introduction, in which Mr. James's inevitable mannerisms—one of the least evitable being patronage of the American people—would prejudice us against his author, had the latter no chance to speak for himself.

Every one of the thirteen stories is complete in and of itself. A touch more of pathos or humor would detract from point and finish. Dainty, *piquante*, tantalizing by their very brevity, yet as full of exquisite flavor as a sun-warmed apricot, they claim, and they will have a place of their own in the memory and library.

Mr. Sturges's translation is a masterpiece. (Lyra Elegantiarum. Edited by Frederick Locker. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York).

A collection of vers de societé and vers d'occasion, in the English language, by deceased authors. Barbauld, Chesterfield, Herrick, Hood, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Swift, Thackeray, Smollett, Walter Savage Landor, and a host of other notables are here represented by choice morceaux forming a book the busy worker or dilettante reader should lay on the table within arm's length. The selections are made with care and taste; the binding is exquisite.

From the same house, and in uniform style with the Lyra Elegantiarum, we have The Poems of Sir John Suckling. Those (and there are many even among the students of polite letters) who know this author only through the celebrated Ballad Upon a Wedding, will be surprised to find, in company with the inimitable daintiness of this, his master-piece, other poems that would, without it, have made him a popular writer of versicles. Next to it in graceful fancy and

expression, may be ranked "An Honest Lover," and the volume abounds in such charming fantasies—always musical, and often witty— as "To a Lady that forbade to love before Company."

The two books should go together, and, thus joined, would make a beautiful holiday-

(What One Can Do With a Chafing-Dish.—A Guide for Amateur Cooks. By H. L. S. Published by The Author.)

The young wife who likes to "toss up something" for the impromptu supper her spouse "loves," the dweller in a flat, who dreads lest the scent of cooking should offend the visitors to her close quarters, will find a comforting helper in this "Guide." The recipes are simple, feasible and appetizing. Such works help on the blessed Coming Day when the gas-burner and spirit-lamp shall do away with the roaring hot range and cumbrous stove.







DECEMBER—JANUARY.
(See page 295.)

THE HOME-MAKER.

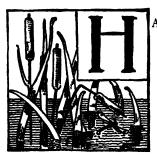
Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1890.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

STEP BY STEP.



ARDY tells us in Far from the Madding Crowd, of a woman, ill almost unto death, who, dragging her failing limbs along the road

to a place of refuge, cheated some rods of the way by pretending to herself that she had but to walk from one fence-post to the next.

Poor Fanny Dale, deserted and delirious, was a wiser philosopher than we, who from the hill-top of the New Year, peer anxiously into the dim distances of that which is to be lived—or left. The space dividing the dawn of to-day from that of to-morrow is a "panel" of time, to borrow the fence-builders' phrase. The Omniscient Eye takes in the "from Everlasting to Everlasting;" man's vision is formed for short views. Now is ours; Then is God's.

This knowledge is the panacea for carking unrest. An old divine expressed a great truth in homely language in comparing the duties of life to a pile of logs. We have the Lord's warrant—and upon this our writer insists—that to-day's stick will not be heavier than we can carry. It is when we

add to this, to-morrow's load, and even those of many days to come, that we are crushed under the burden.

The most careless reader of the New Testament must note the stress laid therein upon the wisdom and duty of short views. It is the hand of mercy that waves back the presumptuous advance upon the future.

"Be not, therefore, anxious for the morrow," says the Divine Master, as the sequence of His comparison of the value of the children of the Kingdom with the birds of Heaven and the grass of the field,—"for the morrow will be anxious for itself."

In the one petition for temporal provision in the Lord's Prayer, the repetition of the limitation of time is too remarkable to be passed over.

"Give us *this day* our *daily* bread!" draws the line so decisively that the attempt to pass it is rash disobedience.

In the age when plain sewing was a fine art, the learner was especially admonished not to "slight" her work in the haste of getting it done and out of the way. Stitches were set with pains that made the result look like rows of minute seed-pearls. Such seams held fast while the fabric lasted. There was a knack of slighting that made the work look well for a time, but it gave way under strain and wear.

What thoroughness of accomplishment, and what calm of soul would follow upon the general adoption of this rule of "step by step," will not appear until we, as a people, cool and slacken down from our feverish energy.

But these lines may find in some households, one here and there, willing to profit by the experience of others, and the teachings of Eternal Truth.

It is not the actual pressure of what the day has to do and to bear that wears the nerves to the quick, and lowers the tone of body and spirit. It is the fearful "looking forward," the standing on tiptoe to peer over the boundary set for anticipation, the pernicious folly of sighting trouble at long range. Women are especially sinners in this respect. If their eyesight does not carry far enough into the forbidden future, they steal field-glasses from Memory and Imagination, with which to sweep the horizon for spectres of possible ill. epithet "sinners" is employed deliberately. Such outlooking is a sin of presumption and of unfaith.

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,"

says the hymn many of us recollect repeating at our mother's knees in the Sabbath twilight. Since His is the leading, and His the sleepless watch, cannot we stay our restless feet to tread patiently the short, even steps best suited to a state of pupilage?

The principle of "step by step" may be applied with equal advantage to the cure of faults, small and great.

New Year's resolutions are a by-word and a hissing in the mouths of sensible people. Young Franklin's suggested grace over the pork-barrel belonged to the same class of clumsy short cuts across-country. The sincere mortal who punctiliously attempts to balance moral accounts on January 1, and, having gone through the Bankrupt Court, makes plans of wholesale reformation, is like a baby trying to hold an orange so big that

the round does not begin until his fingers "Grip," in such a case, is a have ended. ludicrous impossibility. But to fight sins and foibles in detail is altogether feasible. Let the housemother, conscious of a proclivity to fretfulness, watch, hour by hour, against the disposition, beating back sharp, hot words, until the habit of soft speech drives out the old. Let the father rise above his propensity to crusty rebuke or morose abstraction, and force himself, first, to seem, then to be interested in his children's joys and plans. The tendency of one boy to procrastination; the gruff bashfulness of another; the swaggering, slangy talk of a third; the pertness of this girl, and the constitutional laziness of that; waste of minutes and money; proneness to gossipmay not be classed as positive crimes, but they are flies in the otherwise fragrant ointment and should be picked out, one by one, before irretrievable harm is done.

Our artist has wisely depicted the New Year as a beautiful youth full-grown, rejoicing in his strength, and armed for battle—not an infant with ignorant eyes and pulpy muscles. Let us not delude ourselves with the idea that, stepping with him over the dead old king, we enter the land of peace. Each hour has its foe, its conflict and defeat or victory, and the deadliest enemies lurk within the citadel. Before we can conquer the world we must gain the mastery over ourselves.

This is not sermonizing, but common sense. Until our wings are grown, we must, perforce, walk, and the way is rough. If it be the will of Him who has appointed the place and the use of thorn and pebble, that we shall not, in this life, make smooth paths for our own feet, others will walk the more safely because of our patient well-doing.

Courage, then! Nothing is wasted that is done In His Name. His is the responsibility and the planning; ours the easier part of watchful obedience: one and all, we are DAY-LABORERS.



"TO THE VICTOR, THE SPOILS."

CHAPTER I.



TINY speck of white in the midst of a great ocean of the dull grays and russets of the sun-scorched plains, arrested the quick gaze of a cavalry officer as he gave rein to his fiery horse.

Both rider and animal, fretted by the inaction of the garrison, hailed an outlet for superfluous vitality in a brisk run over the The orderly who usually trackless plain. follows at a short distance, was left in the barracks, for his slow horse could accomplish little more than a lumbering gallop, even were the whole Sioux nation after him. It was a risk the officer took in riding off alone, for the Indians lurked in the gully, or along the bluffs that extended on one side of the post, and many a warning had officer and subaltern received when venturing out beyond the call of the human voice, away from the group of buildings Government had built for its troops. On the other side of the post stretched a level valley which could be scanned from a goodly distance.

The trained eye of the campaigner, accustomed as he was to the unending level without tree, rock, or stream, saw, as he neared the white object that attracted him, that it fluttered from the stalk of a sage bush like a pennant from a child's toy

ship.

Nearer and nearer his Chakita brought him to the waving mystery. No flower bloomed on all the wide plains then; the hot sun had long ago withered all blossoms except the creamy petals of the Spanish dagger and they were too heavy in stalk to move in a light wind. The grass was burned until even the roots were scorched into the very earth. No bird ever had such plumage. It

must be, he thought, a tust from a rabbit, a patch from the coat which he knew bleached white in Winter. Perhaps he had shed it in his flight in the early Spring, but how could anything so limp as a sage bush pinion it so

long?

The flying feet of his horse soon brought him to the spot. Alighting, and drawing the bridle through his arm, he bent over the daintiest web of linen fabricated since Penelope's weaving. There, where few feet ever ventured, in the very heart of a desert of desolation, for the roofs of the quarters were not even visible, this bit of luxurious civilization was quivering in the breeze. down or the fluff of the seeded dandelion, could not be more dainty than this lacebordered handkerchief. The gallant impulsive man, far from all evidences of delicate womanhood, knelt before this little trophy from another world, with something of the reverence of the peasant for his Madonna. Men in the heart of the Eastern States, surrounded by women, might smile at this fetich-like worship of a great stalwart man for a simple square of cambric, but no plains-man, miner, or soldier can fail to understand what a tremor of delight a man is capable of feeling at first sight of femininity, after prolonged condemnation to men's society.

For a moment, the youth tried to account for this waif and stray. It could not be attributed to any of the women in garrison. At the very thought, he tossed back his head and laughed. There were but three wives of officers and they, the most prosaic and practical of their kind. They bought the strongest fabrics in their rare visits to the States, always something "that would neither shrink nor fade": or demanded so many other requisites that the astonished shopkeeper in the East felt almost obliged to manufacture expressly for them.

"No lace or linen cambric for them with such muddy water and such laundresses!" they said, shaking their heads determinedly. So, plainly, the white mystery could not be traced to the three homespun women, who were the feminine part of the garrison. would not allow himself, in his fair open way, to criticise any of them; they were as good as gold, undoubtedly had all the Christian graces, but he remembered women in the States and in other garrisons, who were also as gifted morally and yet, in spite of adverse circumstances, they managed to keep something dainty in sight; a frill about their throats, a bit of ribbon here and there, or, he caught a glimpse of a little lace twinkling about the hem of their gowns, which he knew to be a petticoat, and at remembrance of this, he said, "God bless 'em!" but whether the benison was for the skirts, or the women, no one will ever know.

Indeed, like most men, he rather liked the woman who looked as if she were born to sit on a silken sofa, eat bonbons, wear shimmering gowns and twang a mandolin.

"But, by the Lord Harry!" said our centaur, "to see the Doctor's fat frow or the Major's prim spouse, or the Captain's New England "help-meet" try to handle this scrap of filmy stuff, well! I should simply

explode at the very trial!"

The handkerchief had initials embroidered in small letters, and these represented none of the names of those he called the "frow," the "spouse," and the "help-meet;" besides he could imagine no emergency so startling as to induce one of them to venture outside the parade-ground, much less to come to such a dangerous distance as his fleet-footed Chakita had brought him. The soldier's motto, almost as old as the shell that he crumbled beneath his heel, which the geologic surgeon dated to the cretaceous period, ran, "all is fair in love and war."

As this came into his mind he soliloquized "this may be love. By Jove! I hope it is! but at any rate, I know, since my Indian fight, that it's war;" and then he followed up the antediluvian quotation by one equally venerable, "to the victor belong the spoils!" and, opening his jacket, he put his captured prize on the heart side, for this warrior brave was as full of sentiment as a boy.

Vaulting into the saddle, he said some words to Chakita which she seemed to understand, for her sensitive ear replied, and her delicate heels responded to his permit, and off they flew. In vain did our soldier try to solve the riddle. The long-talked-of railroad that had been building slowly, watered by the blood of the gallant men of our army, without which no Pacific soads could now

be, was still far from that part of the world. It could not, therefore, belong to a tourist, whose foolhardy natures sometimes took them on tramps far from the stations where the trains might be detained.

There were no ranch-men that he knew of except a hermit who was supposed to be twenty miles away and whom no one ever saw, so the truth about there being one even was a little misty. At the distant stagestation no woman ever was seen, as the old "Concords" drew up for change of horses. And yet there, over his big heart, which he said "in this God forsaken country was only for purposes of circulation,"—was now rising and falling the proof that a woman had been in that very vicinity. Puzzling his brain as he did, he became only more and more mystified, but much as he wanted to share his mental questionings, he dreaded the raillery of the other officers, and determined not to speak of his adventure at the bachelors' mess, where all the doings of the day are talked

As he drew nearer the post, the sun, now setting, sent gorgeous flames of color far up in the western sky; the soft purple of early evening began to melt the outline of the bluffs into the eastern horizon. Our hero his name was plain John—looked with wonder and delight upon the rich colors of the sky, and talking to Chakita, as was his wont, said: "Well, old girl! that's a rare piece of coloring. I wonder what Turner would do if graves gave up their dead. He'd run for his brushes and order the crimson and orange paint in barrels, I reckon. If he did so much with a sky in murky England, what wouldn't he do here? Ah, well, my beauty!" and he bent down on the silky neck of his beloved mare as she turned her affectionate head in response to her name, -- "if the earth doesn't do anything to fix herself up for us out here, the sky makes up; she's always on dress parade.

Even the sullen, muddy river was transformed for a few moments into a rosy, sparkling sheet of water and the roofs of the prosaic houses, the barracks and quarters of the garrison, were touched with glints of light; while the panes of the western windows were pure, glittering gold.

But sunsets were ordinary events and our John sighed for something extraordinary to "turn up" as he talked on to himself:

"If only one of those old chugs of a steamer that passes about once a month would heave in sight; if the Doctor would quarrel with his wife and not make me



"THE GALLANT IMPULSIVE MAN KNELT BEFORE THIS LITTLE TROPHY."

(See Page 277.)

envious with his confounded happiness; if anything would happen to break this deuced monotony, I would be thankful."

Still there was the same commonplace post, the same wearisome life. The garrison was faultlessly neat. Every movement seemed ordered by rule except the motions of the flag. The flag-staff was in the center of the parade-ground, and the stars and stripes fluttered lightly and coyly, coquetting with the slightest breeze; or, vehemently rushing into any gale that passed, every yard of bunting was stretched, and the thrashing and snapping of the angry folds seemed like nothing but human fury at being held a prisoner, when it would up and away on the wings of the wind.

"Thank fortune," said John, "no regulation can be printed, no circular issued making rules for that jolly old rag. There is some one thing that has its own way here. If it wasn't for watching that spot of color I should die of stagnation."

The post was on the regulation plan. On two sides of the parade-ground were the long store-houses for the Commissary and Quartermaster's departments, the guard-house and the Adjutant's quarters. On the remaining sides of the square were barracks for the men, and opposite, the quarters for the officers. Outside, a short distance away, were the stables, the little hospital, the sutler's store, and beyond, the laundress's quarters.

As if in direct answer to John's cry for a break in the monotony, he heard the bugle sounding the note of alarm as he entered the confines of the garrison. Its shrill notes rang out on the still evening air, and in a moment the men poured out of the barrack-doors, tumbling over each other with excitement or military ardor. The officers sprang down their steps buckling the sabre-belt as they ran; the dogs set up their barking; the frightened women shivered at the windows or doors; the servants huddled to the corners of the houses to see; but still the bugler sounded his call.

"Repeating the call means some sort of a 'ball,'" said our now gratified John. "Sounding a call twice means 'business.'"

Spurring his horse, he rode to the Adjutant's office. He found that two prisoners had escaped—two of the most desperate—linked to each other and with iron balls attached to the chains by which their ankles were shackled.

The men were murderers, and all the little post swelled with anger that of all the prisoners those should have been the ones to get off. They did not stop to realize that for such culprits there was no repeal. For most of the men in the guard house there was no necessity for desperate efforts for release. A court martial would fix some light sentence on them, and they would soon be free.

In an affray in one of the companies a harmless man had angered one of these men and he, seizing an iron picket pin, his "bunkey," as the soldiers call the intimate friend, had taken the butt of his carbine, and before help came, the blue blouse of the always soldierly, unoffending fellow was red with his life blood. To add to the righteous wrath of the garrison against these men it came out after their imprisonment that they had revealed to a comrade the fact that they had served a term in State's prison, but, enlisting under assumed names, their past record was hidden. Without question they were professional gamblers, for they had won most of the soldiers' money who had played on the last pay day. That portion of the guard house in which the two desperados were confined was in a wing by itself and differed from the rest of the insecure little wooden prison in that it had double walls and no window, the light entering at the grated door. Their term of confinement was not all idleness. The guard took the prisoners out to police the garrison, carry water. from the river and cut wood for the daily In this way the two now at large had

secreted implements with which to work at

The plains, in any spot where people congregated, were a network of underground passages; for instance, near a stage station, a dugout, a village. Underground passages belonged, before our western settlements, to dungeons, to the castles and monasteries of olden Europe, and no sensational Old World story was complete without this feature, but out on the plains, before the building of the first Pacific roads, it was an every day affair. The occupants of a dugout could go for water to the stream by such a passage, could visit the quarters for the cattle by another, which was constructed like the dwelling, and were prepared to hold out during a long Indian attack.

The aperture leading from the prisoners' cell in the guard-house was only large enough to allow one man at a time to crawl in, but the sergeant of the guard entered and found that the passage ended behind a tumbledown, deserted building, formerly used as an additional granary. There the chains and balls and shackles were found, for it would never have done to beat iron inside the guard-house. The chain that had fastened the prisoners together had been filed before they attempted their escape. All their digging had been done at night. was an audacious move to attempt their flight in the daylight, but evidently they needed the day to get started in a country of which they knew little. At the time when the men, the employers, and the officers' families were at the noon meal, the prisoners had stolen out. The afternoon being a time when they were not required to work, several hours were obtained for the start before their absence was detected.

Of course the escaped criminals would make at once for the mines: they knew what oblivion it was for their names and personality; moreover, the excitement and hazard of such a life was the only satisfactory existence for such as they. It would be difficult to give any one who had not seen it an idea of the rapidity, the order, the silent obedience of trained men who prepare for action. Almost as soon as the bugle's echoes had died away in the gully, a detachment of troopers had saddled their horses, armed themselves, and were ready standing in line for the final bugle-call. It was our John's detail for duty this time and for once in his life, he blessed his stars that everything went by turn. The bugler sounded "Boots and Saddles," the men swung themselves into their

saddles, and the detachment filed out of garrison.

There were no more resolute and earnest faces among the mounted troopers than along the line of waiting cavalry men who had thronged to the stables and were, for once, of one mind, that the rascals ought to be caught. It would seem a comparatively easy affair for a mounted party of soldiers to overtake two dismounted men, but these desperate characters had been long planning their escape and the ravine near the post was their route of travel. John made straight over the country for the nearest stage-station and was chagrined beyond telling to find that his labor was for He retraced his fifteen miles' journey and, though it was night-time when he returned, he went directly to the commanding officer and apologized in so frank a manner for his error that his request to try again at dawn, was granted.

CHAPTER II.

Lieutenant John was too sore at his failure to enter the set of bachelor quarters where he messed, and where he knew the pipe and bowl passed around a little circle of men who awaited his coming. He repaired to his own quarters and was, as usual, met by the impenetrable face of the most faithful striker, (which is the name for a military servant), that ever served a master. Finnigan looked as if he not only never slept, but never thought of such a thing. He quietly helped his Lieutenant with his troop boots, and took the sleeve of the riding jacket to remove it, as it was unbuttoned, when John saw him, for once in his life, stop in his faithful work and stare on the floor with perplexed eyes.

There lay the little handkerchief, remembered now for the first time in many hours. The momentary gleam of intelligence disappeared from the Irishman's face, and though he saw the rising color and confused look of his superior, he gave no evidence of such a discovery but busied himself in folding the jaunty, belaced and befrogged riding coat, thus giving its owner time to snatch the unoffending souvenir of the afternoon and hide it still deeper in his bosom. Though Finnigan knew well that his master must either be in love or on the highway to it, he was not going to divulge this belief to the others. Throwing himself, after a royal bath,

on his soldier's bed, John fell asleep dreaming of the imaginary inamorata, having carefully put the little *monchoir* under his pillow to be replaced on his breast next day. The faint light of dawn appeared and the bugle rang out its notes to emphasize the coming of day all too soon for tired John, but, he sprang up, thrust himself into his clothes, drank a cup of coffee and, forgetting every thing save the duty before him, he was off.

Finnigan, in making the bed, again came across the little token belonging, he felt sure, to the one who would be his future mistress. He turned it over in his mind that it would never do to have his officer dropping women's handkerchiefs in so severe and martial a life, and, believing no officer would come to the quarters during his Lieutenant's absence, he concluded to teach the young master a lesson of discretion. Folding the disturbing keepsake, he placed it on a pile of books on the already littered table where it would speak to him reprovingly the moment he came in. The striker of another officer, entering during the morning to gossip a little about the chief subject of interest, the affairs of their masters, spied the unusual addition to the pipes, tobaccoboxes, fire-arms, accourrements, and severely simple furniture of a bachelor officer's apartment.

"What's that?" he instantly asked.

Finnigan was equally quick with his answer, "Whot's that! Why, thot's the handkercher that the Loot-ennant's mother used at his christening, and she's going to have the Loot-ennant send it to the Pope to be blessed."

"But them ain't her letters!" persisted the questioner, looking at the embroidered initials.

"And, shure, what's keeping 'em from being her letters before she was married?" replied the fàithful Finnigan.

With such ingenuity it was plain to be seen that the important affairs in the Lieutenant's life would not be sown broadcast in that fertile field of gossip, a military garrison.

The deep canons that are cut here and there through the plains are curious freaks of Nature. The stranger feature is that they occur in otherwise level ground. That is, comparatively level ground, for the plains stretch on and on to the horizon with no variation save the soft undulations of ground called "divides." There are seldom sharp outlines to these divides. All seem to have the irregularities pressed away.

Geologists attribute this to the action of the waters when the earth's surface was Suddenly, with no preparation in the way of rough or broken ground, and without a sign of an upheaval of any kind, the traveler comes upon a deep fissure in the earth, impassable in most places and of such extent that a detour to go round it is a march of many miles.

Such a ravine ran in from the river several miles from the post and continued a great To strike for this cañon was John's tardy thought, and his pride was up, for he was chagrined that he had not thought of it before.

After marching along the border of the cañon the men were deployed to descend the deep sides at different points and reconnoitre the ground. It was a difficult and dangerous duty. The descent had to be made on foot, and even the sure-footed horses, accustomed to "bad lands," quicksands and rough ground of all sorts, stumbled and slipped constantly. The men could perhaps mount for a short distance, as they descended deeper into the chasm, but they were off their horses most of the Finally, coming to an impassable place, the Lieutenant ordered a halt, and, picking his way carefully to the summit of the cañon, determined to find a better descent further on and spare his men and horses the fatigue of constant ascents and descents that he would be obliged to make in exploring.

While on this duty, though so intent and absorbed, he did not fail to scan the horizon to descry any Indians that might be attempting a surprise. His practised eye at last detected a speck still distant, but it was something that moved and was evidently approaching. On the alert, he quickly placed Chakita behind a clump of chaparral outlining the cañon, and, putting himself where he could use his field-glass unobserved, he began to study the enemy he supposed it to be. James's solitary horseman is not an object often seen where the ground is contested by the savage as the route across the plains was. Evidently this unheard-of phenomenon was before him, for it was a horse and rider.

On nearer approach he saw that the animal was almost unmanageable and, wonder of wonders! the hand that clung to the bridle of the rearing and plunging horse was that of a woman. The body of the equestrian swayed and bent with the furious lurches of the powerful beast, but still kept

its place. In a flash John was on Chakita's back and madly tearing over the plain. The woman's face began to be distinguishable. She was young and pretty in spite of her pallor, determined eyes and resolute expression, as she attempted to control the mettled Nearer and nearer Chakita brought her rider, and as he advanced he discovered the cause of the horse's violent agitation. A lariat was wound around the girl's waist and dragged at some distance a wolf that had been shot in the head.

A thought raced through John's head. "This is incredible! I can hardly believe my own eyes: how can I hope to cram such a story down any one's else throat, that a delicate girl could shoot and then drag her game after her?"*

The next lightning revelation of his mind was "Here's the owner of my handker-

chief!"

But he had only time for these flying thoughts, as he barely reached the maddened horse in time to catch the falling girl as she sank from the saddle. The knowledge of help so near had produced a reaction, and John and Chakita held a fainting woman.

It is of no use to attempt to shield our John, valiant soldier, honorable gentleman as he was, from yielding for a moment to the strongest temptation that ever assailed him. All the precepts of a life-time could not save a man of ardent temperament like Lieutenant Jack from looking longingly into the face of this unconscious woman. was immensely strong, and, instead of sinking to the ground with his burden, he let a moment elapse before he released the lovely woman. His tantalizing memory produced visions of other men in stories or poetry, rescuing maidens on runaway horses, or saving them from a watery grave. Before releasing them, they always, in the high flown language of romance, "imprinted a kiss upon the lifeless lips."

Meanwhile the infuriated horse had galloped off in a wide circle, grown a little cooler, and was back again, sniffing and quivering still over the wolf that he now understood, but which a few moments before had driven him to desperation. Chakita stood still while John softly lifted his precious burden to the ground. He undid the knot and loosened the lariat, took off the close cap that pressed the little tendrils of moistened hair to her heated forehead.

He fortified himself for the next move by saying, "No nonsense now, John! the ques-

* A fact.

tion is, what's the quickest way to revive her. and though I hate to do it, I'll tell her afterwards I did just as I used to with mother, and that I know all about fainting."

Still his fingers trembled as he took the collar-button out and released the lovely rounded throat to better breathing. He chafed the hands and went on talking to himself.

"Fainting isn't dangerous, and I wish

she'd be a long time becoming conscious, if I'm to be the physician in attendance. What would life be if I could have the right to bear the weight of this beautiful being that rests on my knee?"

His great heart throbbed, the veins in his throat swelled like ropes and his hand trembled like a woman's as he stroked the pretty palms.

Elizabeth Bacon Custer.

(To be continued.)



"IS WOMAN WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY?"



HEN Aristotle accused Euripides of "representing his characters as bad without necessity," he anticipated a reproof which might justly be administered to some modern

writers concerning women.

The harsh statement which serves us for a text is presented to us in various forms nearly every day in our newspapers or in general conversation. It is manifestly an old-time prejudice which too many repeat without suitable investigation. It is abhorrent to every good man when applied to the women of his own household, and contrary to the facts presented by one who ventures to make human nature a study.

Looking over the pages of history we find some instances of cruelty recorded where the atrocious unwomanliness of some individual woman stands out in bold relief; but man's cruelty to man is far greater and no historian comments upon it with special reference to sex. When writers of either sex hold the mirror up to reflect human nature it should be a genuine reflection and not a distorted image shadowed by prejudice or draped with the musty garments of the past. Ridicule is a powerful weapon and, strange to say, it has been used with tremendous force against the gentler sex. The foibles of women have been exaggerated, her vanity satirized, her dress criticised, and her intellectual inferiority made the subject of sermon, song and essay.

A typical gentleman of the good old school remarked not long since that it seemed almost impossible to take up a paper or one of the cheaper periodicals, without finding therein some covert sneer or open attack upon women.

"I am an old man," said this American Chesterfield, "and I reverence my mother's memory and cherish my wife and daughters, therefore, I must respect the women of other households and I must enter my protest against the vulgar assumption and weak

jokes of our young people of to-day. We toast woman at dinners and roast her in public; even her physical ailments are made brutally prominent through advertisements, and she must bear the insult without any power to resent such an outrage on decency."

Such championship must be grateful to the hosts of women who have hitherto only dared to whisper their annoyance to each A woman's pen is seldom used in denouncing or ridiculing her sisters. understands, as no man can, the complex nature, the peculiar temperament, the unspoken aspirations and the limitations of sex. Every true woman is proud of her sex and anxious to be herself all that is best and noblest. She is often morbidly conscious of her failings, which are constantly held before her, and has many misgivings concerning her All the mysteries of life and death are deeper to her than to her brothers. coarsest, most unlovely woman softens in sickness and sorrow and the veriest shrew will weep over the coffin of a little child. No woman can be unsexed. The Almighty has cared for that. The poet Stedman uttered a forceful truth when he wrote:

"No woman's head so keen to work its will, But that the woman's heart is mistress still."

The present position of women and their modest successes in various avenues of work must be credited to women themselves. Men have been slow to give them place and, in college or out of it, they have won their honors by dint of hard labor and too often against either direct or indirect opposition. As students, they are industrious, conscientious, and persevering; as teachers, cautious and yet progressive; as authors, fearless and original within the limits allowed them; and as home-keepers, wiser and more efficient than their grandmothers.

Notwithstanding all that has been done by women for women, we still hear the old reproach that "women are hard on each other."

This vigorous falsehood will never exhaust itself until women slaughter it and give it burial. All good men will join in the last rites, and in days to come, marvel that such things could be.

Let us see how this statement appears when illuminated by a few facts. Long years ago, a brave band of Moravian women began a noble work in the wilds of the State of Pennsylvania; they, like the Pilgrim mothers, endured terrible hardships, and were "sore let and hindered" but they never faltered in their purpose, and labored on without reward or appreciation. To those brave women we owe our modern sewing schools, our schools for nurses, mending bureaus, and many other admirable institutes for women. The successors of the women of 1741 still carry on the good work, not only for their own sex but for humanity.

A Puritan woman anxious to relieve an overworked mother, organized the first "Dame's school" in the country, and if local history can be relied upon, the first Savings Bank in America was opened by a woman. That marvellous woman and wise mother, Mary Somerville, says of her sex "Three of the most beneficial systems of modern times are due to the benevolence of English ladies; the improvement of prison discipline, savings banks, and banks for lending money to the poor."

In our own favored land we find some

superficial, selfish women, it is true; but hundreds also of noble souls who are not manacled by conventionalities or bound with the iron chains of outgrown customs. The fact that Mrs. A., of a small fashionable coterie, snubbed Mrs. B., who lost her fortune through the mismanagement of others, does not affect women as a class, and only reflects on Mrs. A. to her own injury. Why should we waste precious time in thinking of Mrs. A.'s vulgarity when all the other ladies of the social alphabet are absorbed in caring for their own families or in efforts to elevate the race? Mrs. A. becomes a very small factor in society when we estimate the

grand army of women who constitute the

bulk of our church memberships and the

thousands who are engaged in philanthropic

to ignore the power of refinement in any member of her own sex is too narrow to be-

The woman who is narrow enough

come the mother of children.

The eagerness with which women seize upon new suggestions for the good of their sex controverts all cynical utterances as to their hardness of heart. Most women are complex creations; let an emergency arise and the veriest butterfly becomes a sensible, practical, helpful woman. MICHELET, who made the sex a study, boldly declared that "every folly of woman was born of the stupidity of man."

There is no limit to the heroic element in woman's nature; she dares all things for her children, suffers privations for them without a murmur, and will face death with

courage, rather than sacrifice her loved ones. Even the ultra-fashionable women are women of tender, sympathetic natures when the crust of conventionalism is penetrated. They are by no means given over to frivolity, and are seldom too busy, or too tired to listen to a tale of woe if properly presented. civil war brought out the pure metal of many a woman's character and many a belle became a modest Florence Nightingale. The world at large has too little sympathy for our women of wealth; the demands upon them are incessant, aggressive, and often impertinent, and yet they give lavishly of their abundance and their time. In a country like ours, where wealth is an uncertain quantity and the millionaire of today is the pauper of to-morrow, the conduct of women who suffer most by such sudden changes is heroic almost beyond belief. They not only "come up through great tribulation," but, like successful warriors ask for suitable recognition for their com-In all our large charities, panions in arms. the women who are doing the hard work are almost without exception women who have undergone some baptism of sorrow, women so finely balanced, so divinely harmonized that all suffering becomes personal to them.

When devastating floods swept through the great Mississippi valley and large fortunes went down in the seething waters, society belles stood side by side with women of foreign birth and labored day and night to relieve the sufferers. When an Indian uprising sent the white settlers in Minnesota flying by night to the cities for protection, fine ladies opened their doors and became cooks and servants for the refugees.

I have seen a brilliant woman whose wealth might found a city, sitting all night in a wretched cabin nursing the wife of a poor lumberman who must have died but for such tender care. I have seen young girls whose dainty sweetness has cheered a large assembly go voluntarily into danger in order to succor some of their own sex. Now and then we find a hint dropped concerning woman's work for her misguided sisters, but it is a hint only; for every village has its social tragedy never given to the world through the genius of a George These stories are written on the hearts of the people. It is not the morally weak alone, who are aided by women; the mentally and physically are also provided for. Homes for Intemperate Women, Houses of Detention, Reformatories, Educational Unions, Training Schools, Cooking Schools, Societies for Home Studies, Literary Clubs, and classes for instruction in Art and Science are springing up all over the land. All these testify to woman's love for woman.

This hackneyed charge of woman's cruelty is emphasized as a falsehood still further, by the well known popularity of women as snperintendents in large stores and factories where large numbers of women are em-The Hospitals presided over by women are models of their kind, and the superintendents of our Women's Prisons are doing a work for their sex which men at one time declared impossible. Woman's work for the higher education of her sisters commands the admiration of the civilized world; her efforts to secure better schools, purer literature, and judicious moral training for our children, will bring forth a rich harvest in the coming years.

To be misrepresented and misunderstood requires strong nerves, a stout heart, and an inflexible purpose; woman covers all the disagreeable experiences with one word written in large letters, and that word is She sees and feels, as men sel-"DUTY." dom do, that the future prosperity of the republic depends upon the mothers of the republic; she knows the possibilities of her sex, when unfettered by false estimates and absurd conventionalities, and she longs with an unspeakable longing to give the woman of the future a better outlook and a grander motherhood than she has known. woman of the future, who is her possible ideal must walk erect, where she has crept; must live well, think well, act wisely, and put before all other considerations the glorious fact of the divinity of motherhood. She must not be cramped by custom, or weakened by indulgence, and men made stronger through her sympathy and intelligent aid will then gladly echo the words of woman's most appreciative poet, and say:

> "He sees with eyes of manly trust, All hearts to her inclining, Not less for him his household light, That others share its shining."

> > Kate Tannati Woods.



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE YEAR.

With interlocking hands they make
A circle round our sphere,
And there they are in ceaseless dance,
Be days or glad or drear;
Twelve sisters are they, wondrous fair —
The daughters of the year.

The first, of dazzling loveliness
Is of a queenly mould;
Her scintillating, splendid eyes
No love-lights seem to hold;
The sunshine, when it falls on her,
Glints from her bosom cold.

The second, of a gentler mien Seems by compassion stirred; Bright daffodils spring round her path, When light her step is heard; And ever, with reproachful glance, She would restrain the third,

Who still, with backward flapping robes, And outward flying hair, Heeds not the soft detaining hand; Her laughter fills the air, Until the wildness of her sport Wakes echoes everywhere.

Then cometh she, sweet April-maid, With smiles upon her lips, While wilful tear-drops in her eyes Hold violets in eclipse; About her slender form her hair Like waving sunlight slips.

And after her trips May-day's queen, 'Neath bending boughs of bloom; No wildwood flower is half so fresh, Deep in the forest gloom,
As is the primrose in her cheek,
Her light breath's sweet perfume.

Linked hand in hand with her appears, In gleaming robe and snood, A radiant form—a maiden bud New-blown to womanhood; And rose-leaves shower about her head, Flowers spring up where she stood.

He who should kiss the next who comes Would kiss and never tire,
The warm breath of her glowing lips
Enkindles new desire;
And scarlet poppies, dreamy-eyed,
Burn on her breast like fire.

Then followeth with slower tread
That lang'rous Orient queen,
Who wears the dog-star on her brow;
It seems they might have been
Such arms as hers, beside the Nile,
The Roman lay between.

Slow after her a woman pale
Walks ever wistful-eyed,
As though some secret sorrowing
Her smiling lips would hide,
So plaintive are they in their smile,
So fair is she beside.

Then cometh she through whose brown cheeks,
The rich blood shineth red;
The stain of wine is on her mouth;
She moves with joyous tread;
And by a crown of Autumn leaves
Her hair is garlanded.

Then, robed in russet shot with sun,
A stately woman strays;
To look upon her is to dream
Of Indian-summer days,
For by the purple of her eyes
The world is wrapped in haze.

And last of all, with ringing laugh,
In holly gay bedight,
Comes she whose crown of mistletoe
Doth saucily invite
To ravish from her perfect mouth
A moment's keen delight.

Thus wheel the daughters of the year
The gray old world around,
Inviting him a bride to choose,
When he his mind has found;
And he, as quite bewildered, turns
By loveliness enwound.

Ah, who could dare a choice to make Held in so gay a thrall!
And he (this in your ear), he's sly,
This hoary cosmic ball,
And, like some grim old amorous Turk,
By silence chooses all.

Charles Washington Coleman.



NCLE Granville was worried. Pauline was his pet and she did not seem happy. She had lost flesh and color and was moody. Perhaps Aunt Lavinia was somewhat concerned on the

same subject—only in a different way. She was better acquainted with the facts of the case.

Pauline Bruce was an orphan. Her father, after making and losing a fortune, died, leaving his penniless twelve-year-old daughter to the care of his brother Granville and his sister Lavinia—the only surviving members of his family. Granville Bruce was a lawyer with but a moderate income He lived in the old Bruce homestead and his sister was his housekeeper. He was indulgent, she To the uncle, Pauline was a merry sunny-haired and blue-eyed child, born to To the aunt, she was a thoughtbe happy. less girl fast approaching womanhood. She ought to be made to feel more keenly the responsibilities of life, to understand, that until her beauty procured for her a wealthy husband, she was dependent on her father's relatives.

At eighteen, Pauline committed what Aunt Lavinia considered an unpardonable indiscretion,—she fell in love. She and handsome Jack Carter had corresponded during his course at West Point and when he returned home to Fulton for a few weeks, what was more natural than that affairs should come to a crisis?

"We are not engaged, you know, Jack!" persisted Pauline.

"No, Polly, not till you wish it," Jack answered, gently. "Only Sweethearts, dear!"

And so they parted—Jack to join his regiment and Pauline to settle down to "the daily round, the common task." Nothing was said to Aunt Lavinia, but she had her suspicions and made many shrewd observations about "penniless young men" who were "only second lieutenants." Uncle Granville, man-like, suspected nothing and said nothing. Pauline used to wish at that time that women had no more intuition than men. So the days went on. Jack's letters

came regularly. As Aunt Lavinia insisted on reading these, and was not sparing in her criticisms of the same, they seemed to Pauline like public property, and the only part of her little romance that had not been spoiled was the memory of those walks on Summer evenings, the dark, earnest eyes looking into hers, the tender voice talking of the "some day" when they would both be so happy.

But now matters had changed. George Drayton, a bachelor, forty years old, and wealthy, had become Pauline's ardent admirer. For years he had been considered the "catch" of Fulton. He was a good man and really loved the lonely girl and wanted to make her happy. There is much talk of the hopefulness of youth, but certain it is that a man over thirty-five is a more persevering suitor than a boy of twenty-one.

So Mr. Drayton hoped on, encouraged by Miss Lavinia, who privately persuaded Granville Bruce into the belief that his niece was becoming sincerely attached to her rich suitor. At last, one Summer evening, a year after Jack Carter had said good-bye and gone West, Aunt Lavinia decided that the time for action had come, and, armed with her knitting and a severe expression of countenance, entered Pauline's room. The girl sat by the open window in the moonlight. She had on a loose white wrapper and her light hair fell over her shoulders. round, child-like beauty did not soften Miss Lavinia's heart, but exasperated her. need a girl be so pretty and foolish? She had never been!

"Pauline!" she began. "It is time you were thinking about the future!"

It pleased her to see her niece start nervously and then drop her eyes. It was easy to deal with a girl in this mood. If she had appeared cool and collected it would have been a more difficult task to subjugate her. After a moment's pause she continued:

"I have come in here to tell you that your uncle and I are both fully satisfied with the judicious choice you are about to make. Mr. Drayton is a good man and will prove an excellent husband. You could not do better than to marry him. Few girls at your age have such an opportunity!"

"But, Aunt Lavinia!" burst forth Pauline.
"I do not love him and do not intend—"

Miss Lavinia raised her hand majestically. "My dear! You have a most wretched habit of interrupting! Allow me to finish

my remarks. As I was saying, you are a fortunate girl. At present you are entirely dependent on your uncle and myself. know that we have never grudged you a penny, but we are both growing old, and your support of late has proved a heavy For myself—I can stand it. My luxuries are few, and one or two privations more or less make little difference. But Granville, while seemingly robust, is not as strong as he once was, and he feels the expense sadly. He is fond of you, and does not complain, but he has talked to me of the relief it will be to know that you are comfortably settled and cared for by our kind and generous friend."

Miss Lavinia could knit as well in the dark as in the light and she kept on steadily with her work, never dropping a stitch. Pauline's folded arms rested on the windowsill, and her head was bowed on them. hair hid her face from view. During the silence that followed her aunt's speech the knitting-needles kept up a lively click-click. They reminded the younger woman of a telegraph instrument ticking out the news of a death.

"Of course," continued the frigid tones, "you do not love Mr. Drayton. It would be hardly proper if you did. You respect and like him, and that is all that is necessa-There is nothing The rest will follow. to prevent your marriage taking place in six months."

The girl shuddered.

"So soon!" she gasped.

"Why should you wait? It is not as if you were bound to an empty-headed boy," -pointedly and severely-"who had his way to make. I am thankful to say you are too sensible and too considerate of the wishes of those who have all these years denied themselves so much, for your sake, to break their hearts by such an act!"

Silence again. Miss Lavinia rose.

"Good-night!" she said.

Pauline did not hear her. In her ears rang the words, whispered on a moonlight night a year ago—

"I am only a poor man, Polly, who has

his way to make.

How they had hoped and planned! How they had talked of what would happen when he was a first lieutenant! He had said that then she would be his Polly, his sweetheart!

She raised her head and looked around the room, dazed. A cloud had passed over the moon; she felt stiff and cold. She crept shivering into bed.

The next day Pauline sent a pitiful little note to Lieut. John Carter, U. S. A. It only asked him not to misjudge her, but to try and believe that it was necessary for her to give him up, and she signed it:-"For the last time—your Polly.

When this epistle was handed to Jack Carter he had just sealed a letter addressed to Miss Pauline Bruce, triumphantly informing her that he was now a first lieutenant, and that he would be in Fulton the first of January, as he would have a month's leave This important of absence at that date. missive was thrown into the fire by the writer with the fervent ejaculation-

"It is the work of that infernal old cat!" And then, though he was a brave army-man, he threw himself face-downwards on his narrow couch and sobbed like a heart-broken But that afternoon, at dress-parade, his comrades noticed a look of determination about the firm mouth and a fiery spark

in the brown eyes. His only answer to

Pauline's letter was-

"I cannot understand. I shall see you

on New-Year's day.

The evening following that of Miss Lavinia's talk with Pauline, Mr. Drayton called. Miss Lavinia saw him first and told him he "must not expect too much of our dear She will learn to care for you. modest girl falls in love suddenly, you An honest liking and respect lead in time to lasting affection.

And honest George Drayton, having had small experience with women's hearts, believed her and was blissfully happy. a conversation with Pauline, he came to the conclusion that Miss Lavinia was right and that he must wait patiently for any demonstration of affection on the part of his pale and nervous fiancée.

Uncle Granville kissed his niece tenderly. There was a perceptible quaver in his voice as he said, in his old-fashioned way:

"I hope, my dear, you may be very happy with the man of your choice. He seems rather too old for my little girl, I think, but if you are satisfied, well and good!"

The months passed, and in November Miss Lavinia named the day of her niece's marriage. It was to be the first of February. Pauline wondered if in her aunt's code of etiquette it was highly improper for a girl to have any say about setting the day of her But she held her peace. own wedding.

It was toward Christmas that Uncle Granville became anxious. Pauline had changed to such a thin, fragile girl. He watched her

closely and became convinced that all was not right with her. He questioned her as to her health, but always met with the same response.

"I am well, thank you!"

Then he attacked Miss Lavinia on the

subject.

It was Christmas Eve and Mr. Drayton was expected to tea. Pauline had gone into the dining-room to see if the new domestic had set the table properly.

"Sister," said Mr. Bruce, "what is the

matter with Pauline?"

Miss Lavinia looked at him sharply.

"The matter? What do you mean?

Has she been complaining to you?"

"She has not! I wish she would, for then I might know what is the matter with the child. She is like a ghost of herself. She has lost flesh, color and spirits, and there must be some cause for it."

"Cause for it! Absurd!"

"All the same, Lavinia, I declare that if you had not assured me that you had had a satisfactory talk with the girl on the subject of her engagement I should say that she dreaded the thought of her approaching marriage!"

"Granville, you are talking nonsense! You are a fool about that girl! Why should she marry George Drayton if she does not

wish to do so?"

"Exactly! Why should she? She knows that she will have a home with us as long as she will make us happy by staying here."

"Hush! Do not speak so loud! Stentorian tones like yours are so plebeian! The truth is that Pauline has attempted to make nearly all her own wedding clothes and has been sewing so steadily that she is weary."

"Dear child! That is to save us expense, I suppose! But, Lavinia, it is not

necessary."

"Granville, can't you leave me to manage this affair? I do think after so many years in which I have been faithful to my duty in all respects, you might have a little confidence in me. Ah! I hear Mr. Drayton at the front door!"

George Drayton entered with a small, square parcel in his hand which he handed to Miss Lavinia to be given to Pauline in the morning. After receiving it graciously and putting it away "for our dear girl," she excused herself and crossed the hall into the dining-room.

Pauline was arranging a vase of holly on the table. She wore a closely-fitting gown of dark blue cloth. She had been superintending the coffee-making in the kitchen and the fire lent a slight flush to her cheeks.

Her aunt's face wore a pleased smile.

"Pauline," she said, "I am glad to see you looking so bright and pretty. Mr. Drayton has just given me your present, but you are not to have it till to-morrow. Now, dear," noting the cloud that crossed her niece's face, "do try for our sakes, to be more cheerful! Of course getting married is a solemn thing, but you must not brood over it. Your dear uncle is distressed that we cannot make the last days of your girl-hood happy."

The tears sprang to Pauline's eyes.

"Don't say that, Aunt! You are both

very good to me!"
"Then please show your appreciation of our goodness in your actions, and appear

less miserable!"

They made a pretty picture at the table that night. The spotless linen, old silver and clear glass and china sparkled in the fire and gas light. The flames roared in the open chimney, and the brasses shone brightly. Miss Lavinia was a model of neatness in housekeeping and dress. She sat at the head of the table in her severely plain black cashmere. Her white lace cap was trimmed with lavender ribbons and her gray hair was arranged in three smooth puffs on each side of her forehead. After her every remark her lips suddenly folded into a tight line that made one feel that she had clipped the thread of discourse with smooth, sharp scis-Her brother was her vis-a-vis. He was a little younger than she, and his round. rosy countenance glowed with delight as his niece laughed and talked. Mr. Drayton, though plain and red-headed, had a good face, and just now there was an expression of satisfaction in his small, light gray eyes.

The evening was spent in decorating the parlor, and when Uncle Granville kissed Pauline good-night he said, turning to the other man who had been made happy by

her enforced gayety—

"Drayton, our little girl has Christmas in

her bones!"

For the second time that evening Pauline's eyes filled with tears. But she turned away with a laugh that would have seemed hysterical to a keen observer.

"Why," she thought. "should I punish

them for what is not their fault?"

Christmas dawned bright and clear. On entering the breakfast-room Pauline found her uncle and aunt awaiting her. After ex-

changing the usual greetings, Miss Lavinia handed her niece the package left for her by her lover the night before. With trembling fingers Pauline opened the box. She gave a little gasp of dismay. It contained a chainbracelet, and in each link was set a diamond.

"I can't wear it!" she cried.

"Pauline! you forget yourself!" exclaimed her aunt.

"I beg your pardon! I did forget!" stammered the girl, hastily slipping the box in her pocket.

"That is strange!" mused Uncle Granville. "I fail to understand girls who are in

love."

Mr. Drayton had made an engagement to call for Pauline at eleven o'clock and take her to church. The usual Christmas service took on a new meaning to Pauline that day. She had seldom felt the need and help of the sacred words as she now did. It was like the touch of a soothing hand as the priest implored—

"Fulfil now, we beseech Thee, the desires and petitions of Thy servants as may be

most expedient for them!"-

And after the benediction she knelt and prayed for help as she had never prayed before.

The holiday week slipped slowly by,—too rapidly for some people,—but wearily and sadly for others. Pauline belonged to both classes. To her one day was like another in dreariness, and yet each hour was precious in her sight as being among the last that she could call all her own. As New-Year's day drew near, she became nervous and restless. Her uncle's eyes followed her anxiously and he lay awake far into the night, pondering on the change that had come over the merry girl.

At last he discovered the cause of all this unexplained wretchedness. Pauline had always invited a number of young people to spend the first evening of the year with her, and this year was to be no exception to the usual rule. She awoke on the morning of January first with a sickening thought. Only one month more of freedom—and this freedom almost bondage! She returned her uncle's morning kiss with white, quivering lips.

Nearly the entire day was spent in preparing the house for the evening festivities. The faded Christmas holly and mistletoe were removed and replaced by fresh. About the middle of the afternoon, Uncle Granville entered the parlor and found Pauline draping the fireplace with long green streamers.

"Little girl!" he exclaimed. "I came

in to tell you a piece of news! Guess whom I met just now!"

Pauline grasped the mantel for support.

"I don't know!" she faltered.

"Pauline, you are very pale to-day. Do you feel badly?"

The only answer was a negative shake of

the head

"Well, my dear, Jack Carter is at home! I was so glad to see the dear boy that I asked him to come in to-night! At first he hesitated and looked queer, I thought. But finally he consented."

"Oh Uncle! He must not come! I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" and Pauline, white and trembling, swayed, as though she

would faint.

Her uncle lifted her as if she had been a baby, and she clung sobbing to his neck.
"My little girl!" he murmured. "My poor little girl! Tell me all about it, darl-

ing!"

"I ought not to!"

"You must!"

"Jack and I were engaged, Uncle—till—I—accepted Mr. Drayton!"

"And you broke the engagement?"

"Yes, Uncle!"

"Surely you did not sell yourself—it can't be that you accepted him—Drayton, I mean—because he had more money!"

"Oh, no! no! I hate his money and presents and everything he owns—and if he were not rich it would have been all right! I need not have taken him. But, you see, his money was the thing needed. And that is why we are engaged! It is his money I am dependent upon—or will be soon! If it were not for that I could discard him to-morrow. And I hate his old riches, and money and lands and all!"

The probability is that if Mr. Granville Bruce had not been a lawyer, he could hardly have fathomed the deep significance of this extremely reasonable and lucid explanation. But he was a lawyer, and a sudden light

broke upon his mind.

"Pauline, do you love Drayton?"
"No!" desperately emphatic.

"Do you love Jack Carter?"

The blonde head sank lower on his shoulder.

"Then, child, why do you accept another man?"

"Because, I had to! I am such a burden and expense to you! And it would have been necessary for Jack and me to wait for several years. Aunt Lavinia said it was my duty to you to engage myself to a rich man —one who could marry me soon and relieve you of the cruel burden of my support. And she said that you wanted me to do so. And I know I ought not to be such a weight on you—you who have denied yourself all these years for me! Aunt Lavinia told me so! But I can't see Jack! Don't let him come!"

"My child, you shall not marry any man whom you do not love!"

"But I must!"

"But you shall not!"

"What can I do?"

"Nothing, dear! Trust your old uncle—that is all. And look me in the eyes and promise me never to doubt that I am amply able to support you for the rest of your life. It has never been anything but a pleasure. I am very far from the poorhouse for a hundred years to come! Your aunt was mistaken."

Still she sobbed and trembled.

He led her up to her room, and, kissing her, bade her lie down and sleep till time to dress for the evening. Then she heard him call Miss Lavinia.

"Sister! Pauline has a headache and is lying down. See that she is not disturbed. Send her a cup of tea at supper-time."

And without waiting to explain his peremptory order he left the house. After that all was quiet. Without, the wind roared lustily, but in her darkened room Pauline slept heavily, and Miss Lavinia was left to her own musings.

At supper Uncle Granville met his sister's stony gaze with composure.

"How is Pauline?" he asked.

"I know nothing of her except the information which you so brusquely imparted this afternoon."

"Have you sent her a cup of tea?"

"I have done so. After your decided orders, Brother, I did not dare take it up myself!"

This was delivered with crushing emphasis, but the only remark it elicited was an abstracted—

"All right!"

Miss Lavinia changed her tactics and inquired timidly—

"Have you seen Mr. Drayton to-day?"

"I have."

"He will be here to-night, I presume?"

"Yes."

A longer silence, this time, was broken by Pauline's entrance in evening dress. She wore a gown of pale green tulle, through which her arms and shoulders gleamed whitely. Her color was vivid and her eyes glistened with feverish brilliancy.

"My dear, you are beautiful to-night!"

exclaimed her uncle.

"Really, Granville, you are extremely injudicious!" remonstrated Miss Lavinia. "For my part, I think Pauline's complexion this evening much too florid."

Mr. Bruce laughed merrily.

"Well, well, Sister! you are always bound that nobody shall be too much elated; and if one of your squelching remarks does not take all the gas out of one's balloon of self-conceit, nothing short of a stroke of lightning will do it! Dearie," turning to his niece, "I must run upstairs and put on a dress-coat, not to be out of place amid all the gorgeousness."

He left the room, and the girl moved on into the parlors to see that all was in readi-

ness

About the middle of the evening Pauline became conscious that Jack Carter had entered the room with a group of other guests. She heard the murmur of surprise and pleasure that greeted his reappearance in Fulton society after such a long absence, —for he had always been a favorite. But she did not turn in his direction till a well-known voice said —

"A happy New-Year, Miss Bruce!"

"Thank you!" she murmured, giving him her hand without raising her eyes.

But Miss Lavinia seized upon him immediately. Though seemingly occupied with Mr. Drayton, who had just arrived, Pauline heard every word her aunt uttered.

"Mr. Carter, it is most fortunate you should be here just now! You know our dear Pauline is to be married the first of February, and you must stay East for the wedding!"

"Thank you, Madam!"

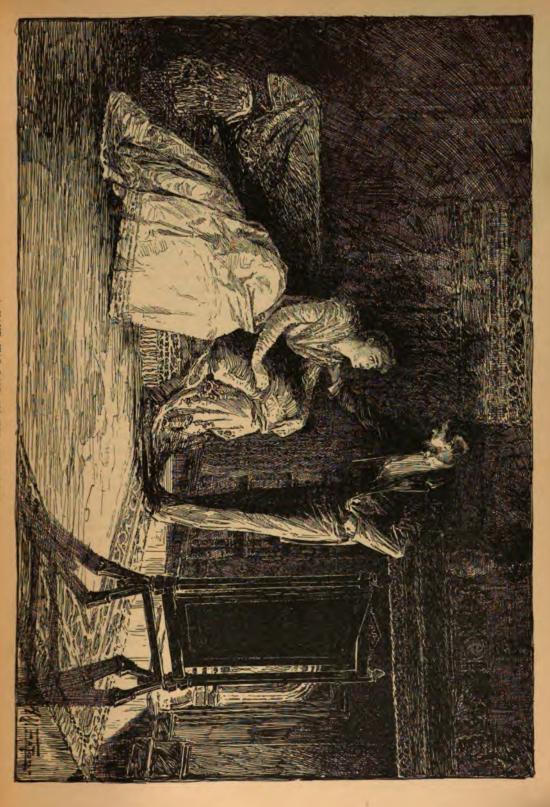
At this moment, Kate Floyd, a Fulton beauty, who had always had an admiring liking for the handsome officer, clutched his arm and gushingly announced in her high-pitched tones:—

"'And now, Mr. Carter, I want you, please, to give us that exquisite little song you used to sing before you went so far away! I always liked it so much! And the very last time that we all came to spend the evening with Pauline before you left us you sang it—oh, so sweetly! Don't you remember it! About 'Polly,' 'twenty years ago!"

"Ah, yes, do, please, sing it!" pleaded

many voices.

For an instant all the color left the young



man's face. Then his courage rose to the occasion, and he gave Miss Lavinia a look that nearly destroyed her equanimity.

"Certainly," he said, quietly.

Meanwhile George Drayton, looking worn and weary, had been trying to divert Pauline's attention. As Jack Carter took his seat at the piano and struck the first chord of the song for which all were now waiting, the girl, with a muttered apology, softly left the room. Once out of the parlor she ran like a hunted hare. At the end of the hall was a small room, Uncle Granville's sanctum, and to this she fled. The apartment was unlighted save by the coals in the grate. Throwing herself face downward on a sofa in a dusky corner she lay motionless and listened. The rich tenor voice was singing the plaintive air and words:

"Polly and I were sweethearts
As all the neighbors know—
Polly and I were sweethearts,
Twenty years ago!
Polly was made of dimples,
So winsome and wee and fair,—
And if ever you missed a sunbeam
You'd find it in Polly's hair!"

The girl held her hands up toward the firelight and laughed bitterly.

"Dimpled! Yes, I once was—he used to sing that to me!"

A hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Pauline," said George Drayton, "your uncle told me everything this afternoon. I followed you here to tell you good-bye. I leave town to-morrow to be gone several months. You are a noble, brave woman, and I thank you for your intended sacrifice!"

She had sprung to her feet and stood trembling before him. In the firelight she could see his pale, set features.

"I am so sorry—" she faltered.

But he checked her.

"Say no more—please!" he begged,

"God bless you, Pauline!"

She was again alone. She sank down on her knees by the sofa and moaned like a frightened child. How the wind wailed outside and how the music sobbed through the old house! There was a heart-break in every note. The words were borne to her distinctly.

"To talk of the house I'd furnish,
And the ring I'd have to give,
And the love we would bear for each other
So long as we both should live."

"So long as we both should live!" repeated the strong, sad, sweet voice.

The applause following the song seemed profanation.

George Drayton beckoned Jack Carter into the hall.

"My boy," he said, "my engagement to Miss Bruce is over!" He paused and his face flushed. "She never loved me," he continued. "She was forced into accepting me. That is past now!" He caught his breath and clenched his hands convulsively. "Go to her. She can explain. She is there!" pointing to the room in which Pauline had taken refuge.

Before Jack could speak Drayton had wrung his hand and was out of the house.

Pauline still knelt in the dark. The wind seemed to have taken up the refrain of the tender song.

"Polly and I were sweethearts Twenty years ago!"

"It seems like twenty years!" sobbed the unhappy girl. "It can never, never come back! We were sweethearts—long ago!"

Somebody entered the room and stood beside her. Strong arms lifted her and Jack's voice said:

"My little Polly! Now and always! Do you remember, sweetheart, that we promised to love each other so long as we both should live?"

After a few minutes Pauline lifted her head from Jack's shoulder with a start.

"What is it, Polly, darling?"

"Oh, Jack! What will Aunt Lavinia say?"

His answer need not be recorded.

The next day Jack wrote a letter in which he asked to have his leave of absence extended to two months. He was to be married on February first.

Virginia Franklyn.

DECEMBER—JANUARY.

A pilgrim old and worn,
With tottering step and slow—
His garments fringed with ice
And ermined deep with snow—
Crept through the lonely ways
Where chilling North-winds blow.

Thoughts of his early youth Arose his heart to cheer; Voices of singing birds Resounded loud and clear, And hills and vales recalled The Spring-time of the year.

And all the Summer's gold, And all the Autumn's gains His heart with miser-love Still jealously retains, And dreams of the future warm The life-blood in his veins. With eager hands outstretched He reaches toward the gate, Where Angels of the Dawn Their Lord's command await, The mysteries beyond Seeking to penetrate.

"Open, ye frozen gates!"
The aged pilgrim cried;
"Renew my wasted strength!"
But not a voice replied,
And midnight found him still
With his request denied.

And as the last chime rang
Its requiem on the air,
The Old Year, wrapped in robes
Whiter than monarch's wear,
Sank by the barricade,
And breathed his life out there.

Then open swing the gates!
And ready for the strife—
Full panoplied with power—
With sweet attractions rife—
The New Year enters in;
Death yields its crown to life!

Josephine Pollard.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER VII.



ERTIE GATES walked up to the hotel with Mrs. Dumaresque and Gem Manly, Mr. Romeyn making circumspect and conscientious talk with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan,

some yards in advance of them.

The click of Clara's boot-heels upon the plank sidewalk, as regular as clock-beats, and her trim figure and stately carriage were the primal suggestions of what Bertie always mentioned in subsequent seasons as the "jolliest lark ever fledged, don't you know?"

"Mrs. Morgan tells me she is extravagantly fond of walking," he said, eyeing her approvingly. "If I could do any one thing as well as she steps out, I'd do nothing else for the rest of my life, you know, except eating and drinking, of course, you

know."

"Not even boating?" asked Gem.

"That exception goes without saying—don't you know? I suspect that Mrs. Morgan is not addicted in the least to aquatic sports. She was regularly done up by the St. Ignace expedition, and as uncomfortable to-day as a nineteenth-century Christian with a tolerably well-balanced head could be."

Mrs. Dumaresque's thoughtful countenance cleared suddenly.

"Do you really think that was the matter?"

"I know it! She's game—don't you know? with the will-power of a four-hundred-horse-power propeller. But I have had personal intimacy with the symptoms of mal de mer. Until I was eighteen, it made me giddy to sail upon a chip in a mud-puddle—don't you know? Only stern resolution overca-ame the infirmity. Ask Romeyn how I conducted my limp individua-ality the first time we went abroa-ad."

"Put it out of your mind!" advised Gem. "The remotest suggestion of the other side—even a sea-sick imagination makes you quite altogether too-too English

-don't you know?"

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Dumaresque, regretfully. "How selfishly thoughtless in me not to make inquiry before we arranged the excursion! I must tell her how sorry we are."

"Don't—I beg!" recommended the scarlet-and-white mannikin of the world. "Never saw a craft that would acknowledge itself unseaworthy—you know; if I except one who is not amenable to the laws governing ordinary mortals — Mrs. Gillette!"

In naming her, he lifted his cap with such pretty show of affectionate veneration

that the daughter's eyes glistened.

"Thank you!" she said, gratefully. "I take leave to repeat, with weight and unction, my observation relative to your head and heart. You and Gem are natural tonics. When I am with you I appreciate how Mercury's winged heels felt. I could be positive that something of the sort—at least a pin-feather or two—is growing upon mine at this moment."

The chiming laugh of the two children—they were hardly more—drew a responsive smile from Emmett, and Mr. Romeyn cast a longing glance backward. Clara trode straight onward, her step elastic, chin and eyes level.

"Cultivate them!" begged Bertie. "I

have a plan that will require their use—don't you know? It is only an outline as yet, but if you and Miss Manly will graaciously lend a hand in filling it in, and out—don't you know?"

To bring the scheme to plump perfection took so much talk and time that they strolled past the hotel and on up the hill to Cliff Cottage, then the *Ultima Thule* of the promenade, and slowly back again, two of the three talking simultaneously, the maturer third deliberative, yet sympathetic.

They found Emmett smoking—sombrely for him—on the steps at the upper end of

the piazza.

"He has something on his mind already—don't you know?" observed Bertie aside to his companions, as they approached. "He holds his cigar between his teeth. A man who is thinking of nothing in particular doesn't cha-amp his weed, you know."

Emmett had more upon mind and heart than he would have confessed to his nearest of confidantes. Clara had parted with him in the rotunda with elaborate civility, and gone directly to her room. She had time to lay aside her boating-costume, don a wrapper, and establish herself in a rocker by the window, book in hand, and to sit thus, expectant of, and prepared for a scene matrimonial, for half-an-hour, without sight or

sound of her spouse.

At a short view, Emmett's delay was fortunate for the wife who considered herself aggrieved. It granted her season for reflection; for the arrangement of evidence and reckoning of available proofs. As a result of twenty minutes of the hardest thinking she had ever done—and she was never thoughtless-she got up, unbound her wealth of dusky-red hair, letting it fall down her back; closed the inner shutters, propped her feet upon a stool, and tilted her rocking-chair at an angle that indicated need of and disposition to rest. To a man, the change of attitude would have meant nothing beyond In reality, as the feminine reader will comprehend, it betokened a radical change When she took her seat in beof tactics. coming demi-toilette, her hair in good conversation-order, the open page symptomatic of collected thought, and a heart at leisure from itself to investigate and decide, Mrs. Emmett Morgan had designed arraignment, judgment and sentence of her erring lord. She would warn him, in temperate terms, and not too many of them, that he was in danger of beguilement at the eyes and lips of a plausible syren; adduce her proofs, and stipulate, before condescending to condone past transgressions, that they cut short a so-journ thickening with omens of ruin to their wedded bliss. In fine, she meant to save her husband at all hazards, but by rational methods. Emmett, according to her reckoning, would ask a solution of the lofty nonchalance she saw had confused and disturbed him. The rest would follow in good shape, order and time.

Not until she began to test the strength of the shreds of proof she held did she perceive the folly of overt action. Again she said to her sensible self that she must "wait." The seducer, if left alone, would wax worse and worse, and conviction be rendered easier

and certain.

"It passes my comprehension"—she said it almost audibly, so futile was the attempt to follow the wicked windings of Circe's ways—"It passes my comprehension what she wants with them all!"

"Them," signified her Emmett, Mr. Romeyn, cherubic Bertie, hotel-clerks and waiters, and every other man to whom Mrs. Dumaresque had spoken, or had smiled upon in strict Clara's sight.

"I read her correctly that first evening! She is an *intriguante*, and does her evil work con amore. Every good, upright woman should assist in thwarting her designs."

In the cunning begotten of her righteous detestation of intrigues and manœuvres of whatever description, she laid her guileless plan to disarm inquiry, and avert criticism from the man she would rescue.

Honest Emmett walked right into the

trap.

In his solicitude at finding her suffering again with what he anathematized as "a beastly water-headache!" he repented utterly and remorsefully of his misconstruction of her changed behavior on the voyage and homeward walk.

"What a brute a man makes of himself sometimes!" he confessed to Mrs. Gillette to whom he stole away for remedies when Clara, at his prayer, had lain down on the bed and promised to try to sleep. "Do you know, I really fancied that the darling girl was displeased with me ('though Heaven knows why she should be!) her manner was so constrained and she grew so silent. And—would you believe it? I actually let her go-up-stairs to her room, thinking that she would get over her irritation sooner if left to herself."

Armed with phospho-caffeine, mentholin and antipyrin, he rushed back to his patient,

and would have tried all three at once had not she assured him that his care and petting had made her better already.

"All I need now is rest, and to have you near me," she added. "If you have nothing better to do, would you mind going on with Anne? I cannot talk just now, but I shall forget pain while you read."

Look and accents were gentle and pleading. She was so lovely in her lassitude that his soft heart was full as he drew up his chair to her side, and, holding her hand,

began Chapter 7.

The air flowed, in life-giving breaths, between the shutters he left ajar; the bars of light on the carpet were changing from silver to gold; a tall spray of lilies in a vase upon the balcony exhaled perfumed sighs. For awhile, Clara could only be grateful that the heat and ache were gradually leaving her heart, congratulate herself upon the success of her ruse, and renew the resolve to take no more risks in a matter so vital as her lien upon the first place in her husband's thoughts. Then, she became interested in the finest episode in the story—the Huron's narrow escape from shipwreck.

"Open the blinds, and let us see where she landed," said Clara, in her natural voice, as the stirring recital closed with the picture of the two old men, "running along like school-boys, hand-in-hand," to meet Rast.



THE OLD AGENCY House, (Home of Anne.)

In her interest, she got up and went to the window, leaning upon Emmett's shoulder, his arm about her, while he verified the location of the small island opposite, the wharf and the western pass through which, "at

four o'clock, the *Huron* came into sight, laboring heavily, fighting her way along inch by inch, but advancing."

"How much more interesting it makes it all!" said the wife. "You know that the



PÈRE MICHAUX.

Old Agency House was burned down some years ago?"

Emmett drew her, unresisting, to his

"Yes; and Père Michaux was drawn from life. His real name was André Désiré Joseph Pirèt. He belonged to a noble Belgian family, was a distinguished graduate of the University of Paris, and afterward a Professor there. He was both physician and priest, a man of splendid physique, courtly and scholarly. One wonders to find him stationed over the obscure parishes of St. Ignace and Mackinac."

Her head was upon his shoulder; while he talked he stroked her beautiful hair. Instead of saying "Yes?" now, she led him on.

"Is he living?"

"No. He died in 1876, at seventy. His parishioners remember him affectionately. Antoine, the little cook, was a real personage. And the dog-team!"

Both laughed. The reconciliation was complete. Before the process of quarreling and making-up becomes stale through overrepetition, the effect is similar to that produced by a dose of chlorate of potassium—swallowing it is not agreeable, but it leaves a sweet taste in the mouth.

They did not go down to dinner, but had a dainty little repast served in their room. The table was set near the balconied window; Clara, in a wondrous India-silk tea-gown of the dimmest and least definite blue, with a Montmorenci fall of cream-tinted lace down the front, presided; the band upon the gallery over the main entrance was playing popular airs; the tumult of feet and voices below, modified by music and distance, was not discordant. When the tray was removed, Emmett, upon his wife's insistence, sat down on the window-sill with his cigar, taking care to blow all the smoke outside, and, his back against the window-casing, surveyed the satisfactory interior of the chamber—his bride being the centre-piece.

"Talk of courting-days!" he moralized. "One month of marriage is worth ten years of wooing. This is what I call living!"

An indiscreet bride would have improved the opening by contrasting the solid comfort of the têle-â-lêle with the ephemeral delight of association with other and speciously fascinating women. Our Clara merited her spouse's encomium, and did not mar his "model."

They were still sitting thus at ten o'clock, when Mrs. Dumaresque tapped at the door to inquire after Mrs. Morgan's headache. Clara greeted her affably—to do otherwise would have been indiscretion—and pressed her to take a seat.

"Thank you, but I can only stay a minute. Now that you are quite comfortable again, may I ask for your answer to my impatient young people? Have they your permission to go on with their arrangements for Monday?"

Clara looked bewildered, and Emmett colored foolishly.

"I am sorry—but she had such a headache—and when she was better—I may as well out with the truth, Karen! I have been too happy to think of anything else!"

"Bravo!" Karen's eyes sparkled with humor and feeling. "That is the old, genuine Emmett, through and through! The project has assumed more definite proportions since we spoke to you of it this afternoon. Mr. Romeyn and Mr. Gates—Gem's 'Ubiquities,' Mrs. Morgan—invite you two to a tour of the Island on next Monday—weather and health permitting. They have heard of your fondness for walking, and propose to explore Mackinac on foot. Lunch will be



"I HAVE YOU! THAT ANCHOR HOLDS!"

served at some central point, and carriages will meet us there, should we get tired. Not to be outdone by you in frankness, Emmett, I will say that Mrs. Morgan's graceful walk and fine physique suggested the expedition to our appreciative Bertie. And, as we all long for an opportunity to do her especial honor, the germ flowered quickly."

"She consented very prettily," reported Karen to her mother. "She really seemed gratified, and Emmett—dear old fellow! was enchanted. His wife—unintentionally, I know—infused a soupcon of patronage into her acceptance, but that is a trace of provincial rust that will rub off in time. The provinces are nothing if not patronizing. And she has so many admirable traits, that I am glad Emmett has her. I am—as Bertie would say—awfully fond of Emmett Morgan!"

She spoke abstractedly, gazing from the window upon islands that slept and waters that dreamed in the moonlight, remained standing thus so long that her mother spoke to recall her thoughts:

"It is growing cooler every hour. Don't stay too long in that draught, dear!"

"Draughts have no effect on my tough system—" leaving her outlook, nevertheless. Seating herself upon a cushion, she laid

her head on her mother's knee.

"I'm a-weary, mither! Sometimes I could imagine, now-a-days, that there is something thunderous in the air. Not that I believe in presentiments. I fancy the sight of the picture of domestic concord I happened upon in the Morgans' room just now, touched the sore spot. It is not only

"When sparrows build, and leaves break forth."

that

"My old sorrow wakes and cries."

Whatever comes—whatever was—whatever may never be again—I have you! That anchor holds!"

Marion Harland.

IN WONDERLAND, No. 7.

WITH THE VINTAGERS.



priests PANISH cultivated a grape in the early days of California in the old mission valleys, which for more than a century was, almost without exception, the only kind yet in bear-

It was the Mission variety. Its ing here. vine was sturdy and stocky of habit; its origin was obscure, although it was supposed to have been brought with the fathers North from "New Spain;" and it bore large loose clusters of thick skinned, nearly black berries, very sweet, yet capable of producing

an exceedingly strong wine.

The wines of the missions, made from these grapes, soon obtained high repute; until the padres' annual vintage, harvested and pressed by the Indians, was hardly sufficient to meet the demand in a land where soldiers, sailors, and occasional tourists, found not a public table nor a house of entertainment the entire length of the coast from Oregon to Mexico. But no such grapes as make the famous European wines were known to them; and when, after the lapse of a few years and the cession of California to the United States, many settlers began pouring in to the New West, they soon learned that they must first turn their attention to bettering their stocks before a wine suited to the wants of commerce could re-

It next became necessary to study soils and processes of manufacture. Heretofore wine making had been simply experimental. mainly the result of circumstances and the blind following of the old Franciscans' example. They had planted their vines in the valleys, where moisture was abundant and tillage easy; the settlers did the same. The gravelly soil of the red hills crackled across its thousands of ridges in the Summer's sun, catching and holding the seeds of the wild flowers and the grain crops, which nature coaxed to spring into lavish splendor as soon as winter rains fell; but they remained uncultivated, Yet investigation revealed that among foreign wine-grapes those of the hills, absorbing some peculiar flavor from

the upland soil and not bearing so heavily nor ripening so quickly, yielded the best juices at vintage-time and produced superior wine; and experience was not long in demonstrating that domestic wine from the mountain-slopes far excelled in flavor the wine from the valleys.

How primitive the wine-making of those earlier days must necessarily have been! There may not actually have been seen

"The maidens dancing on the grapes, Their milk-white ankles splashed with red":

yet until very recently one of the old Californians has kept intact—near his little hermitage among the foothills—the rustic press and the home-made vats, where, in autumn, Indian laborers were wont to gather and tread the pulp of the ripened grapes with His honey and his wine their naked feet. were his staples; and his bees and his vines yielded him yearly a royal income.

As we pass along these rolling acclivities, rich with the grape, how frequently we are reminded of Palestine and of those days of remote antiquity when, in Judah and the land of Israel, a goodly portion of the race followed the husbanding of the vine and the tending of its fruit. Indeed, we almost look to see an "angel of the Lord" by some "wine-press in a vineyard," as one appeared unto Gideon. Yet while the terraced slopes, and the neighboring oliveyards, and the giant oaks casting welcome shade, and the ever-present "wine and oil" suggest familiar spectacles of Bible days—the wine-presses of the present time differ greatly from those ancient presses of the Holy Land. They (as still frequently found by travelers) were simply a series of smooth-cut basins of gigantic dimensions, hollowed from solid rock; and located usually on the brow of a hill in the midst of In the upper one the grapes were trodden, until their juices flowed; then rock-cut channels conveyed the fluid down, to settle in other rock-hewn cisterns; and still again it was drawn, by lower channels, to great receiving-basins of solid stone, where, clear and pure, it was held until camels and asses bore it away, down the hills and across stretches of country, to the ships, or to those "merchants in wine

and white wool," whose business it was to receive, store, and age it, and give it sale. We read that frequently the harvest of the grape in those countries was so great that the wine-basins among the uplands became full and overflowed with new wine, until a purple flood descended oozing upon the villages; and even the garments of those who walked were dyed with the crimson stains.

That the inhabitants of many Eastern countries made great account of the vine is evidenced by records of the oldest rabbinical writers, who almost invariably describe their learned predecessors as reposing studying the law, meditating, or conversing under vine-arbors, often spanning streams. These arbors were designated "vine-shades," and were common wherever the vine was common; being really lofty canopies of green, barring out the sun, relieved by fruit, and extending for long distances. In old paintings these "shades" are repeatedly pictured, with the inhabitants of the grape-growing lands repairing to them for shelter; perhaps reclining upon couches, eating of the rich clusters, drinking wine, and playing instruments of music.

California's "vine shades"—as the big grape-growths of this semi-tropical land may well be called—are numerous and very interesting. Many were planted by, and are yet in possession of old Spanish rancheros; and here day after day, the year through, the family group convene, and many of the household avocations are carried on. One of these mammoth specimens—and a typical one—of the mission variety, has become an object of interest to many tourists, just across the border of San Diego county, on Lower California soil. This has sprung from a cutting which one of the Spanish Machados stuck into the ground in February, 1863, and now attains a spread of branches of from fifty to seventy-five feet on each side of its trunk. These branches, supported by heavy timbers, and trained horizontally, afford some 4,000 square feet of shade. five feet from the ground the main trunk has a circumference of forty-four inches; and here it sends out its first branches, six in number, each with a circumference of from fifteen to thirty inches. These branch-ends are cut back yearly; else there is no estimating the space which might have been covered. Annually a fruitage of not less than five tons is gathered; a single harvest having yielded, in one favorable season, 2,800 clusters, the smallest weighing onehalf and the largest seven and one-half pounds. Every demand for family consumption is thus supplied from this one gigantic vine; quantities are given away with free-handed hospitality; and the balance goes into red wine, to which many a party of merry picnickers upon the Machado's domain has been generously treated.

As the best vines of the world began to be collected into California nurseries, it was soon found that yearly wines were becoming of better grade. Yet many costly experiments were of necessity made; for while. American vines are swift and rampant growers, the evolving of fine wines therefrom requires a delicacy of treatment that only those of long experience in wine-fields. and cellars could insure. It looks a simple task, to the uninitiated, to grow the grape and press it to wine in California. There are no stones in the vine-grounds to render tillage difficult. The abundant sun of this. almost perpetual summer warms the air and the pores of the soil until every tender shoot. of the tickled plant laughs with delight. Great ripening clusters ride among the leaves, bending the branches down with their fruitage; while but rarely a hint of lurking frost in the air hastens their untimely picking before perfect maturity is reached. And seldom is there a single drenching shower from the young fruit's setting to the vintage's close, to burst or strip it from the vines. Fogs, too, so fatal to viticulture, inducing rot, are in most wine-growing localities practically known.

Let us climb up into a hill vineyard in The vintage is the grape-harvest days. nearly at its height. The vines—the perfection of foreign varieties—are full of lusty vigor; low-pruned, standing stout and stocky and without the aid of prop or trellis, like independent little trees, upon their stems. In the third year from cuttings. they begin to bear, giving a small yield; at five years they are paying for themselves The wine-house is midway handsomely. down the grounds, embowered amongvines, and shaded by live-oaks. Now, as the gatherers go plying their task between the rows, they determine what clusters are ready for the harvest mainly by the transparency of the berries' skins, and the changed brown color of their stems. fruit, besides, holds itself rigid no longer; its globes are quivering, pendant, cleavingeasily, almost bursting if they fall. And the seeds of a fully ripened one will be found to. have nearly lost their glutin, while its blood has thickened and become slightly gummy.

As the grapes are cut they are laid in boxes; these are then piled high in wagons which are passing up and down the vineyardways continually, unloading their fragrant burdens at the wine-house doors. Here the great hopper of the crusher receives them. For vin ordinaire, or ordinary wine, both stemming and pressing are done by machinery. As to the treatment of the must—the pure juice of the grape, yet unfermented—for wines, differing opinions prevail, some experienced wine-makers even claiming that sugar and water added to the skins of grapes may result in wine of a very drinkable grade. It is a recognized fact, that when grapes, from being grown in climates of excessive moisture, chill or frost, fail to mature thoroughly and go to press not perfectly ripened, sugar added to their juice will aid fermenting and develop a wine that has its place in commerce. But in California all this "tampering" is obviated; no haste being necessary, as grapes can hang and ripen by natural processes.

The next stage in wine-making is to ferment the fresh juice in vats, after which, directly upon active fermentation being concluded, it is drawn off away from the marc (consisting of the skins, stems, leaves and seeds); and conveyed through hose or pipes into casks, for second fermentation. casks are then put up in tiers in cellars under charge of a trained cellar-man—usually an expert from some foreign wine-shore—whose business it is to test the contents, "ulling" them whenever required in order to prevent their stock from diminishing; and also to learn the exact time when fermentation When that stage is reached, and the wine cleared, it is spoken of as "wellbehaved." Wines of "bad behavior," or those which will not clear by their own action, must be clarified by means; for which purpose whites of eggs, blood of animals, salt, milk, gum arabic, blotting paper, fine sand, powdered stone, woolen filters, gelatine, fish-glue, etc., are frequently used. If a wine is of feeble strength, or if its keeping qualities are doubted, good-bodied young wine may be mixed with it, and it is still considered "honest." Sometimes young green wines are employed with old and worn-out types, producing good blends. The great proportion of celebrated foreign wine beverages are thus compounded. It is even claimed that the very finest wine in France is from the

priests' tithe casks, to which every inhabitant of the commune contributes, making it most decidedly "mixed." No wine but new wine goes into new casks, peculiar properties of the wood often causing old wines to lose their transparency, which is one of their highest charms. New casks are also apt to impart a woody and detrimental flavor, when used for old wines. And in all cases they must be well tempered with good wine before being used for storage.

California cellars are the perfection of storehouses, being generally entirely above ground, with gleaming white walls trained with ivy or vines, or sheltered by oaks, and usually constructed with a loft as a protection from the hot sun-rays on the roof. This climate affords such opportunities for perfect dryness, cleanliness and ventilation, that it has come to be considered a sort of winemaker's paradise, and it is well known that, under such favorable conditions, new wines age much faster than in any other wine country—three years in this warm, equable temperature fully equaling twice that season in Europe.

In from one to six years wines—which have been during this time undergoing changes in their casks continually—are usually ready for bottling and for use; although some even remain ten years in the wood before free from depositing sediment. Previous to bottling they are racked and fined frequently. In many countries it has become common to impart artificial bouquets, various aromatic oils being upon the market for that purpose, prominent among which are iris, strawberry, mignonette, almond, sassafras and gillia. But the professional wine-taster, whose palate has been trained and rendered sensitive, detects these artificial tinctures at once, and also even declares the age of a wine, and whether from hill or lowland grapes, by a simple drop upon his tongue.

After the last racking the wine rests three or four weeks; then it is bottled in glass—clear and transparent if the beverage is white, colored if it is red, in order that the direct light may not work it injury. This requires a good measure of care; as, if the wine is "troubled" in drawing, harm results. The bottles, for filling, are inclined slightly, so that too precipitate a rush of foam may not clog the neck; then they go to the corking-machine, capsules secure the corks in place (or the cork-ends are touched with wax, which prevents insects from attacking them); and they are then placed in the bo-

dega, slanted cork-downward, where, after a time, if further sediment is found deposited, their contents are decanted. For this purpose decanting-baskets are used, the bottles being taken from their lines in the cellar without changing their positions, their corks removed, and the wine run into other bottles previously well washed with wine of the same body and bouquet.

Some strange theories are held by winemakers in regard to aging wines, one of the most marked being that music and musical sounds develop ripeness rapidly. If a cellar is used as a music-hall, even the old wines in its storage will turn, they say. It is also advocated that long voyages (and, particularly rapid motion) have a most beneficial effect in maturing wines.

Much of the pomace from the press is made into brandy, in the California vine-yards. In France a weak wine, called piquette, is fermented from the wine pomace,

for use of the laborers. Afterward the pomace is preserved, in great cement cisterns, as fodder for the cattle; each layer as it is deposited being strewn with salt, and the whole pressed firmly and covered with clay. The author of that interesting little work, "Winepress and Cellar," tells us that in the famous sheep districts of Mont d'Or, where cheese is largely made from sheeps' milk, it is claimed that much of the richness of the cheese is due to the sheep feeding upon vineleaves in summer and this cistern-kept pomace in winter.

The price for labor, paid by California vineyardists, is high compared with foreign labor prices. This alone renders it difficult to produce fine wine in competition with Europe. But in all other respects California has advantages over the world.

Estelle Thomson.

NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.

THE LOVERS.

"Black night is falling, big with wind and rain;

I hear the wild sleet scour the lighted pane; Hark how the mill-stream, plunging on its course

Where some poor hut sends forth a feeble ray,

Pours down its swollen tide with savage force

As fain to sweep that frail defence away!"

"Draw close the shades, and let the rising din

Sound like far grief, to present bliss within; Faith, the kind Heavens must look upon their own,

No foot could venture aid in such a night;

Come thou and dream beside our chimneystone.

That gilded hearth of manifold delight."

Thus spoke the lovers. Loud the tempestblow,

Mix't with white hail the hoarse tornadoflow;

That haughty roof gave entrance to the blast,

The loosened torrent swept the walls away,

And up the beach their lifeless forms were cast

Where the gray cabin fronts the dawning day.

Dora Reade Goodale.

"DEAD HORSE HILL."

(Fredericksburg, 1862.)



N the 13th of December, 1862, during the battle of Fredericksburg, I was ordered with some artillery to take a position near the Hamilton House and on the right of Stonewall

Jackson's line, to relieve Captain Willie Pegram's battery, which had been heavily engaged all the morning. Our line of battle extended along a range of hills overlooking the old telegraph road to Richmond and the Rappahannock River. On the north side of the river bristled the heavy guns of General Burnside in the cold frosty Winter morning. On the south side his infantry and light batteries were stretched along the telegraph road, sheltered by the long ditches and behind the wattled cedar fences peculiar to that country.

At intervals his big guns would let fly with tremendous earnestness, his light artillery zealously chiming in, raking our troops on the hill in a most merciless manner.

At such times and under the protection of this fire, his infantry would sally forth to the assault, valorously charging across the bottom lands to the foot of the hill, only to return, torn and riven with the whirlwind storm hurled at them by the Southern boys.

As I brought my pieces to the front, through a timbered piece of land, I saw a sight which one very rarely sees, except on paper. At Romancoke, the home of Capt. Robert E. Lee, I recently saw an engraving of one of Napoleon's storm-swept fields, which forcibly brought the scene of this battle to my mind.

Dead men between the guns and under their very mouths; broken wheels, of which there were a multiplicity; over-turned caisons, one of which had blown up; horses shot in every conceivable way, some dead, some plunging in the last agonies of that grim monster. One poor animal, I well remember, was walking about with all of that portion of his face below his eyes entirely carried away by a solid shot or shell.

The sulphurous smoke was dense, ascending from our rapidly served guns, the shriek-

ing of the shell and shot as they tore through the branches of the wooded knoll, was appalling.

Surely an artillery duel, when indulged in to a big extent, is not the least of the evils of red-handed war!

I had left my pieces in charge of a Lieutenant, and had ridden on to look for an opening in the long line of guns. Asking for Captain Pegram, I found that gallant young Christian soldier, sitting upon the trail of one of his broken guns, whittling a piece of stick as calmly as if he had been in his mother's house in Richmond.

In my experience as a soldier I have noticed that most persons when going into a battle, are apt to wear a nonchalant and rather forced levity of manner. So it must have been with me on this occasion, for I sang out in as cheery a tone as I could command under the circumstances:

"Halloo, Captain, what's all this rumpus?"
"Oh!" he replied in a sad tone, "We've been having a big row up here. What brings you here?"

"The boss sent me," I answered, "to unlimber in your rear, and keep you from crawling."

"Is that so?" he said, "Well you have come too late; I am past crawling." "Look here!" and he pointed to the terrible havoc among his guns. Within a foot of him, one of his Lieutenants lay, cold and still in death, a pocket handkerchief spread over his face; the blood trickling from his ears. Almost touching him, was a horse partly sitting, with his nose thrust into an ammunition chest, as dead as was ever Hector. Almost under the mouth of a brass piece stooped a bare-headed man, (grasping his sponge staff) stiff and stark. A minie ball had evidently struck him, and the man never knew what hit him.

"We have not had the time or chance to move them," said Pegram. "Do you want to come in?"

"Ye-ye-yes," stammered I, "if you can gie-gie-gimme a loophole, but I don't think there is room."

"Plenty of room!" he replied in his cool, deliberate way, which sounded to me as if all the elements had come down and struck the earth a thunder-splitting crack. Just then to add to my discomfiture, there was a sound of a mighty rushing. My horse



ONE OF THE LIEUTENANTS LAY COLD AND STILL IN DEATH. (See page 304).

broke away, (I had dismounted) and ran off in a most sensible direction, I most devoutly wishing the while that I was on his back. In an instant, Pegram had keeled over from the gun-trail—feet upwards. He was up in a minute, and upon my query: "Whether or not he was hurt"—quickly replied,—

"Not a bit, but the windage from that solid shot made it a close shave, I can tell

About this stage of the game, we had a temporary lull, which gave Pegram a chance to get together his shattered command, and move away, carrying with him his dead and wounded men, and of seeking that rest and recuperation he so much needed. This meritorious young officer had for four hours fought his gallant battery until it had literally dwindled away to a frazzle. And later on in the last days of the death-grapple, with his pennon still flying far out upon the front, this heroic soldier of the South went to his Master.

"A Niobe in his home, a time for tears, A cross, a crown, a chaplet wreath of flow ers,

He wrote his name up on the heights of fame;

Then laid him on the cannon's mouth and slept."

After Captain Pegram moved out, we got

our pieces in line without accident.

In a very short time the big guns over the river began to growl and grumble for more blood. Their infantry made a terrific burst, their light guns opened once more and Pandemonium broke loose again on "Dead Horse Hill."

Twice I planted our battle-flag firmly in the ground outside of our guns, and as many times it went down. A shell struck one of the pieces plumb on the top, exploded, and killed and wounded nine men.

I ran to unhook two wheel horses who were near by. As I put my hand on the traces, a solid shot passed through the stomachs of both; they dropped like logs and never kicked. Just then a handsome, black eyed boy ran by me, carrying ammunition; a shell took him between the shoulders, lifting him three feet from the ground, and his home was made desolate.

Then I heard, above the din of battle, the Teutonic accents of Dutch Rafe; (one of the drivers):

"Dot ball-face Mike ish dedt."

Ball-face Mike was the leader in our lead gun and the pet horse of the battery. I think he had been a circus horse. He was the hero of many battles and had been with us at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, all the battles around Richmond, South Mountain and Sharpsburg, and now, as the sun of Fredericksburg was about to set, a cannon ball struck him full in the face, and this faithful veteran went to graze on the "Grampian Hills," contributing his share to the celebrated sobriquet of "Dead Horse Hill."

Among other incidents which occurred during this engagement, I can recall my first sight of a famous Confederate.

A general officer, mounted upon a superb bay stallion and followed by a single courier, rode up through our guns. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight to the front, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle on the old telegraph road.

The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, pants, top boots, horse and his furniture, were all of the new order of things.*

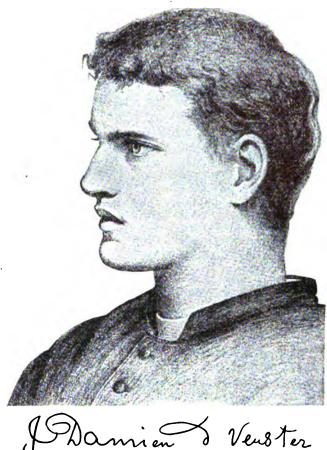
But there was something about the man that did not look so new after all. He appeared to be an old-time friend of all this turmoil around him.

As he had done us the honor to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in some one to say something on No one did, however, so, althe occasion. though a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture the remark that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiseled features, the thin, compressed and determined lips, the neatly-trimmed chestnut beard, the calm, steadfast eye, that could fathom the tide of battle in a moment's time, the countenance to command respect, and, in the time of war, to give to the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. And there was one I had heard so much of and had longed so much to see, whose battle front I was then upon for the first time, but, however, not the last.

As I said before, he turned his head quickly and, looking me all over in about two seconds, he rode up the line and away, quietly and as silent as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels; and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson.

Wm. Page Carter.

^{*}Gen. Stonewall Jackson's horse and accoutrements had just been presented to him by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.



FATHER DAMIEN.

(Sixteen years priest to the Lepers at Molokai, Hawaii.)

In wild mid-ocean lies a craggy isle, Tossed from the tortured depths of flowing

As if the throbbing heart of restless Earth Had burst her body to look out upon The peaceful face of Heaven, and passing,

shaped An everlasting prayer. 'Tis still the home Of Pele, goddess dire, whose lava tongues Oft speak her anger at neglected shrines.

Here, prisoned from the happy world, abide

The people "cursed of God" with living death.

All hope had fled that charnel rock of pest, The air was thick with dismal cries of woe, And as their joints dropped putrid, one by

And hideous cankers fed upon their frames,

The mocking waves laughed at their leprosy.

Night, soothing all the world, brought there no peace,

But only Pandemonium, blacker still.

The dancing stars were stings to prick their wounds;

And golden day burned deeper in their breasts

The ghastly fever that was ne'er assuaged. The very children wore old masks of sin; And not a thought went up, but all clung down

To writhing corpses wracked with speechless pains.

This was the kingdom chosen from the world

By one whose Master came to earth from heaven.

Meekly he ministered to stay their groans; Bravely he clasped contagion's nauseous forms.

He built them homes, and brought the cloud-born stream,

To cleanse uncleanness with its purity, And raised an altar ladder to the skies. Where reigned the madness of despairing souls

He softened the foul scourge, and led them

To that Physician, once of Nazareth, Whose touch healed lepers, and can heal. The arms that had no fingers felt His grasp,

The eyeless socket saw His beauteous face, And all the haunts of banished misery That seemed a hell, became the porch of heaven.

One day an awesome voice came whispering low,

"Father, alas, I bring the word of dread: The unclean specter has seized even thee. Sweetly he smiled: "It is the gift of God, And what He wills is happiness to me." Still patiently he labored, hand in hand

With Him who sent him there to humbly serve.

While slowly Death embraced him. serene.

The swollen fingers turned the sacred leaves; The face distorted beamed in orisons; The impious hearts were then constrained

to pray, For love of their dear priest who gladly joined

The throng incurable, to save their souls; And when the tongue refused at last to speak,

His eyes discoursed of heaven. less sea

Chants requiems where his leprous body lies.

And now he dwells with Jesu, where is rest, And health divine, and immortality. The grave-yard isle is now a pedestal Of noblest beauty high as sing the stars.

Last of the martyrs, did he live and die, To prove that curses are of man's device; Since God will cure the vilest malady; To teach the grandeur of self-sacrifice, The halo hiding e'en in leprosy. Edward Wright.



Edited by Christine Terhune Herrick.

" POOR LIZBETH."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.



IZBETH was a Nova-Scotia girl, and, as she said, "an orphian." Not only was she without father and mother, but she had absoluterelatives no or friends. She was also destitute

as to goods and chattels, and had drifted to the "States" in the hope of bettering her condition.

Her square and heavy face was not prepossessing, as a whole, but she had two

honest, faithful, brown eyes which won my confidence at once, so that I took her in to my service without any other recommendation. Let me say here, that I found her honest in all respects save one: she would appropriate, seemingly without compunction, everything in the shape of eatables that she took a fancy to. Whole jars of sweetmeats and canned fruits disappeared, as by magic, and the cake-chest was often empty.

I reproved and admonished her in vain, and gave her over as incorrigible; then, to my surprise, she suddenly discontinued her depredations, perhaps, because surfeited at last with sweets, and I had no further

trouble with her.

So scanty was her wardrobe that she evidently felt some explanation to be in order.

"I'll tell you, marm," she said, "how I When I come to be so poor ou't for clo'es. was coming on, I got acquainted with a woman in the cars, and she was awful kind. She talked like a mother to me, and pertended to cry when I told her I was an orphian and all alone in the world. When we got to Boston, she said being as I was a greenhorn—a stranger, you know, marm she would take my check and look after my box, so I give her the check and thanked her grateful and set down to wait for her. But, marm, I haint never set eyes on her nor my box neither from that day to this!"

The gown she wore when she came to us, and which served as best for a time, was a bright red merino. It fitted her square figure passably well at first, I believe, but after she had been with us a fortnight, she began to grow stout, and one afternoon I found her sitting in the kitchen, laboriously ripping and stitching away at the waist, with a bunch of green carpet thread on the table before her.

"What are you doing to your dress, Lizbeth!" I asked.

"Letting out another dart, marm," she answered gravely, holding it up for my in-

spection.

It was a curious-looking garment! The biases had been finished, originally, without cutting, and, as she increased in size, she had let out bias after bias, ("darts," she called them), until only one of the four remained! I showed her how to let out the seams under the arms, wondering within myself as I looked at her, where the "letting out" process was to stop. And oh, the figure she made in that gown! From shoulder to hips she was as square as a loaf of bread, and, as the skirt shortened, her enormous feet, dressed in thick, fuzzy white woolen hose, grew more and more conspicuous!

Lizbeth could read, but the Bible and a well-worn dream-book were the extent of The latter, I think, possessed her reading. by far the greater authority with her, and it was odd how sometimes the foolish book did really seem to be the exponent of her dreams; that is, in a way. One morning I happened to go into the kitchen before breakfast, and found her crying bitterly. asked her what could be the matter, so early

in the morning.

"Oh, marm," she said, "it is my dream! I dreamed that a great, green ape jumped into my very face and eyes! And it is a sign that some enemy is going to do me an awful injury."

"Oh, you must not think so much of a dream," said I. "Nothing of that kind can happen to you here, of course." But she only shook her head and sighed dismal-And as fate would have it, before night she and the shock-headed Irish girl over the way, who were, as I supposed, the best of friends, fell out, and came to blows. butcher boy was the cause; each claimed his attentions, until jealousy and rage mastered them, and the result was two scratched and bleeding faces. Poor Lizbeth crept up to bed that night a firmer believer in dreams than ever. To the credit of the combatants, be it recorded, however, that they were soon as friendly as ever, and sharing the butcher boy's favors with hearty good will.

Lizbeth's odd ways and notions were without number, and afforded us great amuse-One morning we were to have smelts for breakfast and I gave her instructions to fry them whole; but when they came to the table they were all in little bits and

their back-bones were missing.

I said, "You forgot what I told you about the fish, Lizbeth?"

She put her hands on her hips and confronted me in respectful, but firm defiance.

"No, marm, I didn't forget," she said, "but if you can eat fish, innards and all. I can't cook 'em, innards and all, and what's more, I wont!"

Then she threw her apron over her head and ran out of the room.

She had a frightful habit of holding pins in her mouth, and when sweeping, in spite of my remonstrances, she made her mouth the receptacle not only of pins, but also of buttons, and whatever odds and ends she chanced to pick up. Once I was called to her in hot haste, and found her sitting on the stairs, red in the face, apparently in the last agonies of strangulation.

"The pins and things—I've swallowed 'em, marm! Pound on my back, will you?"

she managed to gasp.

I slapped her back vigorously, and she disgorged a variety of articles, and seemed relieved.

"Do you think you really swallowed any, Lizbeth?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not many, I guess, marm," she answered, and went about her work, as if nothing had happened. Strange to say, such experiences did not induce her to abandon the habit, in fact, holding pins in her mouth was such a mania with her, that

she would actually go to sleep with a half dozen tucked away under her tongue. We finally ceased to feel alarmed about her, and concluded that she had an affinity for pins, was, perhaps, a sort of human pincushion

internally.

Besides her Bible and dream-book, she owned a greasy, well-worn pack of cards, and I often found her of an afternoon, when ner work was done, sitting in her rocking chair, chewing gum and shuffling over these cards, her brows knitted in earnest, absorbed attention. Curious to know what she was doing, I questioned her.

"Oh, I am looking to find out some things," she answered, seriously.

"What things?" I asked.

"Oh, if I shall live long-if I shall get married—a good many things, marm."

"And do you believe the cards can tell

"Oh yes;" she said, "see here."

She turned the cards round for me to look Of course they were unintelligible to me, and I asked her to explain.

She hung her head and looked silly, but

presently she answered.

- "They tell me I shall marry the man in
- "And what kind of a man is 'a man in diamonds?""

"Why, a light complected man, don't

you know, marm?"

"Humph," said I, "there are a great many 'light complected' men in the world. Have you any idea who this one is?"

She snickered and colored, but made no I had never seen any man hanging about the place, "light complected" or otherwise, and I wondered if possibly she had followers unknown to me. So I asked again.

"Who is it, Lizbeth, that you have in

mind?"

"I s'pose marm," she said with another snicker, "I s'pose the cards mean the butch-

er's bov."

"Oh! but the butcher's boy is not a man," I remarked, for I had seen him loitering about, playing marbles with the children, as if he were one of them.

"He is going on twenty-one, 'said Lizbeth, "and he is an orphian," she added

with a sigh.

"And you are an orphan," I suggested,

"Yes, marm, both on us is orphians," she repeated with satisfaction.

"But you will not think of being married at present?" I said.

"I don't know; the cards don't tell,"

she answered seriously.

"Nonsense!" said I, beginning to feel somewhat out of patience. "Nonsense! You must not think of such a thing for a long time yet. You are only a child. smiled gravely, but made no reply.

After that, I noticed the butcher's boy came often in the summer evenings, and sat with Lizbeth and her Irish friend on our back door-steps. I could see them from the library window and was much amused in

watching them.

Jonas—that was the boy's name—seemed always to be entertainer, while the two girls sat silent admiring. He had a harmonicon on which he could play one or two street He sang also with great gusto two songs, which seemed the extent of his repertoire. The favorite was all about a butcher boy, with endless verses and a refrain, as nearly as I remember:

"For gold may fade and silver fly, But constant love can never die.

I judged that, as a whole, the song was very touching, for his audience invariably shed tears and seemed greatly affected.

Sometimes he would perform surprising gymnastics for their amusement-stand on his head, or turn somersaults till he was black in the face, or play stick-knife or jack-stones, at both of which games he was an adept. But whatever the performance, it was always enjoyed in silence by the two

girls from beginning to end.

But one night, as fate would have it, the Irish friend did not come as usual to participate in the entertainment, and Jonas went through his programme with only Lizbeth for audience and spectator. Everything seemed to pass off in a satisfactory manner, however, and at the last Jonas introduced an entirely new feature. After putting on his coat and paper cuffs and collar (for he always partially disrobed before each performance), he came up sheepishly and sat down on the extreme edge of the door-step beside Lizbeth.

As she made no sign, except to turn her great eyes solemnly upon him, he hitched along by degrees, till he was close to her. There they sat for some time, without a word, looking into each others faces, till at length, Jonas stretched forth one huge, red hand, and clasped Lizbeth's. A few whispered words followed, and a kiss, that I imagined I could hear where I sat, then the boy jumped up as if shot out of a gun.

This proved to be Lizbeth's betrothal, for the next morning she gave me notice, and told me she was going to be married.

The event was celebrated quietly, except that Lizbeth came near choking herself with pins while dressing, which made her very unhappy, on account of its being, as she said, "a terrible bad sign."

They rented a little tenement over the butcher's shop where Jonas was employed,

and went to housekeeping.

I assisted Lizbeth in furnishing her home. Her grotesque fancy in regard to decoration and ornament amused me greatly. little parlor was characteristic. Two large pictures, Jonas's contribution, hung upon the walls, one cut from some mammoth circus show-bill, representing the "Fat Woman and Her Husband, The Living Skeleton." The other was a highly-colored portrait of a celebrated pugilist and prize fighter. In one corner of the room, a large waxen doll with staring blue eyes, and gorgeous in pink cambric and tarletan, sat in It was the wedding gift of Lizbeth's Irish friend, and I was told that such parlor ornaments were "all the style."

A wonderful "air castle," constructed of bright colored card-board, and trimmed with countless yellow worsted balls, hung suspended from the ceiling overhead, and trem-

bled with every vibration of the air.

I supposed this mysterious looking object must have some strange, poetical significance, but on inquiry, Lizbeth informed me that it was "for the flies to roost on in summer!"

On the table was a collection of books. A photograph album contained pictures of sporting celebrities and circus monstrosities,

and a few family likenesses.

Jonas was there, dressed up in his Sunday best, his hair parted down on his forehead in a large scallop. He looked extremely uncomfortable, but bursting with importance. Lizbeth, also, in the red merino dress, guiltless of "darts," her waist even with her hips, the low shoes and fuzzy stockings conspicuous as ever, her large hands hanging helplessly by her side.

The other books were a red bound volume, bearing the magnificent title "The History Of The World," and several dime novels, their contents, no doubt, as blood-curdling,

as their names.

These books were all the private property of Jonas, and Lizbeth confided to me in an impressive whisper that he had "read em all through from beginning to end," adding, "I tell you, marm, Jonas is a terrible reader!"

A high, puffy-looking bed cut off one corner of the room "diagonally," which I found was considered the correct position for a bed, and it was covered with the craziest of "crazy" quilts, the work of Lizbeth's own hands, as were also the rugs, chair cushions and tidies that abounded. They were Lizbeth's pride and delight, and looking at her great, stumpy fingers and remembering her awkward use of the needle, I felt suddenly grateful for the invention of "crazy" patch-work. Surely nothing could be more successfully "crazy" than hers, and she was satisfied.

Well, for a time, all went smoothly, and Lizbeth's happy face, whenever she appeared among us, was good to see. Her days were spent in keeping the little home as tidy as hands could make it, and in cooking Jonas's meals, consisting principally, if one might judge from the odor her garments perpetually exhaled, of fried onions and cabbage.

Then, for recreation of an afternoon, there was the rocking-chair by the window in the best room, the chewing gum, the dreambook and the pack of cards! Jonas wore a continual holiday look, but on Sundays, especially, he fairly bristled in the "white biled shirt" and white vest, which his wife, with much perspiring and painstaking, managed to "do up" for him to swell and strut about in. Poor Lizbeth was never a skillful laundress, and, no doubt, many a tear bore witness to her wifely pride and devotion.

But by and by a baby came, and then their trouble began. It was from the first a puny, sickly little thing, and Lizbeth was inexperienced and seemingly lacking in those instincts which sometimes make young mothers So the child worried and the best of nurses. wailed from morning till night, till Jonas. finding no peace and comfort at home, began. to spend his leisure hours at the beer shop opposite. In a short time his habits became such that he was discharged from the butcher's shop, and, in fact, he had no steady employment from that date, but might be seen almost any hour of the day, staggering about the street, swelling in foolish importance still, though ragged and blowzy-faced, a pitiable object indeed.

Calling upon Lizbeth one day, I found her all bruised and bleeding about the head, and she finally confessed to me that her husband was in the habit of amusing himself by beating her unmercifully whenever he came home the worse for liquor, which was nearly every night. Of course I was shocked and indignant, and begged Lizbeth to take the child and go away and leave him. But she only shook her head and sighed.

"He is my husband," she said, "and an orphian. What would he do without me? It's little enough he gets to eat now, but he has a roof to cover him and some one to put him to bed when he comes home o' nights." So the faithful creature clung to

him.

When the little baby was nine months old it died. I gave the poor mother a pretty white dress in which to array it for the last time, and a bunch of flowers to put in its tiny waxen hands.

I think Lizbeth looked down upon the poor little thing, lying sweet and quiet in its coffin, with more complacency than she had

ever felt towards it living.

"It's better off; it's better off; ain't it, marm?" she said, wistfully; and I answered,

"Yes, thank God! it is, Lizbeth." Who could doubt it!

I thought it possible that when her selfish brute of a husband found he could once more take his ease at home, he would be moved to do better, and at least make Lizbeth's life endurable; but his degrading habits had taken too strong a hold upon him, and he kept on until he shortly drank himself to death. Yes, he too died, and Lizbeth, standing over his coffin, turned to me with a world of misery in her great faithful eyes, and said again, "He's better off, marm; he's better off," and I answered, bitterly, "You are better off, at least."

And she was. She gathered up the remnant of her household goods—the dreambook, the cards, the air-castle and the crazy patch-work—and came back to me. And now she sits again in my pleasant kitchen of an afternoon, when her work is done, sits and rocks and chews gum, as of old. But the cards lie neglected. Lizbeth feels just now that her romance is lived out—her romance that was a tragedy.

Belle C. Greene.



'MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS.

(Copyright by Mary Cruger.)

CHAPTER VI.



February advanced with fewer bright sunny days and with fierce gales of frosty wind that were often harder to encounter than the storms of snow and ice, Faith planned to counter balance her

many hours of enforced staying in doors, by going out for the whole day, whenever the weather was pleasant. She found that bakeries and lunch counters were to be met with in almost every direction, and that a glass of milk and a roll made a cheap and satisfactory lunch, much to be preferred to the delay of returning to her room for it, which often involved also the expense of a car-fare.

Sometimes, she would get a sandwich and a cup of coffee. At a German café in University Place, she discovered that they made especially delicious coffee; not only using the best of materials, but seeming to possess also the rare knowledge of making the best use of them. A cup of this fragrant coffee, made with pure rich cream, at five

cents, and a sandwich or some rolls and cakes for five more, afforded a very satisfactory lunch, besides having the advantage of not occupying more than ten minutes of the short bright days that Faith desired to make the most of.

Thus, sustained by the keen fresh air, which seemed to send her blood tingling through her veins with new force and life. and eager to drain the draught of pleasure to the last drop, Faith lost not one hour at home that she could possibly be abroad. Not only were her days spent in a busy flitting among her friends, gathering stores of food for heart and brain, on which precious aliment they might subsist through the far off future, but her evenings became so filled with charming engagements that the hour of midnight often arrived unheeded among scenes that were crowded with harmony and delight.

Faith soon felt the need of economizing her forces. The hour of twilight must be given entirely to rest after the fatigues of the day, which were not the less trying for all their joyousness. Even the prosaic work of preparing her dinner must be given up, on those evenings which she meant to spend abroad; and to procure it at a restaurant equally infringed on her need of rest and quiet. She was too wise to fall into the common error of denying or temporizing with her physical requirements just when they could least bear to be trifled with. ter some study over the problem, she decided to rise half an hour earlier in the morning, which she could easily do, as she always slept well and refreshingly. plan gave her leisure for making jellies, boiled custards and other desserts that would be ready for use at any moment, and for preparing soups that could be heated in a few minutes at dinner-time. She could also have dressing ready for salads, so that when her dinner-hour came, having only a chop or steak to cook, which could be accomplished while everything else was being arranged, the meal was satisfactorily as well as quickly made ready, and as thoroughly enjoyed as though hours had been spent in its preparation and consumption.

The sudden extreme cold which soon flowed in an icy wave over the city attacked Faith personally, however, with a keenly felt severity. Her heavy cloth suit that had thus far protected her sufficiently, even on the bleak street corners, and when encountering the fierce winds which swept up the long defiles with such gathering force, seemed now a mere gossamer covering as she tripped shiveringly along, and faced with desperation the blast that sent the mercury down below zero.

This artificial world, in which wealth so often triumphs over poverty's needs and temptations, has its compensations after all, accidental as they sometimes seem. Winter first approaches it only brings a richer bloom to the cheek of well-nurtured beauty and gives a brisker movement to the daintily shod feet that cross the thronged sidewalks from the luxurious carriages that await their return from the emporiums of fashion, whither they are bent. What care the crowds whose ambition seeks most of all to outshine in some point their envying compeers, how deeply they dip into purses whose resources are so great, so readily renewed?

With the first falling flakes of snow, the children of prosperity purchase at fabulous prices the richest furs, the most costly robes. Christmas finds the world of fashion strutting proudly in its gay attire, while the merchant also smiles over the profits that have swelled his bank account so royally.

But Winter has not then really come. He has but looked forth from his icy kingdom with a smile—a frosty one, it is true—but still a smile. By-and-bye he frowns; not only amid clouds and storms, but even in a glare of frozen sunlight, in which is not to be found one ray of warmth or cheering. February's reign of bitter cold finds the gay world still comfortably nestling in its soft The merchant standing idly before his counter, sighs at the absence of customers as he marks down the prices of his goods. Remembering his former vast profits, he can afford to smile benignantly on those who now creep in with meagre purses. Their extremity is truly God's opportunity. Is not even the merchant's heart softened by feeling that this more desperately needy community is rejoicing over the reduced prices which enable them to make the purchases they desire?

Thus, Faith Arden, when the moment came in which a warm wrap was necessary, and purchasing it now for that reason only, instead of having done so months ago, for mere fashion's sake, procured one for fifteen dollars which would have cost three or four times that amount before Christmas.

It is strange how noticeably short February always seems, how often we regret its end-One would imagine it a relief to lose. two or three of such cold, dreary days as

usually mark its reign, especially as the close of February nominally ushers in Spring's balmy season.

As a matter of fact, however, it is March whose reign seems doubly long, whose chill fierceness, blended with the dampness of reluctantly melting ice and snow, and the boisterous raging of dust-laden gales, is far more unendurable than any of February's inflictions. Even April has its caprices of snow-flurry and sudden frost. Its showers that ought to "bring May Flowers," are

often of a very nipping quality.

Faith found February closing its record of social charm almost before she had realized the harmonious on-flowing of that absorbing current of delight. All too swiftly its last scenes flitted past, just dropping a brief remembrance for future cherishing. With heart and soul and mind Faith had enjoyed it all. It had shone in brilliant relief against the colorless back-ground of her quiet country-life, without one drawback or regret in all its varied experiences. Her carefully planned scheme of life had been a perfect success; without the denial of one gratification that was of any value, or one need to regret her limited means.

And now, amid the last echoes of harmony, in the waning glow of the last brilliant scenes, whose fragrance yet trembled upon the air, Faith took a moment of leisure to see what was to be done with the fragments of time and money that remained. knew her outlay for food varied a little from that of January; while her careful economy of time had more than doubled her

pleasures.

The cost of her meals during February was fourteen dollars and fifty cents; the difference being caused principally by taking her lunches abroad. This, with her rent, an amount of fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents used for carriage hire and car fare, her cloak, costing fifteen dollars, and an expenditure of three more for flowers, postage, and some other small items, made the whole sum of eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents.

This result was for a moment rather Faith had commenced the winter with one hundred and seventy-five dollars as her allowance for three months. Now, at the end of the second month, she had expended one hundred and sixty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents, which left her the very insignificant balance of seven dollars and twenty-five cents. Of course, she could meet any further needs by anticipating her

next quarter's income. This was fortunately practicable, but it was not good management; and Faith admitted with admirable cheerfulness that having eaten her cake so rapidly, she must now be content to go without.

Faith was not sorry, however, to have condensed three months' pleasure into two. It had been far more enjoyable, and much less wearing, both mentally and physically. Lent, which was but a few days' distant now, would soon have ended social gaiety of life for her; and to somewhat hasten her steps country-ward was not at all an unwelcome suggestion.

So, with a few days' grace, for bidding adieu to friends and the world alike, Faith determined to hasten with her treasures of experience, of remembered joys and of gained culture in mind and spirit, to the long-closed cottage, whose silent echoes awaited the cheery sound of her light step

and tuneful voice.

"Not tired of pleasure," she explained in reply to Mrs. Nymscywitch's expostula-"It has been delightful all the way through. But the Winter is over and my purse is nearly empty. What have I to do with the world under such circumstances?'

Mrs. Nymscywitch laughed at this characteristic frankness, but did not seek to oppose Faith's resolution. She knew the wisdom of abandoning a bright existence while its pleasures were still enchanting, and that the dregs of enjoyment are ever

tasteless and unsatisfying.

The day soon dawned which was to witness Faith's return to the country. Her last frugal breakfast fairly exhausted the fragmentary remains of her store of food; and as she packed in her valise the few belongings of her own that still remained about the room and regarded complacently her two trunks that stood awaiting the expressman's arrival, she was full of delight at thought of sleeping that night beneath her own roof once more.

The cost of remaining those last days in the city and the purchase of some little supplies that she needed to take with her nearlyexhausted Faith's small store of money. Still that was a matter of trifling importance, since the expense of home-living would be so slight, and fresh funds were so easily procurable.

It was not then of mere ways and means. or questions of home economy that Faith pondered so deeply as she sped swiftly along the bright river's bank towards her rural

retreat. The still unsolved problem of achieving a satisfactory shelter for human existence in more fitting proportion to its other needs occupied her indeed gravely. It had been easy enough to show how little more food need cost where exact care is used to guard against waste, even more than extravagance. But the roof-trees—the protection from the elements—the cosy shelter of retirement and repose—why must they cost so much? Why is instinct on this point so superior to civilization? The birds, for instance, seem to find it a mere amuse-They pick up the ment to build a nest. twigs and link them in with admirable skill, without worrying over the cost of materials or having bills, or rent, or taxes to pay. It

is true that men cannot quite live in nests, as the birds do; but still it ought to be possible for persons of moderate income to live comfortably without paying more for shelter than for food and clothing.

Faith gave up the subject for the moment with a long, weary sigh, as the train's approach to her station warned her to be stirring again. But she resolved firmly to devote all her mind and energies to the matter If by study or experiment she some day. could master the difficulty and give so important a fact to the world, she felt that the evening of her days would be indeed crowned with an enduring triumph.

Mary Cruger.



THE ASPIRING HOUSE-KEEPER.

The house is still. Into the quiet night She leans her burning brow with vague delight,

Visions of faces earth has never known, Imagination summons from her throne, "A poem will I weave," she cries with

"Which fame shall carry far to future

years!"-Just here a nurse-maid thrusteth in her

head, "Come quick, mum! Baby's fallen out of

A wail confirms the dread report, and

swift

Into blank space, behold the poet drift! The mother takes the foremost place awhile.

Until once more the babe is seen to smile, At length it sleeps (safe from the couch's edge);

The "burning brow" regains the window's ledge,

"I will return to dreams!" the spirit pants, To realms beyond, fly thought's swift pursuvants;

"Sordid mundane concerns, again farewell!

Ho, for that fairy land I love so well!" But scarcely has she given sweet Fancy rein,

When back to earth she's rudely called again,

Now 'tis the cook,—"Plaze, mum," comes from the hall,

"Breakfast aint ordered yet at all, at all."

Again she sits beside her fire,

She thinks her duty done,-she may "aspire.

"Come now!" she cries into the glittering coal.

"Genius, appear! and revel in my soul!

Now write a poem! Sing a song of fate! The world will list, and crown thee laureate!"

When suddenly a scramble sounds a-stair; A rosy face appears and tangled hair, Into her lap is thrust a dusty foot, "Please, mamma, sew a button on my boot."

The button sewed, the child goes forth to play,

Filling the welkin with his roundelay, Nothing can interrupt her now, she thinks, Deeply from the Castalian fount she drinks, Shakes in her hand her fiery-driven pen, Surely the gods have come to earth again! Hark! in the door sounds a familiar key, 'Tis early! now what can the matter be? Wildly around her frenzied eye-balls roll Reproachful, on the idol of her soul

Apologetic, hear him: "Dearest mine, I've—only—brought a gentleman to dine!"

Let but to art her struggling soul advert. She's sure to hear, "Plaze, mum, what's for dessert?"

The day she plans on Heavenly heights to spend,

She's asked to luncheon by her dearest friend:

While a vast epic crowds her dazzled mind, Her joyous cook deals flour to all her kind; When she awakes from an ecstatic thrall, She finds black cobwebs on the parlor wall; A plot fit for a novel meets her view, But measles at that instant enter, too; Over bespeckled darlings see her lean, Faintly bemoaning, "Ah! it might have been!"

Kate Upson Clark.

MY YEAR AT SERVICE.



I had come to must, and I was obliged to earn my living. I had often said, if such were ever the case I should most certainly go into some nice family as a servant. No

starvation in an attic for me, making shirts for sixty cents a dozen; no standing behind a counter till my heels were driven up into my head, for a paltry three dollars a week—; no slaving in a mill with its degrading associations. Teaching? ah, that is what I should have loved to do, but I could not starve through the weary months of waiting for a position, whereas at housework my living would cost me nothing and my wages be all clear profit.

Lose caste? Who, that would snub a servant girl, would associate on terms of perfect equality with a factory girl, a shop girl or a sewing girl? Disgrace my family? No, I have always maintained that nothing my relatives may do can affect my honor.

Were it possible that my own brother should be a murderer or even a drunkard, would my character be lowered thereby? A thousand times no! my heart would ache, no doubt, but my own self-respect would not suffer, and those who would feel less friendly in consequence would be friends not worth having.

Without waiting to be a burden to my friends, I went at once to apply for a situation, armed with a handful of slips cut from a morning paper. Naturally I picked out first, not those who paid the highest wages, but those who had the smallest families.

"What can you do?" was the first question asked by Mrs. Porter, whose family consisted of herself and her husband.

"Everything about a house," I replied.
"Are you a good washer and ironer? Mr.
orter is very particular about his shirts and

Porter is very particular about his shirts and collars."

I was aghast. I had never washed even a pocket-handkerchief, though I had ironed them, but as for shirts, collars and cuffs, I didn't know the first thing about them, and so I confessed.

"Why, where did you live?" she asked, not unkindly.

She was a perfect lady—(how I hate that word!),—I mean gentlewoman, not in the least supercilious, and I would have given a great deal to be able to live with her, but washing and ironing had never occurred to me. They had always been a matter of course, and I hastily thought over all other necessary work about a house, fearing there was something else I could not do, but nothing occurred to me. I ventured to tell her a bit of my story.

"Then you can give me no reference?"

"None as to my working ability; the truth of my story my rector, Rev. Mr. ——, will vouch for;" giving his name and address. She sat a minute or two, silently regarding me.

"Would it be asking too much of you to come back at this time to-morrow? I feel as if I would like to try you, but will have to see my husband first, and you may have to come back for nothing. Perhaps, if you cannot wait, you had better try somewhere else."

I could wait another day, but what if it were for nothing? I had better try other places, though I dreaded it. I avoided those who wanted a girl for general housework, because of the washing and ironing.

The next place a chambermaid was needed—she must help with the washing and ironing. Again I acknowledged my ignorance, but I could learn. The mistress wanted no learners; she must have some one who knew already. The third place was for a girl to wait at table. Here I was at home, for had I not instructed many a girl to do that very thing? The first question and answer settled that place for me.

"Where did you live last?"

She would take no person without reference —I looked too genteel anyhow, how did she know who I was? connected with a gang of thieves, maybe, for aught she knew. She was glad when I went out and oh, so was I! for my cheeks tingled with indignation, though my eyes filled with tears.

"Only one of my crosses!" I said. At the next place I was taken clear back to the kitchen, where I had time to look round while waiting for the "leddy," as the Irish cook, greasy and dirty, called her. The room was anything but neat, and I felt sick at the very idea of eating in such a place, for, of course, I knew such would be my fate, and, oh, horror! the thought occurred to me I should probably have to sleep with the cook. Tremblingly I ventured to ask the question, when the

"leddy" finished questioning me. Whereat she grew very indignant at the "airs servants put on," and swept out of the room, leaving me to the tender mercies of the irate Bridget, who'd have me "to know, shure, that she was ivery whit ez good ez enny upstart gurl," etc., every step of the way to the front door, where she gave me a little push which would like to have been a kick.

Sick at heart I went to my home—soon to be mine no longer, and as I packed away my beloved lares and penates which a distant relative was willing to keep for me, I thought over my choice of means of livelihood in the new light presented to me by that morning's experience. I came to the conclusions, first, that I could not live as a servant where I should have to share my bed with another, and secondly, that in order to carry out this resolve I should be obliged to learn to wash and iron. Sitting on the floor surrounded by my treasures, I turned over the numbers of my magazine, hunting for the plain, practical directions for washing which I knew were there, dimly remembering that when I read them they sounded easy. Picking out the numbers which said anything about laundry work, I read them all, then selecting the one giving the most explicit rules step by step, I put it in my trunk, resolving that by its help I would learn to wash and iron. I was not afraid of all the rest.

I do not know what my good rector said to Mrs. Porter, but I know she went to see him, for she told me so, and said, moreover, that she had taken a fancy to me and would love to have me come on trial if I would accept her terms. She had been paying three dollars a week, but as I could not do the washing she would hire a woman who always worked for her when without a girl, half a day to wash and half of another day to iron, and give me two dollars. It is needless to say that that very night I slept in my new home. My room was a third-story back room, neatly furnished with a cottage set, including even a rocker and I noticed a register in the room, which gave promise of comfort in the Winter, and when I inspected the bed, which I confess I did most thoroughly before I got into it, I found slat springs, a comfortable mattress, and all the bedding clean and nice.

The next day was Thursday, the breakfast hour seven o'clock. I had the orders for breakfast and was not a bit afraid of my cooking, but I got up at half-past four

o'clock, partly because I was not acquainted with the range and partly because there was certain work which at home I had always insisted should be done before breakfast. Before leaving my room I had, of course, stripped my bed, laid my pillows in the windows, spread the bed-clothes around on chairs to air and turned the mattress over the foot of the bed. As soon as I got down stairs I opened all the blinds and windows and put in the screens, opened the drafts to the range, where I had laid the fire the night before, and then, while the fire burned up, I shook the mats, swept off the pavement and scrubbed the front steps. When I went back I took the faded flowers out of the parlor and dining-room and dusted both My fire was now just right, so I made out my biscuit, and while they were baking I swept and dusted the kitchen. The table I had laid the night before. rang the getting-up bell and then cooked the breaktast, paring potatoes for dinner while attending to the breakfast. I had always said that a girl could have plenty of time to sit down and rest if she would manage her work properly and not stand around idly waiting when she could employ her hands. Having seen that everything needed was on the table, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Porter sat down to breakfast I went up-stairs and emptied the slops, returning as soon as possible to the kitchen, lest I should be wanted. In two or three minutes the door-bell rang and I went to the door. It was the postman and he started when he saw me.

"Why, Miss — —!" he began.

"Yes, I am living here as a servant," I answered, interrupting him. I had often said I should not care or feel the slightest mortification or embarrassment in my humble position, if brought face to face with any one who had formerly known me, yet I felt my face flush as he raised his hat and turned away without a word, yet with infinite pity in his eyes, when I hurled my announcement at him. He was only a postman, to be sure, and I was provoked at myself, yet I felt that I had almost rather meet one of my own circle of friends! The pleasure of seeing their shocked surprise would have been a compensation.

Mrs. Porter in showing me the night before where things were, had said hur-

riedly, almost under her breath,

"These are the kitchen table-cloths and dishes."

I knew how she felt; had I been an Irish

girl or a negro, her tone would have been different. As it was, knowing something of my past, I could see that she felt a hesitancy in talking to me as to one who had always served. I put myself in her place and tried to relieve her of embarrassment. My table was set in the kitchen, and when I passed through the dining room, after handing the mail to Mr. Porter, I carried out their fruitplates and oat-meal sets and took in the Then I washed the dishes I had carried out, also the cooking utensils, before I sat down to my breakfast. The tablecloth was coarse, I had no napkin, the ware was thick and heavy, spoons plated, steel knife and fork. I could not eat. Angry with myself, I tried to force the food, but it seemed to choke me. I pictured to myself the succession of girls, black and white, whose lips had touched the nicked and battered cup. I put it down, berating myself soundly.

"Just wait till you get hungry, Miss!" I said, and answered myself, "I will!"

After washing the breakfast things I swept and dusted the dining room, attended to the refrigerator, prepared the vegetables for dinner, then started up stairs to sweep. Mrs. Porter had considerately divided the sweeping, the third story rooms to be swept on Wednesday; the second floor, Thursday; first floor, Friday. This was Thursday, as I have said before. There were two bed rooms, a sitting-room and bath room to be The floors were stained, the carcleaned. pets were art squares which had to be carried to the yard and shaken. I swept as I had taught my servants to sweep for me. I dusted and carried out all the little things, covered up the large ones, swept the walls and floor, wiped the paint and floor with a damp cloth, relaid the rugs, washed the mirrors and rubbed the windows.

Here again I trembled. I knew how to do them and the inside was easy enough, but to sit on the sill and polish the outside was a terrible ordeal and I shook while doing it like one with the palsy, yet I had said many

a time it was nothing to do.

The dinner hour was three o'clock and I was punctual, though I felt sick and faint and had to eat a piece of bread and drink a glass of cold coffee which I had strained into a jelly tumbler after breakfast. At five o'clock I went to my room, intending to take a sponge bath and lie down for half an hour to rest. Tea was to be ready at seven and I should have plenty of time, but just as I had taken off my dress, the door bell rang and I hurried it on again, fastening it as I went down stairs. There were callers and, fortunately, Mrs. Porter was dressed, so that I

did not have to go down again.

"What a nice looking girl you have," I heard one of them say, and, "Quite a lady-like person," added the other, as I went wearily up the stairs again, too tired even to be angry. Again I prepared for my bath and was again summoned to the door. It was a note which I carried in to Mrs. Porter, who said kindly,

"I will answer the bell if it rings again

while you are dressing."

"You'll spoil her," said one sister, and,

"You're very foolish," added the other, not taking any pains to lower their voices, while I went up the third time, after warmly thanking Mrs. Porter. At tea time, I found in place of the coarse heavy dishes a pretty decorated cup, saucer and plate, a new knife, fork and spoon of plated silver, too small fine table-cloths and four napkins to Mrs. Porter had ordered them in the morning when she was out, and the others had disappeared. Gratefully I thanked her and I did enjoy my supper, but when I went to bed, my hands were chapped, my knees sore and my back ached. Glycerine soothed my hands and witch hazel my knees. "I will get used to it in time," I said, but I was too tired to sleep at first, so I got up and sat for awhile with my feet in a basin of cold water.

Day followed day, and week succeeded week with all the monotonous routine of housework and drudgery. At first I had said I would not become a mere drudge and I managed for a while to keep up my reading, but Mrs. Porter by degrees left everything to me and was out a great deal, and when I did take a book I invariably fell asleep over it. I even learned to wash and iron, though my poor hands blistered every time, in spice of glycerine, tallow, kid gloves and a dozen other appliances. They became so stiff and rough and hard that I could scarcely hold a needle, and the pain in my back increased

more and more until I could scarcely walk

Winter, with its heavy duties of carrying coal and tending fires, came, and slowly passed, taking all my energy, strength, and ambition with it, until one morning I fainted while carrying a scuttle of coal up the stairs. When consciousness returned, I was in my own room, so utterly weak that though I opened my eyes long enough to see Mrs. Porter and the doctor, I could not speak or move and my eyes closed again for very weariness. The doctor was standing by my bookshelf with a volume in his hand.

"French, German, Latin—Greek, too, I suppose," he was saying; "how came such

a woman in this position?"

Then Mrs. Porter told him such of my

past as she knew, adding:

"I blame myself, Doctor. When she first came I dusted, made my bed, prepared the desserts etc., but finally she did everything and I never thought anything about it. She seemed to think she could do the work."

"Do the work!" he exclaimed, "humph! it's enough to kill a horse. The work of a house, if properly and conscientiously done, is too much for any one pair of hands, in spite of all this cant about its being so easy and delightful. It makes me mad to read all the twaddle there is printed nowadays on this subject."

"But, Doctor, I never kept but one girl

to do my work," said Mrs. Porter.

"Did they do it all as this poor girl has done? did they not slight and leave undone? did you not help them by doing things you would not trust to their clumsy fingers?" asked the doctor laying the book on the table, then adding, "I tell you, madam, it is a physical impossibility for a woman, refined, educated, delicately nurtured, to do all the housework of any family, however small. It is slow suicide, and it will be months before this poor girl will be able to leave the hospital,—she is entirely worn out."

Eunice Carew.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

A pretty custom we have copied from the English, among many others which have not so much to recommend them, is that of serving tea in the drawing-room or parlor toward the close of Winter afternoons. Indeed, I believe it is a custom that is never omitted in England, Summer or Winter; but I think Summer there can hardly be the long, warm season that it is with us, or else the English are differently constituted from the Americans; for a cup of tea on a warm, sultry afternoon in July is not exactly what the soul of an American man craves, unless it is served with plenty of ice and a slice of lemon.

But what can be pleasanter on one of our cold, blustering Winter days, when the early twilight is closing in and the air is gathering added keenness, than to drop into one of our pretty little American parlors when the shades have just been drawn and the lamps with their soft-colored globes lighted, and when the fair mistress in her graceful housedress is presiding over the tea-table with its burden of steaming tea-pot and gaily colored cups and saucers? It is enough to warm the heart of any man—even the man who declares he "hates tea"—while for the ladies it is the pleasantest way imaginable to wind up an afternoon of weary shopping or "duty calls," and the bit of gossip over the newest fashion or the latest book may prove as restful and refreshing to the tired mind as is the warm tea to the weary body.

And it is a very simple affair, after all, this tea-serving, when one has once acquired the knack, for there is a knack about the simplest form of entertaining, that it may be graceful and easy and without visible affort.

Among the essentials are, first of all, the little tea-kettle of silver, brass or copper, over the spirit lamp, in which the water is to be heated; then the tea-pot, the tea-caddy, sugar-bowl and creamer. These may be all of a set, either silver or china, or, better still, odd pieces of either, collected with an eye to harmony and beauty. The necessity for the tea-kettle and the caddy may be done away with by having the tea made in

the kitchen and brought in by the little maid in her cap and apron; but half of the beauty and the pleasure is lost unless one can brew the tea one's very self. Then, of course, there are the cups and saucers, and of these, in this day when the rage for them is very violent, every one has, or should have, a store. The windows of every china or bric-a-brac shop are full of exquisite little odd ones. They are used as favors at euchre or whist parties and carried home as souvenirs of luncheons, and when one can think of nothing to give on Christmas or birthdays that shall be pretty and not too expensive, there are always cups and saucers. But if we are not fortunate enough to have the number of our cups as great as the number of our guests, the little maid in cap and apron will find it but the work of a few minutes to take out those that have been used and bring them back fresh and clean for later comers.

And lastly, we must have the plate of thin bread and butter, or of little cakes, or, indeed, both, if such wealth of variety is cared for. These are the essentials—among the luxuries may be counted the queer long-handled spoon for the tea-caddy, the silver strainer, the embroidered tea cozy, the cut glass bowl of rock candy, the little gold or silver dish filled with the latest bon-bons. But while these may add to the elegance of the tea table, the atmosphere of social friend-liness and cheer, which is the thing after all, is quite independent of any such little addition.

For the table itself we may have one of the dainty white and gold creations, or one of rattan or bamboo work, which seems to be particularly appropriate as coming from the home of the teaplant. But a table which we already possess, if the size be right, will answer every purpose, and a teacloth will conceal any amount of defects in polish or grace. A great deal of work may be expended on these teacloths, the body of which is in most cases plain white linen. They vary in size from a yard and a quarter to two yards square, according to one's taste and

the size of the table—and innumerable are the ways of decorating them, from the simplest border of drawn work or slim stitching, to the most elaborate all-over design requiring a knowledge of many embroidery stitches.

The custom of five o'clock tea serving will prove a most welcome solution to the ofttimes vexing question of what refreshments to offer the group of ladies who have been spending the afternoon in company, and the daintiness and picturesqueness of the teatable and its accompaniments will more than compensate for the lack of the more substantial salad, sandwiches, coffee, etc., that were formerly offered.

One of its greatest recommendations is its extreme informality—each one helping himself or his neighbor, taking his cup to some convenient *lête-a-lête* corner, or making one of the group around the gentle presiding deity behind the teapot.

Jeannette Smith.

MISTRESS OF ALL TRADES.



D it ever occur
to you, women
of the household, how many
trades you are
expected to master before you
can hope to be
considered proficient housekeepers?

I have pondered over the matter a good deal and wondered if the facts were fully appreciated even by those who are most deeply concerned. There is no lack of newspaper writers to record the work of women whose fame is world-wide; but who is there to chronicle the manifold labors of the unknown Mrs. Brown, of the obscure, rural neighborhood of North Pohasset?

In the first place, she is the housekeeper; and this alone is considered a distinct occupation by the class of women who engage in it for wages. In the advertisements which we see in the newspapers for persons to fill such positions, it is sometimes specified that the applicant be a "working" housekeeper -proving that, in a general sense, housekeeping means only supervision. But this is the least onerous of Mrs. Brown's duties. An actor who could play as many different roles in one evening as she goes through with in one day, would have all "the world before him where to choose." She is not only cook for the family, but chambermaid,

laundress, dressmaker and milliner. She must act the part of nurse-maid, also, and know something of medicine, as well, that she may be prepared to administer "all simples that have virtue" to the ailments of her little flock.

She must understand thoroughly all the small details of each branch of her work—how to wash a blanket properly, as well as the best way to do up fine lace, or baby's best gown. She must be gardener, too, and know the times and seasons for planting and watering. The poultry yard, also, is her especial pride and care; and in addition to gathering and selling numberless dozens of eggs last year, she raised more than a hundred chickens for the market.

Then, dragging its slow length along through the hottest days of summer, there is the tedious task of canning and drying all the different varieties of fruit. And, just before the holidays, comes the annual "butchering," when everything in the line of pork that can be made edible—from ham and sausage to breakfast bacon, souse and liver-wurst—is manufactured for the year, the lion's share of the work being done by Mrs. Brown herself.

After the holidays she has an occasional spare hour on certain days of the week, which she devotes to piecing quilts, or quilting them—many of the long, dark evenings being given to knitting the family stockings, or cutting and sewing rags for the new kitchen carpet. And when spring comes she

adds the cap sheaf by turning house-decorator, and white-washing, papering and painting to the admiration of all the countryside.

Now, Mr. Brown knows very well that he has a "smart" wife, but, further than that his thoughts do not penetrate; because Mrs. Brown's work does not differ materially from that of the majority of the women of his acquaintance. At the same time, if he is a country merchant and is his own bookkeeper, as well as salesman, he feels well assured that he is doing twice as much as can reasonably be expected of him. If he is a farmer he will be quite content with raising good crops—having the old adage to confirm him in the belief that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor. If a new fence, or shed, is needed, and some kindly-disposed person suggests that he might economize by combining carpentry with farming and build them himself, he sets these busy-bodies down as in the last stages of lunacy. If his house begins to look gray and weather-beaten for the want of a timely coat of fresh paint, and his wife's beauty-loving soul is tortured daily by the sight of it, does it ever occur to him that it would be many dollars in his pocket if he would employ some of the leisure hours he wastes in listening to idle gossip, in painting it himself?

All the rainwater used in washing, house-cleaning, and for all other purposes has always been caught in tubs and barrels, put in place by his wife's own hands; and a conveniently located, capacious cistern has long been the goal of her housewifely desires. (Oh, she thinks she'd like to have it hold as much as the sea!) When at last Mr. B. arrives at the momentous decision that he will have a cistern, does he dig and wall it himself? Not he! He hires the carpenter, the painter and the mason to do all that is to be done, each in his special line.

I have not drawn upon my imagination in giving this outline of Mrs. Brown's field of labor; neither is she an isolated example taken from the women workers of the world.

She represents the great middle class, who, on the one hand, have not sufficient wealth to keep a small army of servants ready to obey their slightest nod, and on the other are not such wretched "prisoners of poverty" as to make living a prolonged struggle to keep body and soul together. Many women of her class go farther even than she in carrying out their ambition to make a pleasant home for themselves and those dear to them, and

lay by a surplus fund for the rainy day that so surely comes to all.

I know ladies, who, for the sake of economy and health, manufacture all the candies used by the family—thus adding the confectioner's art to all the other arts of which they are mistress. Others take delight in supplementing the instruction their children receive in school by teaching them many things at home, and so impressing the day's lessons upon their susceptible young minds that they are never forgotten. I know a hard-working farmer's wife who organized her children, and any of their playmates who might be present, into a spelling class for an hour or two every evening during the winter. It was a source of great enjoyment to the young folks, as she allowed them to "turn each other down" in the regular, old-time, logschoolhouse fashion.

I know an aged woman, the wife of a millionaire-farmer, who makes and always has made her husband's trousers—and without any pattern to cut them by excepting the old half-wornout pair. I have known women who made shoes—not only for the babies, but for themselves—in the days when thin-soled lasting gaiters were fashionably worn.

Others, still, add to the family exchequer by giving music lessons in the intervals between bed-making and boiling the potatoes for dinner. I know a lady—wife of the superintendent of public schools in a western town—who, being ambitious to add to a rather limited income, successfully conducted a small private school in her own home in addition to the regular work of the household. These single instances that I give are not fancy sketches. I can call each individual by name.

"I know their work and labor of love." I do not present this formidable array of facts in regard to woman's work to discourage those who are already fainting under the burdens laid upon them, but to encourage the toil-worn and weary, who feel that they are not accomplishing anything in the world, by these imperfect hints as to their capabilities and the miracles they have already wrought. Untiring and conscientious laborers, their best efforts dwindle into nothingness in their own eyes, by comparison with what seems to them the infinitely greater work of successful men.

A wonderfully active, efficient woman, who had reared a family of six sons and daughters, and had seen them well placed in life, said to me once: "I hope the day

will come when I can do some good in the world!" "Oh," I exclaimed, "the best work you will ever do lies behind you!"

In giving these views of what may be considered a thread-bare subject, I humbly hope, also, to influence some doubting Benedick, who has never given it much thought, or has considered his wife's work of small moment—much of it as well left undone—to look at these things from a different standpoint. Let him take up any one of the many good books on general housework that flutter from the printing presses like leaves before the wind of Autumn, and see if he does not shrink back appalled as he reads

all that is expected of the housekeeper of the present day. As a general thing, if a man has mastered one trade, or profession, he is considered to have done well. He may be a skillful physician, a successful lawyer, an eloquent preacher, or the very prince of merchants; but not often do we find a lawyer who can build a house as symmetrically as he can round an argument; or a doctor who can preach as well as he can practice; or a merchant who can superintend the weaving of his cargo of silks as well as he can the buying and selling of it; or a preacher who can minister to an ailing body as well as he can to a sin-sick soul.

Elizabeth Dorman.

HOME MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

After thirty years of New England country housekeeping, I found myself in a New York city flat, trying to make a home. Miles and miles had been travelled to find an apartment affording light, air, and room, suitable to people of moderate means, and when at last we found one with steam heat and three windows actually opening right out of doors, we thought we had a treasure. The other windows opened into those abominations called air-shafts. We did not know to what degree they were abominations till we caught the odors of everybody's dinner, and wondered if onions and cabbage were the staple articles of diet in the city.

When the bedrooms were arranged I said to a friend acquainted with city life, "How am I ever to sweep under the beds?"

"Oh," she replied, laughing, "New Yorkers never sweep under their beds."

I thought so after making the trial and breaking the bureau castors, the hinges of the commode cover, and my back in the bargain. But my greater trouble was to bestow the collections of long housekeeping even after half of them, dear to me as old friends, had been sent to the auction-room. I, who had had closets and closets, and a pantry large enough for the family to break-

fast in if they had wanted to, must manage with three little "cubby holes" and one china cupboard with two drawers. The climax of all, however, was the fact that I had no dining-room proper, only a big kitchen, where the extension table could be kept spread, fortunately, whatever was going on in the room.

Well, shelves were put up everywhere and pretty curtains devised to cover them and their burden, and so the closets were supplemented.

China and glass-ware were packed, tier on tier, in the kitchen cupboard, the prettiest pieces at the front against the glass doors; the unsightly wash-tubs were covered with a bright red and white tablecloth reaching to the floor, and the silver was arranged on that in simulation of a side-board, the table was spread in readiness for a meal and then all was covered with a white home-spun-andwoven cloth of linen, older than myself, to keep off dust; a screen, made of an old fashioned clothes-horse covered with a sheet on which were pasted Japanese figures and sprawling vines and flowers, cut from cretonne, shut off the range, and the diningroom was quite a cozy affair.

Then came another difficulty. The mar-

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keting devolved on me. I was amused and dismayed to find that apples, potatoes and other vegetables were sold by the quart. Fancy buying a quart of potatoes with a vision before you of the home-cellar with its long rows of well-filled barrels! I couldn't do it, so I invented a cellar!

Among our packing cases was an heirloom in the shape of a blue chest. It had held my table and bed linen when I went from my childhood's home to the home of maturer years. It was now to be put to a meaner use, perhaps, but a prouder one for me, for it was to be my masterpiece. chest was placed against the wall in my dining room, the top covered with thick comfortables securely tacked down at the edges, then all covered with remnants of some green and gold damask that made the first parlor curtains I ever owned. The damask was tacked down with brass headed nails and the front and end of the chest were covered in the same way, minus the comfortables. The whole had the appearance of a divan, which will be increased when I add some contemplated cushions. Several partitions were fitted inside the chest and there was my cellar I

I next had the pleasure of asking the market-men the price of a peck of potatoes and a peck of apples, and astonished them more than they had formerly astonished me. After much use of the pencil in figuring the problem, a bargain was made and I had the proud satisfaction of showing my husband a half bushel of potatoes and another of apples snugly stowed away in my cellar. what the market men vouch for as a half bushel, though my husband laughs at it incredulously. That cellar holds beside, turnips, squash, beans, salt pork—everything! And it is an upholstered cellar! O, ye dwellers in flats, hie to a country garret, bring back an ancestral chest, and no longer live without a cellar!

Now with my cozy little parlor, with its two windows opening into the great outdoors, with my books, pictures, pretty keepsakes and little devices at ornamentation; with my numerous shelves and my cellar, I have a home which I have christened "The Nut-Shell," and you have only to come and see for yourself that it contains all the "sweetness and light" that a nut-shell can hold

Sarah E. Burton.

BANANAS IN BANANA LAND.



OOK bananas?"
This interrogative exclamation betrayed so much surprise that I think many a house-keeper may be interested to know the variety of ways in which bananas

are prepared for the table, in tropical countries—serving as both fruit and vegetable. They are abundant, cheap and good in our markets, bearing transportation much better than most fruits, because they

are not injured by picking while green. Indeed, it is quite "the thing" to gather the great bunches when fully matured, but not yet ripe, and hang them in a well ventilated room, or cool, shady spot, thus allowing them to ripen slowly in the more even temperature of these conditions.

The fresh fruit is much improved if eaten with a little salt or butter or grated cheese. How many pounds of butter this bit of information has cost my friends! butter ungrudgingly sacrificed, however, as those who try it are likely to understand. It counteracts what many are pleased to call the insipid taste of bananas. And here let me say that the small, yellow-skinned varieties should

be selected for eating fresh; they are better for this purpose than the red skins, as the pulp is lighter, more delicate and more easily digested. For cooking, however, the red skins are preferable; compactness and solidity of pulp being, in this case, desirable qualities.

It is worth while too, to know how to buy bananas. The pocket-book as well as the palate will profit by such knowledge, although the banana vender may not. I am sure my Italian friend on the corner thinks that I am a heartless economist, for I take little notice of the clusters on whose merit he expatiates, and patronize his one-cent-apiece pile; for these are the only ripe bananas on the stand. They are well covered with black spots, and are thrown out and marked down in price, as nearly worthless. Yet these black spots are Nature's indication of ripeness not of decay—and may be relied on as almost infallible. If there is decay it is easily detected by a softness of the spot.

"How is it," a lady once said to me, "that all the bananas you buy are so good, and taste ripe, while those I get are always

hard, and seem green?"

I then told her that, although she paid a higher price than I did, I had never yet seen a ripe banana on her table. She was surprised to learn that the black spots were not an indication of rottenness, but of ripeness, and that, unless she wished to keep the fruit a week or ten days, she should never buy it until its yellow coat had become a spotted coat. Yet her error is an almost universal one which, up to the present time, is an advantage to a very small minority who get good bananas at a very low price. A very general use of the fruit in the Hawaiian Islands is to slice fruit thin, transversely, and serve like peaches, with sugar and cream.

I should like to state, without giving offense to the self-constituted oracles of "good form," that not one person in a hundred knows how to eat a banana. always gives me a slight twinge to see the skin stripped off and the sticky, nude banana held in the fingers, unnecessarily soilor precipitating itself to the ing them; floor or your neighbor's domain. The skin is a clean and natural "holder." Use it then! strip it half way down from the stem end, and hold the banana by the other end, never touching the pulp with the fingers. Peel the skin lower as eating makes it necessary, and finish the banana with the hold After a few still retained on the skin.

awkward mishaps with the slippery mass, I think one cannot but admit that this is the preferable way.

I am told that a recent style is to cut up the banana with other fruits, as pineapples, oranges and cocoanut are intermingled with

sugar and cream.

And how cook them? In as many ways as the apple of this country is prepared, and quite similarly—the banana in the tropics being a very good substitute for the apple.

THE HOME-MAKER has already called attention through a contributor, to the increasing expense of apples, and perhaps some of my readers may find the banana a very welcome substitute. I am inclined to place first on the list of cooked bananas, the fried fruit—taking care however, to make it understood that this preference is purely Slice the banana an individual one. lengthwise, into halves, or thirds, if large, and fry in butter, or with bacon, or very sweet and to-be-relied-on pork bits. yet, to my taste, dip the slices in batter; or dip in beaten eggs, then roll in cracker or bread-crumbs, and fry.

A lady well known in New York, for her social gifts, hospitality and culinary skill, always serves fried bananas at luncheon to Hawaiian-born or bred guests. It is a very

graceful attention.

Bake in the oven, or roast in hot ashes or embers, without removing the skin in either case—and be sure of a thorough cooking. On this hangs all the law, and on this law hangs all the success of the edible. hard, partially cooked banana interior is even less tempting than the partially baked apple of boarding-house reputation. During the process of baking, the fruit will shrivel and the skin grow black and finally open its lateral seams, showing the soft Do not remove from the skin, but serve just as it comes from the oven; each person, running his knife through one of the seams and laying the skin back, should eat the banana from the skin. Fried or baked, it is a vegetable, always—and to be eaten with meat. It is baked also, just like an apple; remove the skin for this method, and sprinkle a little sugar over the fruit and serve with cream or milk when done.

Bananas may be stewed, scalloped, made into pies,—with one or two crusts,—puddings, dumplings or preserves. In all these cases, slice transversely, and follow the recipes for precisely the same use of apples, increasing or decreasing the ingredients for seasoning, as taste and experience dictate.

Many like a little lemon juice squeezed over the fruit when fried, baked or scalloped, and one Hawaiian says she uses grated cinnamon freely.

My mother was an expert in the subjugation of the banana, but her recipes were the despair of many an enquiring guest.

"Where do you get your recipes, Mrs.

C—? '

"Out of my own head."

This was, however, the application of brain to an art she held to be of the utmost importance. All the recipes I could give would be those in general use for cooking other fruits—apples particularly. Patience and skill will secure most palatable results. Those who lack these, will, as the children say, "blame it all onto" the poor, helpless, defenceless banana.

2. 2.

A COMBINATION DINING AND SITTING-ROOM.

In the first place, it is a very old-fashioned, as well as a small house, and we had to make a combination of the dining and sitting-room, or else go without one. Fortunately, the room is pleasant and sunny, with two south windows.

It is as unalterable a law in our family as the famous ones of the Medes and Persians, that there shall be no carpets nailed to the floors. So, as the floors were too old to admit of stain or paint, we laid closely woven India matting on the floor, with a dull blue "art square" in the middle. our sunny windows we hung ecru shades, with blue denim -sash curtains across the lower half. These curtains we couched in white cord with quaint designs. The walls were hung in ecru paper, almost plain, with a brown and gold frieze at the top. The wainscoting, when we first looked at it sent a thrill of anguish through us. For it was painted dull purple-gray! But we speedily metamorphosed it with cherry paint and black lining.

We hung a blue denim scarf across the pretty antique oak table. This scarf has couched ends like the curtains, and looks very well. Our chairs are lovely, highbacked antique oak affairs, with wood bottoms. Some day, when the pocket-book grows more plethoric, these shall be upholstered in russet leather. Up in one corner there

is a box-couch filled with a mattress and spring, covered with the ubiquitous blue denim, and finished with a valance. This is couched in its four corners with a free, bold design. Then two pillows, cased in denim, stand up at the back of the couch, against the wall and form a comfortable place to lean against. The effect of the whole is not inartistic.

At the doors we hung turcoman portieres. And on the walls are pretty etchings and wood engravings from the various magazines. These pictures we have hung in diagonal lines with brass-headed tacks. Over by the stove is a V-shaped lot of women's heads, studies from Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, Frederick Leighton and others. This collection is execrably dubbed by the masculine side of the house "The Gal-array" (Gallery.)

Two rocking chairs there are, and, a small secretary, which is so neutral in appearance, that it might be almost anything, with a mirror turned lengthwise above it, serves very well as a side-board. This completes the combination; nearly everything is covered more or less with denim. This material is very satisfactory. As it is at once artistic and cheap, its rich blue and pliability make it desirable for needle-work, and give much scope for the originality of the needle-woman.

L. E. Chittenden.

CREOLE COOKERY. NO. IV.

A GLIMPSE AT HOME LIFE ON THE TRCHE.



NDING in and out through the country of Evangeline, like a broad, silvery ribbon on a velvet green background, Bayou Têche slips slowly to the sea. Lovely it is beyond compare,

and the sweet pastoral beauty of the country lining its banks is seductive, charming eye and soul. The land that comes sloping gently down to the water's edge is of fabulous fertility. Cane, cotton and rice come forth from it, with the same exuberant growth as though they had not been regularly preceded by the same crops for almost a century. All manner of goodly fruits and flowers and trees bud and blossom with a prodigality characteristic of the country. On sunny hills, the little Jersey cows stand knee deep in clover meadows, fitting so exactly into the whole scheme of color and landscape, that one can hardly believe that they did not originate there. Great shining magnolia trees, giant-boled oaks with wide spreading leafy tops, and gnarled-kneed cypress, prince of hard woods, stand guard close to the water's edge.

The planters mansions, set far back in royal parks, are not only imposing from their great size, but picturesque with their many-pillared galleries, their quaint roofs and quainter dormer windows, the mellowed tints that time has laid upon their exteriors, and the banners of roses flung riotously on their outer walls. Ah! if those old houses could speak! What tales of entrancing interest they might tell! of gayeties, of luxuries, comedies and heart-breaking tragedies, of sweet domestic happiness! Many things of absorbing interest could I tell about these old dwellings, but this is not the place.

To go a-voyaging down the Têche one

To go a-voyaging down the Teche one must take passage upon a little steamboat, whose motto might be: "We have all the time there is." And here a number of capi-

tal stories are burning to tell themselves about life and manners aboard these same Louisiana "coast" steamboats. As our boat neared every plantation warehouse she emitted a peculiar whistle, her call to the bridge keeper. As Bayou Têche cuts right through the territory of every plantation, each one must have a bridge for the passage of its team and laborers. The schooners and redand-white-sailed luggers that drift sluggishly down stream as though time were no more, and are cordelled up stream as though man were yet a beast of burden, do not speak the bridges with any such nineteenth century abomination as a steam whistle. Some picturesque looking Sicilian or Italian slowly rises from the coil of rope which has formed his Sybaritic couch, lifts to his lips a great rosy-throated, pink-lipped couch shell, and sets the "wild echoes flying" through this mouthpiece of Old Ocean. The cosy berth of bridge keeper is always held by some African Nestor, who has gone into honorable retirement, as it were, from field work, and has nothing to do but soak himself in sleep between bridge calls.

Not far from where the Teche joins the Atchafalaya, and near the very tree under which, tradition says, rested Evangeline while on her quest for Gabriel, lived my old friend Gènie Trepagnier. We had been schoolmates in the grim old Ursuline Convent, and I was on my way to make her a visit, during the "grinding," as the season of sugar-making is locally called in Louisi-As we landed at Belle Alliance, I was greeted by Gènie, her grandparents, with whom she lived, and a cloud of male cousins, who all made me feel that my arrival was the one thing needed to complete their happiness. The heart-embracing charm of the Creole's manners! Why does not some one of them found a school wherein the Outer Barbarian may inhale its subtle essence? Through a broad avenue of mossdraped oaks, we drove to the door, where the family servants were gathered to re-

How can I hope to make one see that mighty hall, through which could drive the

traditional coach and four, the grand old staircase, the beautiful oak and cypress walls and ceilings, mellowed with age, the carved mahogany doors with chased silver knobs and hinges! All the rooms in this old house were built as if in memory of the days when there were giants upon the Lofty ceilings, wide windows and many and huge fireplaces, though in this sunny land, Winter is only an almanac figment, are the features of every room. the time I had changed my traveling gown, Fèlicie, Gènie's mulatto maid, announced Do you know what a Creole supsupper. per is? In the first place there was no tea, but most delicious cafe au lait. A great dish piled high with rosy shrimp, crystals of ice shining among them, fricasseed chicken flavored juste au point, deviled eggs, hot and cold breads, cakes and preserves. The china and silver were no modern con-Suspended from the ceiling and crosswise of the table was an immense fan of A cord hung from it, peacock feathers. which was held by a little darkey who pulled it gently to and fro. This small African, overshadowed by the name of Agamemnon, so gloried in his office of fan-boy, that he was held in secret detestation by all the other small Africans on the place. Raoul and Renè, two of Gènie's cousins who had stayed for supper, were handsome, vivacious young men, who had been educated in France, and were quite accom-Old Madame Trepagnier was grande dame to her finger tips. With her silver hair rolled and puffed high about her shapely head, with glorious dark eyes, and a fresh complexion, almost she made one believe the tradition of Ninon d'Enclos.

Her husband, a courtly man, of military air, his hair as white as Madame's, and with a bronzed complexion, was a fascinating personage. Gènie's parents were long since dead, but Grandpère and Grandmère had filled their places and made life sunny for

the girl.

Out on the rose-scented gallery we sat and talked, the boys with deft fingers rolling cigarettes, and the General smoking his cigar, until the cool breeze coming up from the Gulf not far off, drove us indoors and to bed. Gènie and I went to sleep in a huge four-posted bed of mahogany, that was in keeping with the house, and waked only when Fèlicie lifted the mosquito bar with a "Bon jour, Mamzelles, v'la le cafe!"

After breakfast, Génie and I, sauntering about the galleries, spied in the distance old

Tante Sylvanie, at the head of an advancing column of small darkies. As they came nearer we saw that each one balanced upon her head a circular Indian basket, piled high with golden oranges.

"Tante Sylvanie, what are you doing with so many oranges?" demanded Gènie, laugh-

ingly.

"Fo 'mek confitures, Mamzelle," with a

bright smile, and a deep curtsy to me.

She was a pleasant picture, in her deep blue frock, stiffly starched, and a white kerchief, folded fichu-fashion over her bosom and tucked into the belt of an all embracing apron. The tignon enwound her head and great golden hoops swung from her ears, while the fingers of both hands were laden with gilt and silver rings.

"Oh! Tante Sylvanie, I'm so glad. She makes the most delicious preserves in the world. They are dreams! Sugar-coated poems! Come, let's go and help her."

Sylvanie shook her wise old head and smiled at this proffered assistance, but she permitted us to follow her to an outer brick building, where she wrought out many dainty conceits for Madame's table. Her orange preserves were famous, and this is the way she made them, and any one who goes patiently through every step of the process may produce for herself the counterpart of this daintiest of sweets.

ORANGE PRESERVES.

Grate lightly the outer rind of the oranges, throwing each one, as grated, into a vessel of cold water. This is merely to prevent hardening and discoloration of the fruit. When all are grated, cut each one into quarters, remove the pulp with a silver spoon and throw the quartered peels into a vessel of cold water, in which enough salt has been dissolved to make the water very briny. This is to extract the bitter. Let them be in salt water twenty-four hours, drain it off and add cold fresh water to extract the salt from the peel. When no salt taste remains, put them into the preserving kettle in cold water and boil them until they may be pierced with a straw. Turn them into the colander, and when well drained, put them into a thin clarified syrup and cook gently but steadily until the peels have an amber, transparent look and taste perfectly cooked. Put into jars and seal while hot.

To make the syrup allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and a pint of water to each pound of sugar. When the sugar is

dissolved, set it over a moderate fire, add the shells and beaten whites of two eggs before it gets warm, and when ready to run over the kettle, put in a little cold water. Allow it to come to a boil twice again, each time dashing in a little cold water when about to run over. Take it off the fire and let it settle, skim it, and strain it through a jelly bag. Lemon-peel treated precisely as the oranges makes a rare and delicious preserve.

Quince Preserves.

Pare the quinces and cut them into small strips. Boil the rinds and cores in water until they are reduced to a soft pulp, strain the water and set aside. Put the prepared quinces into a kettle with enough cold water to cover them well, and cook gently until a straw easily pierces each piece. Drain the water from them, strain it, add to it the water in which the parings were boiled, and of this water make the syrup, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and a half pint of water to each pound of sugar. When the syrup has been clarified, skimmed, and strained, put in the fruit, and fifteen minutes after all has come to a boil, lift it out of the syrup with a perforated skimmer. It should be firm, but perfectly tender. Long cooking in the syrup hardens it. Allow the syrup to cook until a little thicker than honey, fill up the jars and seal hot.

FIG PRESERVES.

Gather the figs with their stems on, when barely ripe. Make a very weak solution of lime or lye water, and pour it boiling hot over the figs, which may be laid in a basket to allow the water to easily drain from them. Follow this with another pail of pure cold water, then drop the figs into the syrup, allowing three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Cook until the figs are permeated with the syrup, and taste perfectly done. A well-preserved fig looks

dark though clear, shrunken, with skin unbroken, and is sweet through and through. They require long boiling, and if not perfectly cooked, ferment very soon. The large white fig makes a prettier preserve than the Celeste or purple fig. A piece of ginger root, or a small quantity of lemon-peel is a decided improvement to the taste of this preserve.

ORANGE WAFERS.

Cut fine oranges in half, take out the pulp, and boil the rinds in three or four waters until they are tender. Beat them to a pulp in a mortar and rub them through a hair sieve. To one pound of pulp allow one and a half pounds of loaf sugar. Boil one half of the sugar with the pulp, until it becomes ropy. Take it from the fire, and when cold, make it into paste with the rest of the sugar. Handle but a little at a time, as it dries fast. Roll it as thin as possible, cut into wafers with a wine glass and when dry, seal them up. They should look clear.

CALLAS.

Soak a pound of rice in cold water for an hour; pound it well in a mortar. Let it stand over night and add to it the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessertspoonful of yeast powder, enough flour to make a light batter, and the beaten whites of the eggs. Drop it by the spoonful into a pot of boiling lard and cook as fritters. They are eaten by the Creoles with their early coffee.

HINDOO BALLS.

Blanch one half pound of almonds, fry them a light brown in a small tablespoonful of fresh butter. Wipe them with a towel and put them into a pan. Make a syrup with one pound of sugar, and three gills of water, boil it to a thread. Pour it boiling upon the almonds and stir them until the sugar hardens around them. Peanuts and pecans are very nice prepared the same way.

Lylie O. Harris.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEEDLEWORK GUILDS.

The thousands of people needing clothes and the scores of good women working aimlessly, suggested to Lady Wolverton the idea of organizing a society to provide an object for those who had hitherto worked This first Needlework Guild without one. was so successful that many branches sprang up and very much good has been done. In 1885, an American branch was organized in Philadelphia, from which there are already many offshoots. The vice-president of the parent Guild, in Philadelphia, is also president of that in Glen Ridge. One object of the society is well expressed in Lady Wolverton's words.: "If only a little bridge could be thrown over from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want!"

All who love to help the poor are solicited to send garments that can be re-made for adults or children, and odds and ends of materials, that may be lying unused about the house, for many things that have no apparent value can be made into children's wear. Friends who wish to help by such gifts, or who wish to further the work in other places, may correspond upon the subject with Mrs. Charles T. Dodd, Glen Ridge, N. J. Any person may become a member of the society by donating, yearly, two or more new articles of clothing.

Branch Guilds may organize and control the distribution of the garments made or collected, but are requested to render a yearly statement to the parent Guild, that it may be incorporated in their annual report. The printed report of the society gives a copy of the few and simple rules by which it is governed.

A DOMESTIC STAPLE.

I T is not as troublesome as it may seem to keep a supply of good soup stock on hand.

This is especially desirable in the Winter months.

Once a week, when fire is sure to be

needed for other things, take a whole beef leg, or soup bone, and put it in a close covered vessel with water enough to cover it.

Let it stand on the back of the stove where it will simmer gently for seven or eight hours, or until meat, gristle, marrow and all are loose from the bones. Skim off most of the fat and add salt to the taste. If for the sick, a half cup of oatmeal, put in an hour before taking off is desirable. Strain and seal up hot in glass jars. This should not fill more than three, or at the most four jars. Set on the cellar floor, this will keep several weeks in cold weather. What fat remains hardens on top and helps to preserve it. It can be easily removed if not wanted.

This furnishes a good base for a variety of soups, and is most convenient to have ready to heat at a moment's notice, especially where there are weak stomachs.

Many troubles arise from want of proper nourishment in cold weather. A cup of this liquor hot, either with or without seasoning, is a comfortable drink for delicate callers on a very cold day. I have found it equal to any form of spirits in cases of dreadful rheumatic pain and cramp, sending the patient off to sleep immediately. I doubt, however, if any merely lean meat soup would answer the same purpose as the leg, which contains something of each and all of the animal tissues from muscle to marrow, and therefore something of all the physical elements, already in solution.

Why it should be generally supposed that muscle is the only element essential in the building up of the human frame, I do not know

A pint jar of this liquor is a very convenient as well as useful thing to take to a sick friend, as it becomes solid when cold.

This soup stock is a domestic staple which any intelligent woman, who is obliged to earn money at home, could supply to her neighborhood, especially the sick, at more reasonable rates than the grocers. In fact there has never been much trade in this commodity in the smaller towns.

There are many remunerative employ-

ments not yet opened up to women in their own households. Co-operation for them, as for others, must follow the law of supply and demand. The ways and means to it, however, may be quite original and yet womanly and worthy. The thing that each can do best, or learn to excel in, is the key to success, for only excellence and reliability will count in the long run. Small beginnings are best, as a trade should grow with its market, and both slowly, if surely.

Many such industries in home kitchens wait only for more independence, more

economy and more skill.

L. M. Fuller.

HINTS TO HOME-MAKERS.

Test blue woolens, cloakings and dress-goods, by putting a drop or two of nitric acid on a sample of the cloth. If the spot where the acid was put turns reddish, the dye was logwood, and the color will fade and spot. If the spot turns yellowish-green, the dye was indigo, and the color will not fade. This is a useful test for those who are making children's clothes.

Carrots will make quite good pies. Boil the carrots and, when cooked, mash and strain them through a wire-sieve. Add milk, eggs, sugar, salt and ginger or nutmeg in the same proportions as in preparing pumpkins for the same use. Fill the pies with the mixture and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour.

White wool hoods and infant's sacques, etc., may be cleaned, if not very much soiled by rubbing with the hands in dry clear starch or flour just as if washing them, and then thoroughly shaking them.

POTATO PANCAKES.

Wash and peel five medium-sized potatoes. Grate them raw and then add one cup of prepared flour, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Stir the mixture rapidly and bake at once on a hot griddle. Serve immediately and eat seasoned with butter.

Carafes and bottles are easily and perfectly cleansed by putting a spoonful of bird-sand into the water in them and shaking violently.

Lead-shot should never be used. 'Lead deposit, even in minute quantities, acts often as a violent poison.

DDITOR OF HOME-MAKER:

I have read of so many "Helps" in your "Home Corner," that I wonder if any of your readers would thank you, if I should ask you to tell them of one labor-saving device. When shirts want new wrist-bands and neck-bands, just bind them with fine linen tape. This is a very satisfactory way of mending them. Respectfully,

Richmond, Va. A. W. S.

SEALING FRUIT JARS.

E DITOR HOME-MAKER: If C. L. uses the Mason Fruit Jar with glass cover, the simplest and surest test of sealing is to unscrew the ring and lift the can by holding the cover only. If the cover will support the weight of the jar the jar is securely sealed. When the jars having porcelainlined covers, with ring and cover in one piece, are used, the jars may be inverted and left to stand thus two or three hours. juice leaks out the jars are not air-tight; but often this juice will dry around the rubbers and thus seal the fruit. I have had this occur several times, even with strawberries, which are confessedly the most difficult to deal It must be remembered that fermentation is the thing to be avoided, and that this is induced in canned fruit by using poor sugar, containing the principle of fermentation; by using fruit that from being overripe, or from any other cause, has begun to ferment; by not driving the air out of the fruit by sufficient heat, or by allowing air to enter the jar after supposed sealing. first three are very easily avoided, and the last also, if care be taken to fill the jars full to overflowing; to rotate them until casual air-bubbles pass off, and to moisten the rubbers so that suction will be perfect. When using the porcelain-lined top, the rubbers may slip out of place in screwing on the top, as they very quickly become stretched. The most important point is to have good, closely fitting rubbers, and it is quite possible that your correspondent's difficulty may lie just here, as she says this is the first year she has had this trouble. Very truly,

Cranford, N. J. C. S. V.



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.



ARLY in January, 1795, a good and great man was laid to rest in the little church-yard in Stokes-upon-Trent, England. He was neither a statesman nor a warrior, a his-

torian nor a poet, an architect nor a painter, yet to this son England owed much commercial prosperity and much artistic renown. Like many nations of old, his imperishable fame is preserved in bits of yielding clay, "fashioned with cunning skill in divers shapes and painted in varied hues."

It was in 1730 that Josiah Wedgwood was born, in the little town of Burslem, near Newcastle-under-Lynne. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and came of a family that had been potters for generations.

Burslem was noted at an early date for the variety, in kind and in quantity, of the clay beds that spread round about the town in every direction. And naturally the little hamlet became the centre of the trade and won the name of Mother of Potteries in England.

When little Josiah was old enough to stumble along the rough paved streets, the Wedgwoods were among the leading potters in the kingdom. We may be sure that clay was the earliest plaything in his chubby little hands, and that the vicinity of the works became his earliest playground.

We may imagine him breathlessly watching the potters "throw" the wet clay, and, as the wheel revolved, by some magic touch form the mug or plate, ewer or basin.

With childish zeal he imitated their rude skill, and his mud pies were prophetic of a future purpose. We see him half fearfully peeping into the narrow opening of the queer conical building that became a temporary sepulchre for the soft shapes he had

but just seen formed. Well he knew the purpose of the fires kindled in the pit below; and, eagerly watching his chance, slipped on the "rests" his own childish achievements in the potter's art.

Probably his juvenile recreation on a Sunday noon between the long services, was a decorous saunter in the little church-yard. But we may well suppose that the rude slabs of coarse earthenware that marked each grave with incised or inlaid inscription did not seem either quaint or interesting to his familiar gaze. He was doubtless much more interested in surreptitiously decorating the coats of his companions with bits of the ever present clay, than in curious archælogical researches.

In due time Josiah was apprenticed to his brother Thomas in the old Churchyard Works, that for generations had been in possession of the Wedgwood family. due time, also, Josiah became a master workman and a thorough one, as after-results proved true. In that good old time a man was in honor bound to master his trade, to begin at the bottom rung of the We may ladder, and mount step by step. be very sure that young Josiah did not indulge in any leaps, or skips, or scrambles, but reached the top by patient climbing. Had he displayed any such erratic haste his only bequest to posterity would have been one of the many rough stones in the little Burslem churchyard.

The will is not lacking to follow Wedgwood's course in all its varied details, but, alas, the days are not so long now as in the happy vanished Past, and we are breathlessly carried to the date of his first great discovery or invention. This occurred in 1762. At this date at the Bell Works in Burslem, Wedgwood, after many experiments, produced a new ware that was far superior to any then manufactured. It was of a fine cream color, thin and delicate, having a high glaze and was decorated with flowers in high relief and painted in natural colors.

Overjoyed at the beauty of this new production and knowing the full value of royal recognition, Wedgwood immediately ordered a breakfast or caudle service to be made with the utmost care, which after being decorated by such artists as Thomas Daniell and Daniel Steele, was presented to good Queen Charlotte, and "by her was most graciously received."

Indeed, so charmed was Her Majesty with this production of the potter's wheel, which advanced far beyond all others in the kingdom, that she was pleased to order an entire table service. This was no mean triumph for Wedgwood, for he was now permitted to style himself "Her Majesty's Potter."

The patterns of this set were submitted to the Queen and were "approved, with the exception of the plates which were of the common 'barley corn' patterns then making by all salt glaze manufacturers. Her Majesty objected to the roughness of the 'barley corn' work, as it is called, and, therefore, this part was made plain; on the edge was left only the bands marking the compartments; and, being approved by Her Majesty, the pattern was called 'Queen's ware.'"

Such was the origin of the famous "Queen's ware," with which we each have at least a bowing acquaintance, if we are not

upon terms of Kettledrum intimacy.

It was probably on one of those informal domestic reunions in which even royalty may indulge, that King George became infected with his consort's enthusiasm for her recent acquisition, and became convinced of his own pressing need of a new table-service for future royal banquets.

This want the loyal Wedgwood hastened to supply: and making a few changes in the old "barleycorn" designs, he christened the

new pattern the "Royal ware."

Under the fostering smile of their most gracious Majesties, the new ware became at once the rage, and my lady felt that her quality depended upon possessing pieces of one or the other. And the busy potters at the old Churchyard, the Bell and the Ivy works in Burslem, all three of which were now under the control of Josiah Wedgwood, were unable to fill the orders that came pouring in.

At this time in his life Josiah Wedgwood may be accused of an act that will forever excite the astonishment of nineteenth century patriots. This action was nothing more nor less than a deliberate refusal to have the new process for the production of the Queen's ware polluted by patent. Wedgwood's reasons for refusal to take a patent are well worth reading.

"When I discovered the art of making Queen's ware," wrote Wedgwood himself at a later period, "which employs ten times more people than all the china works in the kingdom, I did not ask for a patent for this important discovery. A patent would greatly have limited its public utility. Instead of one hundred manufactories of Queen's ware there would have been but one; and instead of an importation to all quarters of the world, a few pretty things would have been made for the amusement of people of fashion in England."

What inventor now would balance the question of "public utility" with personal

gain ?

Wedgwood's inventions did not cease with the production of this beautiful creamware, far as that was in advance of all competitors.

Four years later, he produced his famous basalts, possessing the properties of resisting a hard fire and acids, and of receiving a high polish. From its black hue it was called Egyptian ware. The same year he removed to the town of Shelton and established his new works which he named "Etruria"

The first pieces made here were three vases "thrown" by the great Josiah himself, and formed after Etruscan models. They were decorated in that style with figures of "Hercules and his companions in the garden of the Hesperides." Each vase was dated and marked—

"One of the First Day's
Production
at
Etruria in Staffordshire."

Many other inventions followed rapidly in the train of the basalts, but the series is crowned by the production of the world famous Jaspers, whose exquisite beauty delights even the untrained eye. This ware was a white porcelain, possessing all the properties of the basalts, and also the remarkable one of receiving into its body the same coloring matters that were communicated to glass or enamel in fusion. This rendered it particularly fit for portraits, cameos and bas-reliefs, as the ground could be one color and the figure pure white.

At this period the classical renaissance held sway in England, and we see reproduced in the new wares the graceful outlines of the Grecian urn, while the surfaces were decorated by artists of ability with classical or mythological subjects or legends, from designs by Flaxman. The new Jasper reached its

highest perfection in 1787.

What a joy is the possession of one of these early gems, of which Wedgwood himself wrote:

"As these are my latest, I hope they will be found to be my most approved works. Verbal descriptions could give but an imperfect idea of the delicacy of the materials, the execution and the artistic or the general effect, and I must, therefore, beg leave to refer those who wish for information in these respects to a view of the articles themselves."

The greatest triumph of Wedgwood's life was the production of a perfect copy of the celebrated Barberini or Portland vase in black jasper, with the figures in 'proper tone,' cut by gem and seal engravers of acknowl-

edged reputation.

Fifty copies of the vase were made under Wedgwood's supervision, and on each the cameos were cut with the highest possible degree of sharpness and finish. Although these vases were sold for fifty guineas, the price did not pay for cost of manufacture. The mold still exists and vases are occasionally made, with black, or dark or light blue ground. One of these marvelously beautiful examples of the potter's art marks the memorial tablet in the little church in whose grave-yard Wedgwood lies buried.

As we review his life, we feel that the inscription beneath the medallion likeness by his friend Flaxman is no insincere tribute to a dead man's memory. Wedgwood did, indeed, find the potters' trade a "rude and in-considerable manufacture," and by his own skill and liberality in employing talented artists and sculptors, did raise it "into an clegant art and an important part of national commerce." And if "by these services he acquired ample fortune," we may believe that it was "blamelessly and reasonably enjoyed, and generously dispensed for the reward of merit and the relief of misfortune. And, reading on through the long list of virtues and amiable qualities of heart and mind, we feel sure that such a man was "most beloved by those who knew him best," in whose hearts "he has left indelible impressions of affection and veneration."

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.

THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.



HEN I entered India for the first time, I had my head full of marvelous tales of extraordinary feats performed by the conjurers of that country. I had read since boyhood all the stories I could.

procure on the subject, and I determined that before I left India I would thoroughly investigate this, to me, interesting subject. A professional magician myself, I was naturally eager to learn just how much truth and untruth there had been written about the jugglers of India. I saw the best conjurers in the leading cities I visited, and several times I went out of my way to see some noted performer who would not come to my hotel, even upon the inducement of a liberal sum of money.

In some ways the jugglers of India are clever; in others they are so stupid as to be at times laughable. I saw one or two that possessed peculiar dexterity and deftness in their work, but the most of them were clumsy, and, while they succeeded in per-

fectly deceiving the natives, they would be a dismal failure if they had a few keen-eyed Yankees to mystify. They are a success in India because they have audiences easily The natives who patronize them are, for the most part, poor and ignorant, and the fakirs, carefully guarding the secret of their tricks and their scanty knowledge of occultism, are occasionally held in reverence by the people. I might also remark that many of the Hindoos in power are secretly advanced in the sciences, but they guard their knowledge, and it is not imparted to the common people. They use their learning to impress their subjects-to force respect and inspire awe.

For instance—strange as it may appear—they have had the use of telephones there for hundreds of years. The priests talk with each other from one temple to another by means of a large disc, like a tub covered with hide. It is nothing but a telephone. They also understand the use of the siphon. I saw in one temple an idol of a virgin holding a child in her arms. The figure stands in an immense chalice, into which water is poured.

When the rising water almost touches the child it suddenly all runs out of the basin. Of course there is a siphon in the figure of the woman, the top of the bend being on a

level with the feet of the child. The people do not understand this nonsense, and think it is an exhibition of the power of the god.

The principal trick But I am diverging. performed by the leading Hindoo magicians is what is known as the "mango trick." saw fakirs at Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Bombay who did this trick, and they all performed it in the same way. Five or six of them would squat on the ground and one of the spectators selected a spot where he desired the feat to be per-The chief fakir would prick up the earth with a small pointed instrument, making a soft spot, and putting up a skeleton frame of tripod shape, would throw over this a shawl or cloth. One of the conjurers, wearing a long robe with flowing sleeves, would produce a mango seed and thrusting both arms under the improvised tent, would plant the seed. The other conjurers then performed some simple tricks with balls and cups, when the cover over the tripod was partially removed, and a small sprout would be seen in the side of the mango seed.

In replacing the cover over the tripod, the fakir with the flowing sleeves once more put his arms under the tent so formed. There

was another interval of three or four minutes, when the cover was again removed. Then would be found a small mango tree, about two feet high, bearing a few ripe and green mangoes. The ripe fruit was plucked and distributed among the spectators. The explanation of this much-written-about trick is exceedingly shallow. The man who first placed his hands under the cover inserted the sprout in the seed, and the next time he drew from his ample sleeve a branch cut from a neighboring mango tree and thrust the cut end into the previously softened spot

What appeared to me a much better trick -but one which has not achieved the world wide fame of the mango trick—was that of making a pineapple grow under a handker-The juggler spreads a handkerchief chief. on the ground, and then proceeds to sing and beat on a tom-tom. Suddenly in the center of the handkerchief something begins to move and rise in pyramidal form, dilating until about the size of a pineapple, when the conjurer inserts his hand under the handkerchief and pulls out a ripe pineapple. I saw through the mango trick the first time I witnessed it, but this pineapple bothered me. The motion of life was puzzling, and I could conceive no solution to it. One day I took a position on the side—the fakirs sit on one side of the circle, making the audience form the rest of the circumference where I could clearly see every motion the juggler made. Here I discovered one of the confederates placing a sack like a sailor's bag near the performer's hands. He sat there, tailor-fashion, and as he spread out the kerchief on the ground, I saw his hand make a trip as swift as lightning to the bag and back to the handkerchief. Quick as this move was, I saw, accompany the hand, the tail of a snake, that gave me a key to the trick, and later, pretending to understand it, and giving him four rupees, I got one of the Hindoos to confess how it was done.

The fakir took a small cobra from the bag laid so conveniently at his elbow, and when placed under the handkerchief the snake naturally coils itself up. When the conjurers begin their music, the cobra raises its head, and this gives the motion of life which puzzled me so. When excited a cobra swells its neck, and this gave the peculiar shape of the pineapple. When the performer places his hand under the handkerchief he takes with it a hollowed pineapple and dexterously places the snake inside of it. This is one of the cleverest tricks I saw in India.

The "buoyant duck" is another trick which interested me. I have since read an article from the Pall Mall Gazette, in which it was referred to as the incomprehensible feat performed by the jugglers in India. A young fakir did this trick for me in front of the hotel at Allahabad. He had for an outfit a large bowl of muddy water. He began by sprinkling some of the water on the ground, then placing three stones about this men-tioned spot; he then set the bowl of water on the stones, next he handed me a china duck. It was solid and quite heavy. I returned it to him. He placed it in the bowl, and of course it sank immediately. then sat on the ground near the bowl, and began beating on a small drum. Suddenly, and to my utter astonishment, the duck reappeared on the surface of the water. Then it disappeared again, and so, to the monotonous sound of the fakir's tom-tom, the duck swam or dove as if alive.

I saw this feat performed again, and this time I discovered the secret of it. It is exceedingly simple. The bottom of the bowl was pierced with a small hole, through which a horse-hair was passed. of the hair within the bowl was attached to a hollow duck lighter than the one shown, but like it in appearance. The other end of the hair was held by the conjurer. When the heavy duck was placed in the water, it sank to the bottom and remained there. the fakir felt so disposed, he slackened the horse-hair and the buoyant duck, which had not before been visible, came to the surface. A pull on the hair promptly took it out of sight. The pounding on the drum served as a blind and to direct the attention of the spectator. The water sprinkled on the ground previously, as if in incantation, was really done to conceal any leakage through the hole in the bottom of the bowl.

At Calcutta I attended a performance of three fakirs which I could not fully explain. They gave their performance in one end of a long room, and across this end they drew a dividing line, beyond which the spectators The three fakirs began were not allowed. dancing and whisking around like dervishes This continued for a with a dizzy rapidity. few moments, when I suddenly discovered that there were four dancers instead of three. Then the number began to increase, until finally there were a dozen men dancing, twisting and gyrating. Then, seemingly, the dancers came nearer and nearer together, until they appeared to be all massed in one big dancer, who finally ceased whirling and stood

there alone. As I nave just explained, the spectators were not allowed to examine that end of the room where the fakirs did their feat, so I could not make any personal inspection of the walls. It did not seem possible, however, from where I sat, that there could have been any reflection from the sides or the rear; but I was evidently deceived by some optical delusion. I could not purchase the secret of this feat, nor have I ever heard it satisfactorily explained. I saw it performed nowhere else but in Calcutta.

The basket trick, of which so much has been written by travelers, I saw performed by a noted Hindoo magician, who made this feat a specialty. The juggler allowed myself and company to select a spot on the ground in the open air, and on this spot he stationed himself, with a basket, with a hinged lid, at his feet, and a little boy at his side. The conjurer wore a breech-clout, and held a sword in one hand. The spectators surrounded the performer in a circle so close that no one could pass through without detection. The performer placed the child in the basket, closed the lid, and began muttering a seeming incantation. While praying, he wore a large, white cloth about his arm, and suddenly threw it over the basket, binding one end. Then he drew the cloth to him, brought it up around his waist and tucked one end in his clout, a portion hanging down in front in graceful folds.

He then plunged his sword into the bas-The agonizing shriek of a child was heard; the man drew back the sword dripping with blood. Again and again he thrust the sword into the basket, and the child's heart-piercing cries grew fainter and fainter, until they ceased altogether. conjurer asked that the basket be opened. I opened it. It was empty. Suddenly a We all looked in gleeful shout was heard. the direction from whence it came, and there, on the limb of a small tree, sat the magician's child, waving his arms and I made the acquaintance laughing loudly. of this magician, and for a consideration he gave me the secret. I will endeavor to make it as clear to the reader as possible.

The child—who is well trained—as soon as he is placed in the basket, watches his opportunity, and when the conjurer spreads the cloth, the boy slips from his hiding-place, under the cover of the cloth, crawls up under the juggler, grasps a strap, and pulls himself up between the man's legs.

The cloth, when draped about the juggler's waist, as described, hides the youngster, who from his unsuspected retreat, utters the piercing shrieks of the dying child. With a sponge saturated with red liquor the fakir produced the blood stains on the sword. When the spectators rush forward to look in the basket, the boy slips from his place of concealment and makes his presence manifest wherever he is directed to go.

These comprise the leading tricks performed by the East India jugglers. opinion-after witnessing everything in the conjuring line from the time I landed in Calcutta until I embarked at Bombay-is that, with the exception of the basket trick and one or two other illusions I have described, the ability of the entire fraternity of Indian magicians is beneath contempt. In America they would not be ranked as fourth-rate performances. Most of the wonders attributed to these Oriental conjurers have never existed anywhere outside the imaginations of those who write and tell of them. I dislike to explode this prevalent fallacy about the Indian jugglers, but so much nonsense and absurd matter has found its way into prominent periodicals that it is about time some one pricked this Oriental balloon with the pen of

The feats of some of the Indian snake charmers, however, are really marvellous. If they are tricks, they defy detection. I was unable to perceive any trickery in these performances with snakes, nor could I purchase any of their secrets. At Allahabad a fellow, with nothing on but a breech clout, came into my room, and, by way of introduction, said, "Plenty big snake here, Sahib. Plenty big snake in room." I told him to go away; that I'd seen all his snake tricks; that I was tired and wanted rest, and did not want to be bothered. He insisted upon it there were plenty of snakes in the room, so I told him he could come in and call them out if he wanted to.

He stood up in the middle of the floor and began to play upon a sort of flute he had with him. There was no furniture in the room but a cot bed and two or three chairs. He had played but two or three minutes before I saw the sheet on the bed rise until it looked like a small tent, and then an enormous cobra crawled out and coiled itself on the floor, with its head erect and its tongue darting in and out. In an instant I saw other serpents approaching from the corners of the apartment, and they placed themselves along side of their companions. The snake-charmer, still playing on the flute, led the way to the door, and the snakes followed him. He paused on the threshold, and they reared their heads and hissed at him in anger. Just as I was beginning to get nervous, another fakir crept up behind him and cut the snakes' heads off with a sharp sword which he carried. I could learn nothing of this trick, if trick it was.

H. Kellar.



A SUNSET MIRAGE.

The fields of Heaven burn to blossoming bowers;

Purple against the crimson of the sky
The crest of San Jacinto rises high;
Soft fall the shadows on the fading hours,
As fall on graves the petals of dead flowers;
But as the torches burn and glimmer by,
Behold the magic of their pageantry.
A splendid city lifts its golden towers,
And crimson turrets from high jewelled
walls;

Houses of amethyst, quivering silver spires,

Altars that rise from hearts of flaming pyres,

The sculptured marbles of wide templehalls:

And last of all, a sombre curtain falls, As shower of ashes on extinguished fires.

Virna Woods.

CORRESPONDENCE.

More Replies to M. C. S.

O THE HOME-MAKER: There is plenty to do for a girl of twenty-five "well advanced in experience of all kinds, to obtain a livelihood for herself, though she lacks any decided talent in music, drawing or needlework," M. C. S. in the October number to the contrary not-What is meant by "high withstanding. bred" I do not know. What is required, now, of persons dependent upon their own efforts to make a living, is a fitness and willingness to do well whatever there may be to do in any particular position. The doors She may propare wide open to woman. erly do anything that man may do, with few exceptions—she may enter the professions she may do business of any kind—she has almost a monopoly of school-teaching—she may be a professional nurse, and in this she has a monopoly. Without regard to high or low breeding, this is a fine field which opens splendid opportunities, in more ways than

I know a very common, good girl, raised

in the country, acting as common servant of all work, who took it in her head to take a course in a training school. She passed through in about one year, with honors, in Philadelphia, and is now employed by a wealthy Baltimore lady (who is no relative or friend) at \$15.00 a week. Every one knows that the celebrated English nurse, Miss Harner, is now the wife of U. S. Senator Hawley. All nurses cannot expect to marry U. S. Senators, but such are the possibilities.

Then there are positions as matrons in many places; some of these are very desirable and would, I think, suit M. C. S. It is the general practice in institutions, where men and women, or boys and girls collect, to have a matron in the women's side of the Housekeepers are wanted,—in fact, are in demand, but the supply of competent ones is sadly deficient. The great thing is to be qualified to do a thing, and the next is to back that up with willingness and per-A great number of citizens sistent energy. are looking for men and women that possess these qualities.

Lancaster, Pa.

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:

In reply to M. C. S.'s open letter in the October HOME-MAKER, I want to say, that it is quite possible for a girl of twenty-five or even younger to obtain a livelihood for herself, even though she has no decided talent for music, drawing or needle-work.

Many of our brightest American girls greatly prefer a life of independence to one of dependence and luxury, and are educating themselves with a purpose and aim in

life.

Fate has little to do with making a girl high-bred or furnishing her with the wherewith-all for maintenance.

Parents are to blame for bringing up their daughters without a knowledge of business affairs, or for not giving them some way of supporting themselves. Girls as well as boys should be given an equal opportunity and taught that all honest labor is respectable. "God helps those who help themselves," is very applicable in this case.

What profession or avocation can a girl enter or take up that will afford her a livelihood? Women are not limited to any particular profession, or two or three, as they

once were.

"Woman's sphere is only bounded by the talents God has given,

And her duty calls wherever earth can be made more like Heaven."

Has she literary talent? If so, let her make the most of it, and give that subject a most careful study. There is always a market for good poems, stories or practical articles, but second or third-class ones are a

drug in the market.

Whatever a woman undertakes, she must make up her mind to give just as much time to it as a man would to his business, to be just as much in earnest, and to do as honest, conscientious work. Thoroughness is necessary in any line of work for success. I should not advise her to "clerk" or keep books unless she is specially adapted for that work, but there are so many fields for women and girls in this Nineteenth Century that one need not look far for something to do. If she has a love for flowers and cultivates them easily, let her try on a larger scale, or let her raise small fruits. There is

a good profit in both of these, and for any one who arranges flowers gracefully, she will soon succeed admirably. If she is competent and well educated, why not teach two or three classes in a college or seminary? If she has a horse and carriage she might advertise to take invalids or strangers (ladies of course) to drive for so much an hour. If she likes to shop and buy judiciously, why not advertise to shop for those who have neither the time or the strength? Many women have supported themselves in comfort, and even luxury, as professional References must always be given shoppers. Many a woman of wealth on both sides. would be glad to pay well for the services of a young woman who would come into her family as a daughter would, and look after the parlors, make bouquets, do the marketing and have a general supervision over things, and yet not be a house-keeper.

Relatives are not always in demand, and many a girl would be welcomed into a family if she would be bright and cheerful, always ready to read aloud, drive, go shopping, or do anything that was desired. know of two girls in similar positions, who have had the happiest of homes and were like daughters of the house. Another who, owing to a step-mother, could not live at home, accepted a position as a governess to three young children, and did the mending and darning as well. The children loved her dearly and she was like a sister to the young mother. "Where there's a will there is always a way." If M. C. S. will write me a personal letter, I may be able to send her some articles on the subject, and give her more definite ideas than I have been able to advance through these columns.

Carrie May Ashton.

Rockford, Ill.

To the Editors of The Home-Maker.

I know a situation for a woman, and a very desirable one. If M. C. S. is a reality, and desires a situation, I would correspond with her. Very truly,

A. M. F.

By writing to this office, M. C. S. may obtain the address of the above correspondent. The situation mentioned is one of responsibility and commands a good salary.

Editors THE HOME-MAKER.



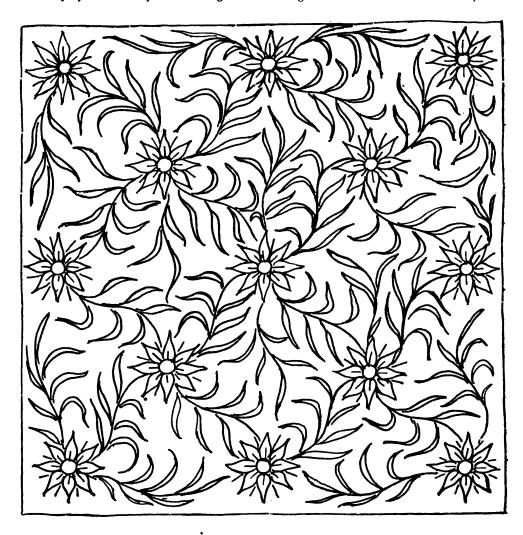
By Mrs. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

An All-over Worked Bed-spread.—A Ribbon Lamp Shade.—Pincushions in Groups.—
Useful Knitted Edging.—A Homely Convenience.—Advice Column.

BED-SPREAD.

There is something rather appalling in the idea of embroidering a bed-spread, but the design given is very easy to work, and the floss employed so heavy that having once begun the work, it will progress at a galloping pace.

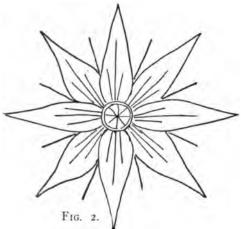
The foundation is a square of half-bleached Bolton sheeting. The square may be made with a margin beyond the embroidery wide enough to tuck under the mattress, or it



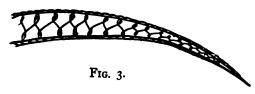
may only cover the top of the bed and be finished with a netted or ball fringe, or with an edge of Cluny lace.

The Borgarren, or heavy rope linen floss, with which the work is done, may be yellow, dull red, or dark blue, or it may be the creamy shade of the quilt itself.

The pattern can easily be marked on the cloth by cutting out a flower twice as large as the single one given in the cut, and tracing a line around it upon the sheeting; the center



may be marked by drawing a pencilled line around a large button, the other lines can be drawn with the help of a ruler. One flower should be drawn in the centre of the quilt, and one in each of the corners. The position of the others is easily found by placing one half-way between every two corners and then placing one in the centre of every four. Then the long wavy lines for stems, connecting the flowers, may be drawn and the slender leaves attached. The leaves may be worked in outline, or they may be filled with the stitch shown in figure three. The flowers may be worked in outline stitch and a single line in each petal as in the quilt illustration, or three lines, like figure two. The circle in the centre may be filled with cross lines or not, as desired. Although white, or the unbleached shade of it, seems desirable for a quilt, the Bolton sheeting in pale blue is very handsome with the needlework done in two shades of blue.



A PARLOR LAMP SHADE.

To make this lamp shade one must acquire from some old fashioned person, the made of making pointed tape-trimming. For the shade the points are made of satin ribbon rather less than an inch wide. Five or six rows of the pointed trimming will be required, and they may each be of a different shade of the same color. The lower one may, for instance, be of very dark purple, the next lighter, and so on till the palest violet is reached at the top where an elastic is run in on the wrong side to fit the shade to the porcelain one beneath.

Some of these shades have a leaf or bud falling in every diamond shaped opening between the points, but the prettiest are arranged over a fully gathered strip of crape, matching one shade of the ribbons. This softens the ray of light and breaks the harsh effects of the bare spaces. The crape should be enough deeper than the shade to allow three inches of it to fall below for a ruffle, which may be hemmed or pinked.

A GROUP OF PIN-CUSHIONS.

To hang by the side of a dressing table or bureau, are bunches of pin-cushions, made like little bags, of satin ribbon two inches The bags are stuffed plumply and tied at the top, like a meal sack, with a deep frill raveled into a fringe. The cushions are held together by inch-wide ribbons of graduated length so that the five small cushions hang like a bunch of grapes, when the ribbons are sewed to a crocheted ring, in the centre, which answers to suspend the The object of having several group by. cushions instead of one, is that different sizes of pins may be kept separate for convenience. One of the cushions is to be reserved for black pins.

KNITTED EDGING FOR UNDERCLOTHING.

Temper is worn when trimmings are torn, and one is tempted to a vow of abstinence from lace and needlework, when the laundress returns the weekly wash with all the pretty edgings frayed or dragged off entirely. But the good, substantial knitted thread edges are coming to the front again, and they will bear the roughest handling. The very unpretentious pattern given this month, is partly in answer to a correspondent who asks what she can trim aprons for her children with that will last long enough to pay for sewing on.

Cast on ten stitches.

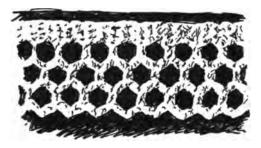
1st Row-Slip one, knit three, narrow; put thread over, narrow; knit two.

2d Row-Knit plain, in the "made stitch";

knit one and purl one.

3d Row—Slip one, knit one, narrow; put the thread over, narrow, twice; put thread over, narrow.

4th Row—Knit plain with a knit and a purled stitch in the made stitches.



KNITTED HOLDER.

This homely little convenience is made of black and yellow yarn, knitted on steel knitting needles, in squares made of alternate purled and plain knitting. Knit ten stitches plain, then ten purled, changing the color with each ten and carrying the wool not in use across on the wrong side. Have seven stitches in plain knitting, with black all around the squares for the centre and put on a border of yellow lace, made by casting on seven stitches and knitting according to these directions:

First Row: Slip one, knit two, throw the thread over and knit two together, knit two.

Second Row: Slip one, knit one, put thread over twice; knit two, put thread over, knit two together; knit one.

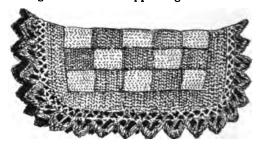
Third Row: Slip one, knit two, put thread over, knit two together on the stitch made by putting the thread over twice, work twice alternately; knit one, purl one, knit

Fourth Row: Slip one, knit seven, put thread over, knit two together, knit one.

Fifth Row: Slip one, knit two, put thread over, knit two together, one dot; for this take the next two stitches on another needle, wind the yarn four times around these two stitches from the wrong toward the right side, and then knit them off; then knit one, make dot as before and knit one.

Sixth Row: Cast off four stitches, knit three, put thread over, knit two together, knit one.

This odd and pretty edging can be made in thread or silk for other purposes and can be widened by working additional rows of the fagot-stitch at the upper edge.



ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. G. F.—I should not advise you to put wide fringe on your mantel-shelf, unless you happen to have some in the house that you wish to use. One or two scarfs gracefully disposed would give the effect of drapery and be more artistic. No, black walnut frames are not suitable for oil paintings. Artists say gilding is needed to bring out the color.

AMINA.—You can make a pedestal your-self that will make a very good support for your tall vase, if you stand it in the corner of the room, as you propose. Get a nail-keg from a carpenter, make it black with ebony, stain and gild the hoops thickly. Put bricks or stones in the bottom to prevent its tipping over easily, and have a circular piece large enough to project slightly beyond the keg nailed to the top. This may be covered with a velvet mat.

MRS. BYRD.—The quilted satin bureau cover is not to use as a pincushion, but is only intended as a mat upon which to rest the pretty toilet belongings, such as combs, brushes, hairpin trays, manicure details and other silver or ivory-mounted conveniences.

M. D.—I am too ignorant of the special

treatment needed by palms to give you useful advice. A letter to *The American Garden*, 10 Spruce Street, New York, would probably bring you the information you seek.

CHINA HUNTER.—The ware, as you describe, it must be old Crown Derby. If you are really anxious to be a collector, you would better buy a little book which gives all the marks by which the different specimens of

ware can be recognized. Even then you will have to be very careful in your purchases, for dealers in antiques and curios have not much conscience.

MARY L. BRIDGEPORT.—If you will buy Turkey red calico for your yacht cushions and cover it with fine meshed fish-net, you will find them in much better condition after the first voyage, than the satin you suggest. Salt water spray and constant sunglare agree poorly with silken material.

E. B. Brownsville.—To begin with your first question. I cannot now think of any better use for your splints than using them to frame pictures. Three at each side with the ends interlocked and projecting at the corners, is a very pretty style which you can vary by studding the corners with small brass nails put in to form a triangle or square. Fawn color would be bright and pretty in your hall, with a light blue frieze which you can paint on, or cut strips of plain, light blue paper and paste on with a narrow band of darker blue paper below it. two bands together may be twelve inches At the lower edge of the bands set for a finish a picture rod, not a gold one, but simply a slender strip of moulding, matching the woodwork.

You can treat your rooms in the same way. The "cheap and artistic drapery" for your glass would be the thin figured cotton which so closely imitates India silk, that detection is not easy. It costs about twenty-five cents It should be gathered upon a rod per yard. or wire at the top and bottom of the glass; light blue with dark blue figures would be a pleasing combination for this material. Buff would be a prettier tint than terra cotta, for the walls in your rather dark room. small bedroom might be terra cotta. dark floors perplex others beside yourself. Painting over the dark stain is not generally satisfactory. Better have them planed or get some painter to tell you what to put on to

cut the stain, and then have them stained to imitate ash, or leave the wood unstained and oil it. You will find dusting floors easier if you cover a new broom with dark canton flannel sewed on tightly, and sweep with that. If it is dampened slightly, the result is still better. I should not advise varnishing floors under any circumstances. Thanks for your kind words.

CHARLOTTE OF NEW JERSEY.—Make oil paint very thin and color your chip basket with it. Prussian blue can be mixed with white till it is pale enough to suit you. Do not varnish the basket till the paint is dry.

A. N. N. E.—Possibly the lace pattern given to-day will meet your wants. Of course if you make it of twine you will have to use large needles.

Belief.—There are many qualities of felt—but for a table cover to use in a sitting-room, you should get a very good quality. Your idea of applying a plush vine is very good if you have time and inclination to undertake eight yards of that kind of work. Gum the figures slightly at the back before you couch them down.

E. V.—Don't ask me for advice on any decoration which requires bird's heads and wings. No one with any feeling or sentiment could admire a portiere thus bordered. Billiard cloth with no trimming at all would be prettier than that, and now that Bagdad stripes are sold separately, you could buy one of them for \$1.75 and put cross stripes of it upon your curtain.

HOUSEKEEPER.—I have heard that Parian statuettes can be cleaned by covering them with a thick paste of starch and water and leaving them in the sun till it dried and could be cracked off. But this is when they are greasy. Mere dirt can be washed off with soapy water.



PICKING AND STEALING.

CHILDLESS old gentleman had a fashion of saying to his little nieces and nephews, when they were taking leave of him: "Good-bye, my dears; keep your

fingers from picking and stealing.

"How very funny!" they thought. "How eccentric uncle was," mamma said. Picking and stealing! Words suitable for only the vulgar, the poor; not for the pampered darlings who had everything that money could buy. But it is just of these well-to-do young people that I am going to speak.

A model mother regarded inquisitive curiosity as an actual sin. Not the legitimate curiosity that wants to know how many miles to the moon, or how you go to Australia; but the prying into shopping bundles, and the ears itching to catch what is never meant for them; the meddling with letters and private papers; tearing off wrappers from mail matter addressed to others, and like offenses. All these little ways, so overlooked in well-regulated families, were to her the signals for her severe rebuke.

"Attend strictly to your own business,"

she said.

In the troublesome task of finding amusement for the restless fingers, many conscientious mothers do not realize the harm they do. There is a tendency to evil in prying and meddling that may lead to picking and stealing. Things which tempt the unformed mind are unheeded by the fixed

principles of after years.

Freddie was permitted to amuse himself with the work basket. He scattered buttons. spools and needles right and left. Some one had to pick up and put away all these things when the young man was tired of play. By-and-by, the basket lost its charms, and mamma's top drawer opened its wonders to Such an array of collars, cuffs, laces, ribbons, handkerchiefs and odds and ends! Then the big glass to "dress up" before and

try on the pretty things! This was truly "a picnic," he said. Pretty soon the young explorer went visiting, and in Uncle John's own drawer he found some really big collars, which he took home to play "man" in next day, when Tommie Brown came over. Nurse saw the collars, but la! she "thought they came out o' the rag-bag—she wasn't noticin' partikler." But Aunt John recognized the property, and was not very goodnatured about the liberty that had been taken.

Master Fred got a little bigger. He had occasion to pass through one of the bedrooms in order to climb out upon a back porch where walnuts were drying in the sun, Miss Governess occupied this room, and had carelessly placed her month's salary in the top drawer. Living in such a family, she could have no fear of thieves. At night she missed the money. She felt obliged to tell of it, but requested her employers to keep quiet for a time, as the missing property

might turn up.

It never did; but Master Fred became suddenly so lavish of presents to his friends, to say nothing of a silver watch chain displayed upon his own small person, that he was at once questioned. He did not deny the theft, and evidently did not appreciate the gravity of the act. He was too much accustomed to appropriating what he Later, he pilfered from papa's money-drawer at the store, or else brought pencils, pens and such things to school in extravagant quantities. It was papa's—he had a right to it. More than one clerk left his situation because liable to be accused of Fred's thefts. But Fred was case-hardened. His unbridled curiosity had grown mightily from the day of small things.

Is it among paupers that we find our embezzlers, and fraudulent employeés?

The proprietor of a wholesale house in

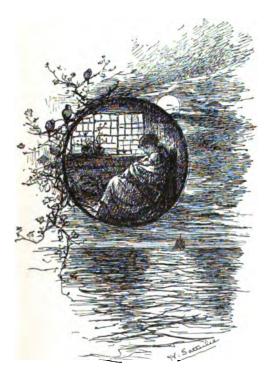
New York said to me: "We have more trouble with dishonesty than any other fault. Three young men of the first families have robbed us of collections due the house. In one case the sum amounted to nearly five hundred dollars. We did not expose him, on account of his family. His father paid it back, of course." So did Fred's father reimburse the governess.

Did this young scion of a first family have unlimited access to private property from his cradle? Was he taught that mamma's things and home things were sacred from prying fingers? Was there no need of lock and key to enforce safety?

The subject is at least worthy of consideration. And though your "aristocratic" darlings may never steal, it is well to keep them from picking among things not intended for idle fingers. The meddling, prying, inquisitive child is a confirmed nuisance.

Eugenia Dunlap.

CRADLE SONG.



Sleep, Baby, sleep;
The twilight's dewy fingers
Have gently closed the lids of weary Day;
A robin, with her lullaby, still lingers
On yonder maple's topmost swinging spray;
Afar and near the dusky crickets peep,—
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep;
The blossom-bells are swinging,
Asleep, upon each bough and leafy spray;
The sleepless, vagrant brook is softly singing,
In dulcet tones, a dreamy roundelay;—
The yellow stars grow bright in heaven's

deep; Sleep, Baby, sleep,

Sleep, Baby, sleep; The bird is lost in slumber, The valley is as still as nuns at prayer; The crystal dew forms rosaries without

number
For nature's use, and hangs them everywhere

where;
A holy calm o'er all the world doth creep;
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep;
O'er yon blue, waveless rim,
The silver moon her silent course doth take;

Within the tide, her countless arrows quiver,

And form a bridge that glistens in her wake; O'er all, the deathless stars their vigils keep; Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep;
Somewhere upon the ocean
Thy father's noble ship is nearing home;—
Rocked gently by the sleeping wave's
slow motion,
Or fiercely cossed by mad waves, white with

foam!
O God! in calm or storm, him safely keep!
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

E. B. Low.

EAR MARION HARLAND: I write to thank you for your help in housekeeping, but most of all, for an article I read in a recent number of THE HOME-MAKER. It advised reading the Bible to the children every night. Having always been anxious to do my duty by my little ones, (I have three), I began with Master Seven-years-old. He was intensely interested, but could not understand much, even though I made it as simple as possible. Then I had a chance to borrow a "Child's Bible." This was better, but I had to return it, and was unable to buy one at our single book store. I there found "The Story of the Bible," by Charles Foster. You have no idea how this met my requirement. Still my four-year-old was unprovided for. For him I sent off and bought "First Steps for Little Feet in Gospel Paths," by the same author, Charles Foster. This, too, exactly suits, and if you can only recommend these two books to other mothers with little ones, I think it would be such a help. Every night I have the two Bibles to read to two eager hearers -baby is yet too small to understand, but listens, too. My children never forget, and some neighbors borrow my "Stories of the Bible" to help their little girls. I found it really instructive to me. F. V. Gainesville, Florida.

The editors take pleasure in recommending in this connection "Bible Talks with Children," published by P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia.

BABY ELLA:

WAKING FROM HER NAP.

A gentle sigh; a baby yawn; and then The violet eyes unclose: A world of wonder.

Fresh from wonderland, within
Their dreamy shadows. Rich red lips,
That breathe a sigh, as if in faint regret
At leaving all the beauty of that land:
The realm of dreams. Dear dimpled cheeks.

Flushed with the purest pink, framed in The sweet soft rings of dewy rumpled curls.

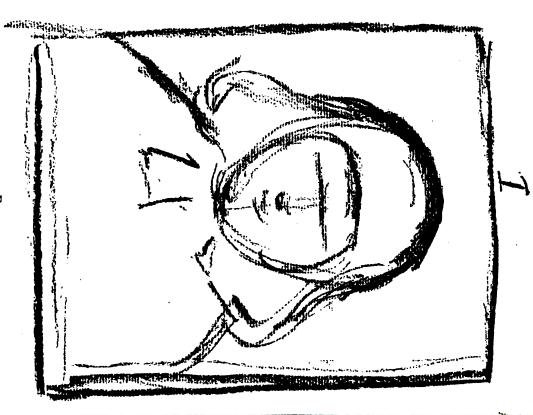
The baby hands reach out in mute appeal; The thoughtful eyes look wond'ring in my face.

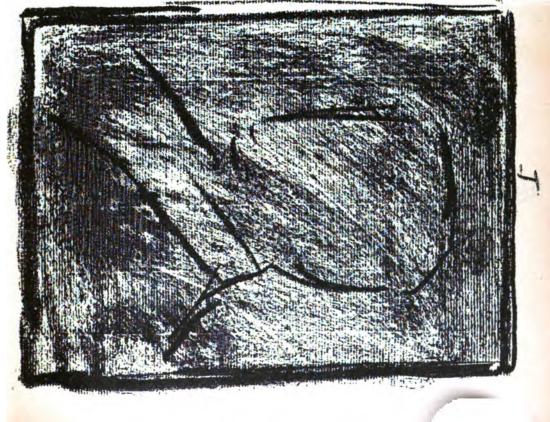
The baby voice says softly: "Baby dreamed/"

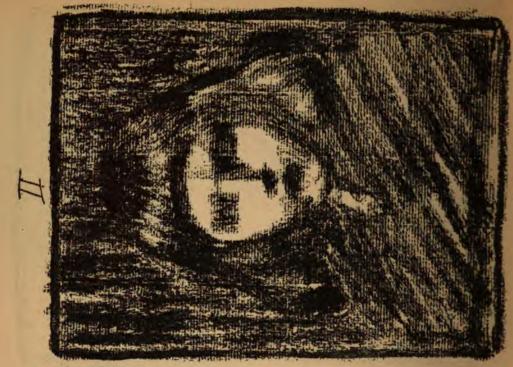
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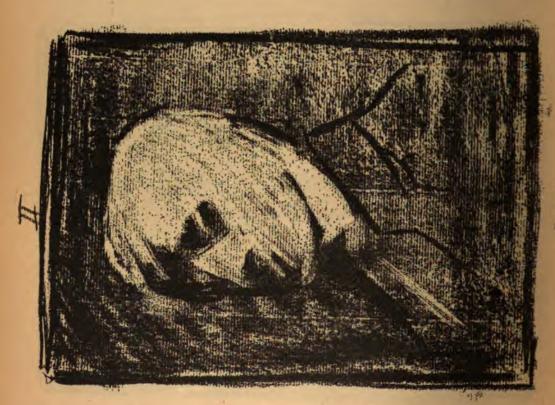
Cranford, N. J.





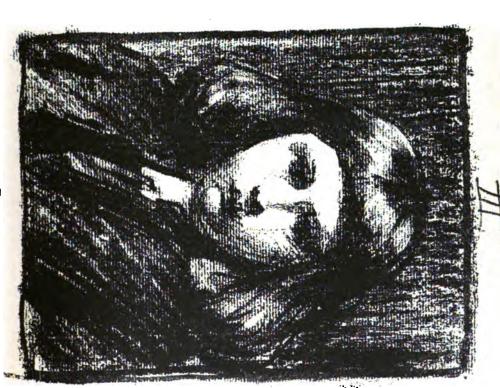












HOME MAKER ART-CLASS.

I have been frequently asked how I should begin a drawing and the several steps neces-

sary for its completion.

I have always endeavored to find a way both short and simple and one, too, where, if interrupted, the work would be complete and useful.

First, then, settle upon the size of the drawing and with a few strokes give the proportions of the great forms and the movement

of figure or object, as in Figure I.

Second, partially closing the eyes so as to not see the details, boldly lay in the masses of dark in the very simplest way, representing the prevailing tone. The darks may be larger than finally wanted, resulting as in Fig. II.

Third, with a bit of bread or soft leather, trim the darks where needed, and add the darkest tones, being careful to keep the accents of both dark and light, resulting as

in Fig. III.

I have chosen charcoal because it is at once the most simple and direct and handled

most quickly, easily removed and capable of the greatest delicacy in the proper hands. Choose then some simple subject, strong in its effect, having not too many tones, and with a little practice you will soon master it.

The second method is like the first, except that you start with a dark ground and boldly remove the great masses of light with a piece of leather or bread; leather is best in this stage, since bread is apt to grease the paper and the charcoal will not work so well after, resulting as in Fig. II.

Fig. III. is a continuation of the same, more carefully taken, to keep the accents and details, always adding light or dark where needed, positive shadows and high lights.

Change the word from charcoal to paint or color, and the same principles apply. In water color, you must proceed more carefully, since the lights are difficult to regain, once having been covered. A little practice will show you how simple it is.

C. Y. Turner.





LOVE'S STRATAGEM.



HOULD I call it a love story, you would ask for the hero perhaps, so we will call it a story of love, only a young girl's love for an old lady, but so tender and sweet and true you will surely

think it well named.

The property which had once belonged to the Rivers' family of New Haven had been lost; the large and beautiful home, the only one the children had ever known, had been sold and the family had removed to an insignificant western town where the father hoped to start anew in the world and win a second fortune for his dear ones.

It was hard for the mother to leave the home about which clustered so many lovely associations, hard for the girls to leave their school and schoolmates, but it was hardest,

they all agreed, for grandma.

For the grandmother was a lady of the old school, very sweet and gracious, whose whole life had been passed in a luxurious home, surrounded by charming friends, and to her the idea of a western home was doubly distasteful. Grandma, too, was growing blind and the tears which she had shed at the change which had come into all their lives had hastened the progress of the disease so that the white curtain which the cataract was too swiftly weaving had almost fallen between her and the world. She could no longer distinguish faces, and the swift blackness settling upon her saddened all their hearts to breaking.

To the mother and girls, busy in their household tasks, with the home-letters to write and receive, it was of small moment that no visitor had crossed their threshold, but grandma clung tenaciously to old customs and it added weight to her burden that in the small town which she heartily despised no one had thought them of sufficient importance to call.

She spoke of it every day, and, in spite of her sweet nature, with a touch of bitterness. The girls made one excuse after another for the recreant neighbors, with whom they did not indeed very much desire intercourse. But as the long weeks slipped by and there was no prospect of a friendly call on grandma, they often talked it over and proposed all sorts of absurd plans to attract visitors.



One day, Rose, who dearly loved her grandmother and whose deft fingers always plaited the snow-white hair and tied the strings beneath the soft white chin, crept down from grandma's room, the tears in her eyes.

"O, girls! she is so unhappy, what shall we do? We must think of something."

About an hour after, there came a sharp pull at the doorbell, and in a moment Mary, the younger sister, had slipped upstairs.

"Grandma," said she, knocking softly at the door, "a lady is down stairs to see you. Here is her card."

"How does it read, my dear?" asked grandma in a tremulous tone.

"Mrs. Chauncey Bellingham," answered

Mary.

"A very good name, my dear; the Bellinghams are an old family in the East; perhaps she belongs to the Massachusetts branch. Your grandfather's second cousin married a Bellingham; very likely it is the same family and they have heard of our being here. Hand me my heliotrope cap, dearie, and my little white shawl."

Mary arranged grandma as she wished, not forgetting to leave a kiss upon the soft lips, and seeing the bright expectant look the sweet old face wore, was obliged to wink very hard to keep back a tear or two.

"Grandma," she said a moment later, as she ushered a tall lady into the room, clad in black silk and velvet mantle,—"Mrs.

Bellingham!"

The rustle of the 'silk was an agreeable sound to the old lady, and she rose very graciously, extending her hand to the visitor,

who clasped it cordially.

"I am indeed very glad to have an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Rivers," said the new-comer, bending gracefully over the extended hand, "I have promised myself for some time the pleasure of coming to see you, having indeed been anxious to do so since your first coming to Wauseon. Your home was formerly in New Haven, I believe. You must find it a great change and I fear not altogether an agreeable one?"

"It is a great change," returned grandma, with dignity, adding with an evident attempt to make comfortable the well-meaning inhabitant of a despised town, "but they tell

me it is a pretty place in Summer.'

To the courteous inquiry regarding the possible relationship between grandma's second cousin's wife and the Chauncey Bellinghams, the visitor responded that although she was not herself thoroughly informed as to all branches of her husband's family, she felt that nothing was more probable than such a kinship.

To grandma the establishment of even so remote a link with the old world gave a new zest to life, and when Mrs. Bellingham departed with the promise of repeating her visit so soon as the exact relationship should be definitely settled, the old lady sank back into her easy chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"A distinguished woman," she remarked to Rose, who had tripped into the room soon after the guest's departure to hear all about the call, "a very distinguished woman, my dear. I feel sure that she must have spent most of her life in the East," which was indeed true.

For a week grandma never wearied relating details of the cousin Maria in whom she suddenly felt so deep an interest, though there had never been much cordiality of feeling between these widely separated relatives.

"We feared," she said confidentially to Rose, "that when your grandfather's cousin married, his choice had not been wise. She was not a woman of much elegance of manner; her family was a comparatively new one, but Maria herself proved to be an admirable woman." Grandma's posthumous appreciation of her husband's second cousin's wife increased daily and she looked forward to Mrs. Bellingham's second call with great interest.

"It would not of course be *en rigle* for her to call within ten days," she observed to the girls," but I begged her as a special favor to an old lady to lay aside all customary observances, and I think, my dear, that is—

I really *hope* she will call on Friday."

So impressed was grandma with this idea that she asked to have her room re-arranged, and hesitated long between her heliotrope cap and one trimmed with shrimp pink. Rose, seeing how much she inclined to the latter, urged her to wear it, thinking as she tied the strings, that never had the sweet face, flushed with expectancy, looked half so pretty. Then she slipped away, as she told grandma, to put on her afternoon dress.

Left alone, the old lady listened eagerly to every sound and was soon delighted with the ringing of the doorbell. As before, Mary ushered in Mrs. Bellingham, and that lady approached grandma with a most cordial greeting. It soon transpired that she had studied her husband's family history to such good purpose that she was enabled to assure grandma that her surmise was entirely correct. "Mr. Bellingham," said she, "retains a most affectionate memory of his great aunt, whom indeed he had the pleasure of seeing but once, but whose good qualities are well remembered in the family."

It soon occurred to the guest that nothing could interest her husband more than any details of his great aunt's life which Mrs. Rivers might chance to recall. At this, grandma sat up very straight in her chair, and with her sweet face all aglow with eagerness, related many old-time stories. The visitor proved a delightful listener, never speaking except to put in a question when

the narrative flagged.

At last, grandma, with much courtesy, inquired for Mr. Bellingham and hoped that she should soon have the pleasure of seeing him; his wife explained that he would be absent for a long while upon a protracted business trip. The call was a long one, for the old lady begged her guest with so much eagerness to make it so that she had not the heart to refuse, and it was with a flushed and tired face that Mrs. Bellingham at last took her departure.

A few moments after the visitor's departure, just long enough in fact for her to go down the front stairs and the steps into the street and then, turning into a sidepath, retrace her way and run hastily into a little backroom, Rose stood before the mirror looking at herself in a frightened way.

"O, is it wicked?" she cried, "I had to tell her so many stories that I never intended to! what shall I do?" and the tears rolled

slowly down her face.

But, remembering that grandma was waiting, she hastily brushed them away and thrusting Mrs. Bellingham's costume into an old trunk, put on once more her plain dress, and crept back to the old lady's room. There sat grandma looking so sweet and so eager to tell her all about it, that Rose said to herself, "It is all right; it won't be long anyway," as she remembered with a sinking at her heart the doctor's words, that this would be the last Winter they could hope to keep grandma.

"O, my dear," began the old lady, "it is just as I thought, and I was right in feeling as I did the first moment I saw Mrs. Bellingham, that she was of good family. There is something about the members of an old family that stamps them at once to those who appreciate birth and breeding. And her dress, although I could not see it, I could not help knowing was of very fine material. Was it not black brocade satin, dear?"

"You forget, grandma, that I did not see

Mrs. Bellingham," responded Rose faintly.
"Why, surely," said grandma; "the next time you must come into the room. I want her to see my wild rose," she added, lovingly patting the young girl on the cheek. "But her dress, my dear, I know as well as if I had seen it, was of the finest quality of brocaded satin; there is something in the rustle of that which is quite easily to be distinguished by an acute ear; don't you think so, dearie?"

"Yes'm," answered Rose, feebly, remembering the worn and frayed silk up-stairs, which had never in its best days been other

than inferior.

"I am sure the trimmings were specially distinguished," continued grandma. "I caught the tinkle of jet faintly, and I should judge it to have been of that fine quality which does not rattle like the cheaper sorts; her gloves, too, were those of a lady, and you know it is one of my maxims that you can always recognize a gentlewoman by her gloves."

"Yes, grandma," returned Rose with more spirit, for she had donned her best gloves, knowing that the old lady in shaking hands, would instantly detect anything lacking in

shape or quality.

For a time the unusual excitement seemed to do grandma a world of good, she was so bright and cheerful. Mrs. Bellingham called often, occasionally bringing with her some seasonable delicacy, and always maintaining that extreme interest in the East which made it a mere matter of courtesy on grandma's part to gratify her with a few reminiscences.

After a little while, however, grandma began to droop again; her loving children begged her to see a physician, but she insisted there was nothing the matter, and if there were, was it probable that Wauseon contained a doctor who could be relied upon to prescribe with accurate judgment and adequate medical knowledge for a constitution so peculiar as hers? Had not Dr. Gray, of New Haven, often averred that in all his practice he had not found anyone so peculiarly organized as herself?

During Mrs. Bellingham's calls, the conversation sometimes wandered to the state of grandma's health. Of her blindness she never spoke, always choosing to act as if her sight were perfect, and the family tenderly helped to maintain the fiction, but other symptoms she liked to discuss with so sympathetic a listener as Mrs. Bellingham

proved.

One day, when grandma had deplored the absence of the astute Dr. Gray, Mrs. Bellingham ventured to speak of a lady physician of extensive practice.

"I should like to bring her to see you very much, Mrs. Rivers," she added, "not in a professional capacity, but that I want her to know you."

Grandma immediately expressed a desire

to meet the physician.

The next time Mrs. Bellingham called, it chanced that she knocked at the door unannounced, having, as she explained, walked in, the front door being open and no one responding to her ringing, Dr. Field remaining in the parlor. She offered to arrange grand-

ma's cap and seemed to know just where the one with shrimp pink ribbons was kept.

Dr. Field proved to be a very professional looking lady who wore a brown walking suit and carried a small leather bag. She had been educated in the East, and by a happy coincidence had met many of grandma's old friends; she had also a warm attachment to New Haven where she had chanced to visit several times, and her manner was so deferential that the old lady was charmed with

"But, my dear madam," said the doctor, after the exchange of many reminiscences, "perhaps I may be pardoned if I am not always able to look at my friends with unprofessional eyes, and I cannot help seeing that you are far from well this morning.'

Grandma was charmed with the doctor's perspicuity, and admitted that she was not Before the doctor left, she had promised to return on the morrow for a strictly

professional visit.

When she appeared the following morning, she was ushered in by Rose, and then followed a long talk upon "symptoms," after which it was professionally explained to grandma that it was impossible that all the diseases with which she had believed herself afflicted could exist at the same time in the same person. The doctor left a number of remedies to be administered with great regularity, among them some prescriptions sent on by Dr. Gray, of New Haven.

"Why, girls, where were you when Dr. Field called? I don't see why it is, Rose, that you always keep out of the way when

dear Mrs. Bellingham is here."

Poor Rose promised to be more thoughtful another time, and grandma went on to

talk of her new physician.
"Dr. Field is a very well connected young person. I suppose it is quite proper for a lady to study medicine now, but it wasn't thought so in my day. However, I must admit she appears a perfect lady, and there is a calmness about her and a composure that I should like to see my madcap Mary show sometimes," she added affectionately, smiling through eyes that could not see her granddaughter's blushes.

But for all the new doctor's remedies, The last of grandma did not grow better. December had come and she was too feeble to sit up, but the girls made her room bright and cheery with Christmas greens.

She slept much and her mind often wandered back to her home, and her sons were children once more. Sometimes, however, grandma came back to her life as it was, and at one such time she sent a loving message to Mrs. Bellingham.

"Tell her, dear, she will never know how much she did to make my last Winter

"Yes, grandma, I will tell her," answered Mary, for Rose could not speak for the tears that choked her voice.

"And give her this from me," continued grandma, unfastening a little sapphire brooch she loved to wear.

At last, upon Christmas day, the angels of Life and Death crossed upon their earthward way and grandma lifted up her arms with a glad cry which told them of the joy that she saw, and, with the gladness in her eyes, passed away.

Hours after, Mary took the little sapphire pin and fastened it in Rose's dress, repeat-

ing grandma's message.

When Rose came to put away the old silk and faded mantle, she whispered to herself, the tears rolling down her cheeks, "Dear Mrs. Bellingham, you did us so much good, wasn't there something real about you after all?"

Annie Bronson King.

Note.—Will our readers tell us whether the "stratagem" was justifiable or not? Editors of the Home-Maker.



"JEWELS RICH AND RARE."



ITH each season come new effects in "jewels of rich, exquisite form," until one wonders if there will ever be an end to the inventive genius of the designers. Though the fashions in jewelry

have changed little during the past year, there are many new devices. Perhaps this variety of decoration is most remarkable in For instance, a châtelaine watch, watches. a duplicate of which was sent to the Paris Exposition, is remarkable. It is in the shape of a rose-twig, bud and half-blown rose. The twig is of gold, studded with pink diamonds, the leaves are of tiny green diamonds, the bud and flower of pale pink enamel. On peering into the heart of the rose, one finds a small watch set in a rim of diamonds which may symbolize dew. watch is wound by turning this jewelled ring.

Another timepiece, almost as remarkable, is a large beetle. Every portion of the creature is so exact that the most rabid naturalist could not find fault with its anatomy. The body is of gold, the wings of brilliant enamel, the eyes of jewels. On touching a spring, the gorgeous wings rise with a lifelike motion and display under them a watch. A woman must have a great dislike for insects not to covet this superb specimen.

While speaking of enamel watches, it would be well to mention one with a shaded purple case surrounded by diamonds. The face is black with white figures. Another is of French workmanship. The front cover is in delicate colors, and bears the well-known picture of Morning scattering flowers over

the earth. The back cover is in darker tints, and has the equally familiar representation of Evening carrying the sleeping child on her breast.

For people whose grief is so excessive that it craves expression in their chronometers, there are watches of black enamel. One is entirely black, with seven diamonds sunk in the case, and the same number in the black fob-charm. Others are not even lightened by diamonds or pearls. A small black ball contains a watch, and is so odd that a woman in aggressive mourning might get it for the same reason that an old farmer filled his balky mare's mouth with dust—"to give her a new idee!" A so-called bereaved fashion-leader was heard to remark a few days ago—"I do want one of those dear black watches, but as I shall only mourn two months longer it would be an extravagance, for I may not need it again for a good while."

Chatelaines, holding watch, pencil, knife, bonbonnière, tablets, etc., are, if possible, more the rage now than last year, and come in all varieties of silver designs. It is a most convenient fashion, as so many little necessaries may be carried in this manner.

Bracelets have watches set in them. They vary, from the strap of leather containing the silver time-piece, to the band of carved gold.

Fobs are still held to be "the thing" for ladies. Mens' fobs for evening wear are of white watered ribbon for black vests, and of black ribbon for white vests. The price of these largely depends on the buckle, which is of silver, plain gold, or gold studded with diamonds, and ranges from three to fourteen dollars.

A superb present for father or brother is a heavy gold paper-weight containing an eight-day clock and a perpetual calendar price, twenty-five dollars.

There is no change in men's watch-chains, and little in ladies' necklaces except that the workmanship on the latter is daintier and more exquisite than ever. Tiny flowers of pink pearls with white pearl-centres are suspended from a delicate string of gold. White diamond flowers, with sapphire hearts, are mounted in the same way. The flowers are separated from one another by single large pearls. A necklace of moonstones is effective and pretty.

Plain lockets for ladies are especially appropriate as gifts from a man to his fiancée, or from a husband to his wife, as they are made to hold a picture or a piece of hair, and are so very flat that they can be worn on a slender chain day and night They are unornamented, save by the monogram or a design in small diamonds. One of these devices is a "true lovers' knot," another, the word *Mizpah*. The lockets are round, square or heart-shaped, and of various sizes, though for constant wear the small ones are preferred.

Mens' lockets are also à la mode. One, with a decoration of alternate gold and diamond squares, is particularly noticeable. good charm for a smoking man is a dainty gold cigar-cutter, plain or elaborately jewelled.

Bracelets are of gold chains and squares, with or without stones. Others are slender gold circles with a half-hoop of diamonds, white or of different colors, rubies, sapphires, pink and white pearls and moonstones.

Rings are in all conceivable styles. ter diamonds, surrounding a pearl, sapphire, opal or moonstone, are fashionable and beautiful. Some adoring Mammas have baby's first tooth set in this manner, and thus preserve it so that it may be handed down to the children's children. Imagine future generations displaying such a ringwhen the owners will be far beyond the need of jewellers and dentists—and declar-

ing proudly—
"This was my great-great-grandpapa's first tooth!'

For information in this department thanks are due to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:

Will you kindly tell me through your columns where I can purchase the "wool-

fat preparation" mentioned in Article No. 3, of "Care of the Toilet," in the magazine for September?

A Constant Reader.

Answer.

Several letters containing this question have been received. "Lanula Cream," the "wool-fat preparation" may be had from the Home Toilet Co. Box 255, Washington, D. C. Small packages, 50 cts. Large ones, One dollar.

NEW YORK.

Home-Maker Co.

When there is inflammation, and the skin has been broken by rubbing, is there, anything to restore the appearance of the face in that part? Oil, as advised in two numbers back, makes it worse. Please give answer, and oblige

"A Regular Reader."

Answer.

We would advise your asking this question of a physician who can probably supply some lotion that will give relief. Such cases should not be neglected as they are frequently due to poverty of blood, and may lead to serious trouble if they do not receive proper attention.

Will the Fashion Editor of THE HOME-Maker kindly answer the following questions through the columns of the magazine.

1. How should wedding invitations be

answered?

- 2. At an "At Home," should one's cards be placed in a receiver, put in the hall for that purpose, as at a tea?
 3. Should the hostess at a lunch also
- wear hat and gloves to the table?
 - 4. Are cards required at a lunch?
- 5. For what reason are some visiting cards slightly turned down at the upper right hand corner? and is it good form to do so?
- 6. When an unmarried woman calls on a married woman, should she leave a card for the husband, or is it only proper, when the caller is also married to have one of her husband's cards?

An Interested Reader.

Answer.

1.—If you are invited to a church wedding and cannot accept, merely send your card addressed to the person or persons in whose name the invitations were issued. Silence would signify acceptance. Of course, if the wedding is a small one and you are invited by personal letter, reply at once in the same form, acknowledging the conveyed compliment, and accepting or declining the invitation.

2.—The cards should be left in the hall.

3.—Most certainly she should not do so. She is in her own house, and dresses accordingly.

4.—What sort of cards do you mean? Lunch cards with the guests' names inscribed thereon are frequently placed at the various plates, but it is not necessary.

5.—If a card is turned down at the upper right hand corner, it usually signifies that it was left in person. It is better form never to turn down any corner of a visiting card.

6.—As an unmarried woman is not supposed to call on her friend's husband, it would be most strange for her to leave a card for him. When she is married, she leaves her husband's card with her own.

TO THE FASHION EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:—

1.—On receiving cards to a wedding at church or house, at a distance or in your own city, which you are unable to attend, what recognition should be made of them?

If you are invited to the reception also, and unable to go, what is required?

2.—Is there any exception to the rule of serving "ladies before gentlemen" at table, even if the gentleman is a guest and there are many ladies in the family?

"A Lady from Philadelphia."

Answer.

1.—See reply to query No. 1 of An Interested Reader above.

2.—Always serve the guests first—whether ladies or gentlemen.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:—Will you kindly tell me what is proper form in sending acceptances or regrets to a dancing reception and oblige?

Μ.

Answer.

Accept the invitation in the same form and person in which it is sent.

Queries on Fashions, Etiquette, etc., should be addressed to The Fashion Editor of The Home-Maker, 19 West 22nd Street, New York City.



MUSHROOM CULTURE,

Mushrooms are not appreciated or cultivated in this country to the extent they should be, considering the ease with which large quantities may be produced, either in the country or in the city home. They are the one plant which those who live in the city, with scarcely any ground except that covered by their house, have plenty of room to grow, and on every place where a gardener

and horse are kept, should this edible be cultivated.

To raise mushrooms, probably less care is required, with a greater range of conditions, than in raising any other vegetable, notwithstanding the very general idea that their culture is difficult and seldom successful. The expense connected with their culture is simply nominal. Many persons who seldom see

mushrooms now, except as they find them growing in the fields, would be glad to enjoy them at all seasons, if they only knew how

to accomplish this end.

The following places are suitable for growing mushrooms: in the cellar; in horse stables, empty or occupied, or in any unused out-building or shed. As they require a moderately moist air, there is no place better suited to their wants than the cellar. Beds can be made on the floor, or on shelves placed one above the other, or in boxes. In stables, occupied by horses, the shelves should be used with a canvas curtain hung in front of them, and in empty stalls and sheds the beds may be made on the floors.

Stable manure furnishes the nutriment, and forms the soil in which mushrooms are produced, and supplies the heat which enables us to grow them at all seasons. The management of heat and moisture are the important points connected with their culture.

To prepare the beds, select fresh stable manure, and add one-fourth of good rich loam. Mix these well together, press the compound down very firmly in the beds, and allow it to remain about a week. At the end of this time, it should be turned over, and if too hot, a little more loam must be added. Then press down firmly again. It should then remain quiet about ten days, when it is ready for spawning. The manure, before it is mixed with the loam, should not be wet, but every part of it must be moist. If too dry, moisten it slightly with a watering can.

The beds, before spawning, should not exceed 80° in temperature, and 70° is more suitable. This should be, as nearly as possible, the regular temperature, and the temperature of the room should be from 50° to 60°, never less than 50°. Obtain spawn from a reliable seedsman, break the bricks into pieces about the size of walnuts (a bushel being sufficient for 100 square feet), insert the spawn near the surface of the bed and watch it for a few days; the greatest difficulty in growing this esculent is to get the spawn to run regularly. If it is spreading evenly, which is indicated by the appearance of what would be called mold, it is ready for covering, if not, add new spawn where needed, and when satisfied that it is all right, cover the bed with about two inches of loam or garden soil, sufficiently moistened to allow of its being pressed into a very firm sur-If in a cool place, a light covering of straw should be placed on the bed.

Never allow the bed to dry out; when it has the appearance of becoming dry, water gently and thoroughly with water heated to

about 80°.

The beds will remain in bearing a long time, and after they begin to get dry and bear poorly, water with a liquid infusion of cow manure, and heated to 80°, which will start them into bearing again.

In gathering the mushrooms, which should be done often, pull or break them off, so as to leave the decaying stems in the beds.

E. C. Vick.



(In a Fair Country. Illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. Lee and Shepard, Boston: Charles T. Dillingham, New York.)

A collection of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's Essays, illustrated by Miss Jerome could not fall short of attractiveness. But here, publishers and engravers have wrought together to make a volume so beautiful as to challenge the admiration of the most artistic

critic. A holiday season more than usually affluent in gift books offers nothing more exquisite.

The first essay—"April Days," bears Tennyson's line—"Can trouble dwell with April Days?" It is a prose poem instinct with the stirrings of awakening Spring. Read this: "To pick the May-flower is like following in the footsteps of some spendthrift

army which has scattered the contents of its treasure-chest among beds of scented moss. The fingers sink in the soft, moist verdure, and make at each instant some superb discovery unawares; again and again straying carelessly, they clutch some new treasure; and indeed, the plants are linked together in bright necklaces by secret threads beneath the surface * * * * The hands go wandering over the moss as over the keys of a piano, and bring forth odors for melodies."

This is not only unique for dainty deliciousness, but potent to cheat the fancy of him who has gone a-gathering trailing arbutus in April weather, into dreams that leave the thrilling fingers cool, moist and fragrant, as from the clinging touch of the "lovely creatures—" which Nature's true son goes on to tell us—"twine and nestle and lay their glowing faces to the very earth beneath withered leaves."

The accompanying illustration—a vista in piny-woods, below which is cast a life-sized spray of May-flowers, is a fitting vestibule to the gathering of delights which succeeds it. Hepatica; apple-blooms and twittering birds; springing grasses and vesper-melodies, "Miles of silence, still waters and green shores;" blossoming clematis; "a cowslip illumination;" water-lilies in all their glory, every flower bearing a fragrant California in its bosom,"—these are but a few of the stations in the "Procession of the Flowers" which beguiles us onward, until we close the volume with a sigh of mingled delight and regret, upon the still whiteness of the landscape illustrating the noblest essay of them all-"Snow.

(Strange True Tales of Louisiana. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, Boston.)

Mr. Cable has a double claim upon the minds of his readers in these pages, in that the strangeness of historical truth is cunningly interwoven with the excitement of dramatic setting and clever story-telling. A shrewd bit of work is the occasional footnote in which the "translator" cautions the reader against yielding to the probable interpolation of a scribe of later date the belief due to the body of the tale. It is a remarkable book—outraged probabilities, and unities defied are silenced by the solemn word of an honorable man to the truthfulness of every incident so well set forth.

The first story may be best, taken in all its parts, but each is interesting.

(Good Form: Cards.—Their Significance and Proper Uses. By the Author of "Social Etiquette of New York." Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. New York.)

What this publishing house does not know of "Good Form" may well remain unwritten. The common-sensibleness of this Manual is apparent in the latter clause of the opening paragraph:

"An unrefined card, or a misuse of one is a trial to the tempers of most persons with cultivated tastes, even though the bearer pos-

sesses recognized virtues."

Again: "It is a communication in cipher, expressing a pleasure or a sorrow of one's own, or a quick human sympathy with

the griefs or gladness of another.'

Directions, clear, concise, yet full, for the style and use of the pasteboard bits thus poetically dignified, follow. The would-be society man or woman, albeit the newest of the newly-rich, cannot err in the use of the "communications in cipher," if guided by our author.

(The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.—, 1834–1851. With Extracts from the Diary of the Latter. Edited by Christine Terhune Herrick. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. New York.)

These hitherto unpublished Letters and the Diary had, until within a few months, lain for years in a box in the attic of a country house not thirty miles from New York City, so the Introduction states. The episode in the Duke's life is curious, interesting, and, on the whole, intensely amusing. The beautiful fanatic's influence over a man more than treble her age, her pietistic flummery, her unconscionable sermons, her ineffable spiritual vanity which deluded her as to the sublunary foundation of her ambitions anent the venerable peer—are not more amazing than his good-humored indulgence of her rhodomontades and gallantly dignified endurance of the tempers she sets down as holy fires. The correspondence carried on with few breaks, for seventeen years, is made piquant by the aforesaid tempers; the fair votary's persistent penchant for lover's quarrels and makings-up, and her endeavors by means of these, by gifts of pious books and such epistolary fulminations as leave no longer room for marvel at the Duke's Peninsular patience,—to urge the Conqueror of Napoleon into a marriage which would give her the influence over an

Ungodly World she craves as the Highest of Earthly Honors.

When her teasing tactics had worn gallantry and patience down to the native hard wood, her whilom admirer found the severest work of his life in the effort to shake her off. She clung to him like a sanctimoniously-vicious cuttle-fish, returning again and again to the attack, no matter how energetically she had been pushed off, until amusement gives place in our minds to pity. The Duke's final letter—the Waterloo from which his adorer never recovered—is a master-piece of courtesy and sarcasm.

(The Children's Wing, and Talks about a Fine Art. By Elizabeth Glover. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York).

A brace of pretty books, or rather booklets in white-and-gold, full of helpful talk. The thoughts filtered through the lips of Miss Fitts and responded to by her girl-friend are well-worth the consideration of mothers and daughters. The Children's Wing is apropos to the plan of a grand house where certain rooms were set apart under this name. A Fine Art is the gift of making home lovely to the dwellers therein.

(Maggie Bradford's Club. By Joanna H. Matthews. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. New York.)

A sprightly, healthy story of school-girl life, ways and trial, told by one of our best writers for young people. It is the first of a series of sequels to the delightful "Bessie Books."

(The Good Things of "Life." Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. New York.)

That this is the Sixth Series of Good Things offered to an appreciative public is confirmation strong of the felt need of overworked Americans for "clear fun," and their appreciation of the quality supplied by "Life."

May it enjoy a yet longer lease of public favor, and grow better with every year!

(Pens and Types, or Hints and Helps for Those who Write, Print, Read, Teach, or Learn. By Benjamin Drew. Lee and Shepard. Boston.)

Not merely such matters as writing for the press, and proof-reading are treated of in these pages, but the more vital points of punctuation, orthography, capitals and sizes of type. Editors, printers, and the correspondents of business-men should combine to attach a copy to the desk of each of the thousands of writers who are shortening other people's days by transgression of rules everybody thinks he knows so well that he does not take pains to regard them. To author and editor the excellent guide-board is as much a necessity as "Webster's Unabridged."

(Salads and Sauces. By Thomas J. Murrey. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.)

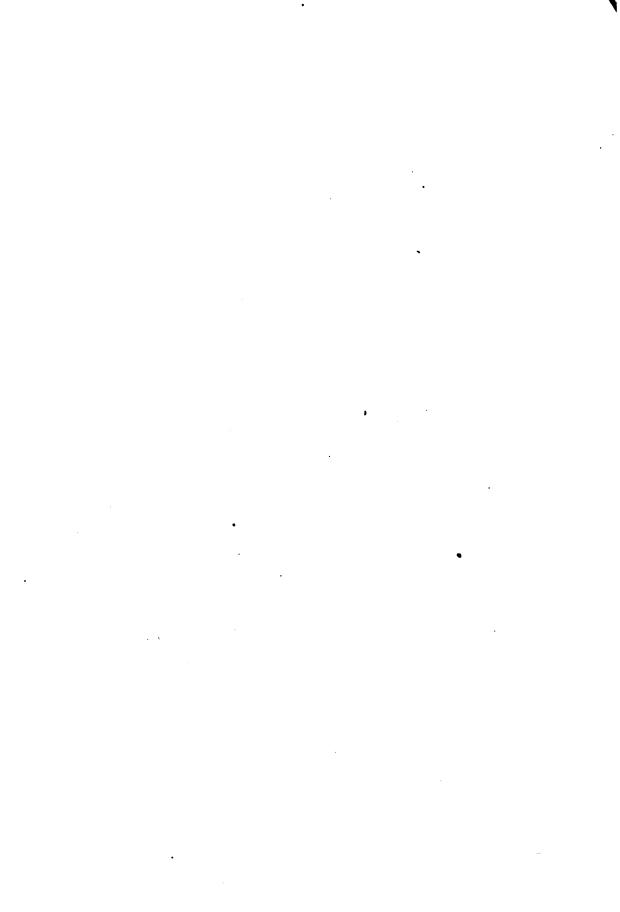
A new edition of a capital treatise upon subjects too little studied in the United States. The recipes are good, the chats that go with them are as sauce to salad.

CATARRH.

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada—Scientific American.





FEBRUARY.

THE HOME-MAKER.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

A DISGRACE A CENTURY OLD.



NE hundred years and five months ago, MARY, the widow of Augustine, and the mother of GEORGE WASHINGTON, died in Fred-

ericksburg, Virginia, at the age of eighty-three.

During a widowhood of forty-six years, she had ably managed the estate left by her husband, and brought up six children to honor their mother and serve their kind in the fear of God. To Spartan simplicity of life and manners, and courage worthy of the Roman matron of the heroic age, she joined the Christian's faith and hope.

"I shall not be long in this world," she said, at her last interview with her son, then President-elect of the young Republic. "I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better."

In that humble trust she died, full of years and honors. Her wasted body was laid reverently in a family burial-place on the outskirts of the town in which she had spent the last fourteen years of her life.

For forty-four years, the grave remained, in the ingenious language of the orator of the occasion of which I shall speak presently, "unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not unhonored." The precise kind and degree of the "honor" rendered the obscure resting-place of the venerable gentlewoman were (ingeniously) left to the imagination of the audience.

On the seventh of May, 1833, an imposing procession marched through the streets of the quiet little town to "the grounds enclosing the remains of the mother of Washington." There were Masonic ceremonies, and prayer and an oration, responded to by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, who, in concluding his address, laid the corner-stone of "a monument to the memory of her who gave birth to the Founder and Preserver of the Union."

Mrs. Sigourney wrote a poem for this august ceremonial, beginning:—

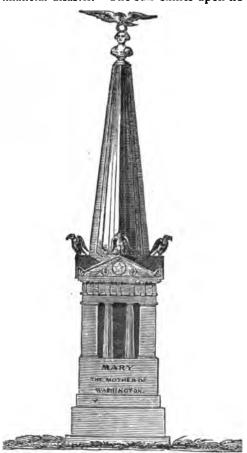
"Long hast thou slept unnoted."
Tardy justice was done—so declared the press, and so believed the nation—to the manes of a great and good woman.

To-day—fifty-seven years subsequent to the date of the pageant recorded upon the yellowing pages from which our cut of the



original plan of the monument is taken—the tourist to the battle-fields of Fredericks-burg strays upon a neglected enclosure, without the gray walls of which is the unfinished memorial sketched for this paper. Cattle graze about the base; it is discolored by time and weather; the relichunter's hammer has been busy with the chiselled edges; the stately shaft that should bear aloft the bust of the sleeper's august son and the national emblem, lies prone and half-buried in the earth.

It is needless to discuss here the reasons why the patriotic or ambitious individual who began to build was not able to finish. According to one tradition, his ardor was quenched by disappointment in love; others assert that his pious design was thwarted by financial disaster. The sun shines upon no



ORIGINAL DESIGN OF MONUMENT.

sadder ruin in the length and breadth of our land; winter snows cannot cloak this disgrace to our nation, the ghastly satire upon the gratitude of republics.

By his own confession, George Washington derived all that was best in him from the mother who was widowed before he was twelve years old. By our consciousness of what America and the world owe to him, we may gauge our debt to her. In anticipation of this appeal, the Home-Maker, in October 1889, published a biographical sketch of Mary, the Mother of Washington, from the able pen of James Power Smith D. D. of Fredericksburg, Virginia. As the direct consequence of that article, associations are forming in various places, (notably in Fredericksburg,) having in view the removal of this blot from our national record.

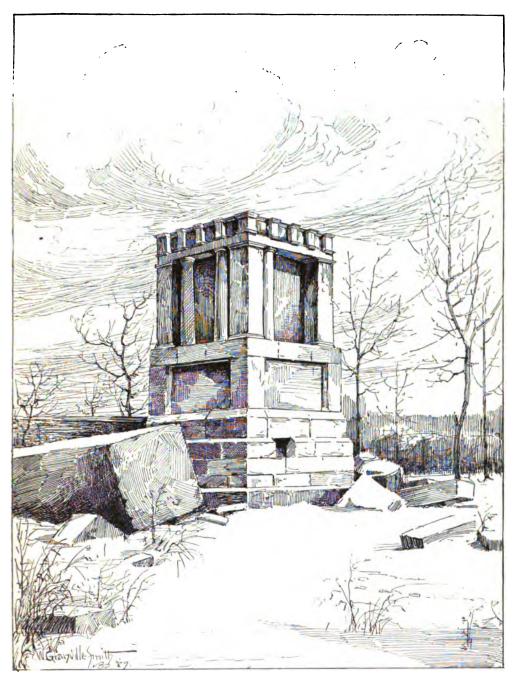
The holy task belongs, of right, to woman's hands. In solemn recognition of the influence exerted by One Mother upon the destiny of the land which holds high the beacon-light of Liberty to all Nations, will not those who are making the Homes, and through them, the future of the United 'States, assume this work earnestly—and Now?

There is, as the Fredericksburg Association suggests, peculiar propriety in issuing this call for action during the present month, starred as it is in the calendar by the birthday of Mary Washington's first-born and greatest son.

It is also meet that THE HOME-MAKER, to which belongs the credit of having called public attention to the long-neglected duty, should act well its part in the noble enterprize. To this end, the following proposition is made:

Books are opened at this office for the registration of contributions in money to the cause above-mentioned. And,—for six months after date, Seventy-Five Cents out of every annual subscription of Two Dollars to The Home-Maker, accompanied by the words, "For Mary Washington Monument," will go directly to the same object.

Let me say here that no one need be dis-



UNFINISHED MONUMENT. (Corner-stone laid by President Andrew Jackson, May 7, 1833.)

couraged by the apparent magnitude of the undertaking. A memorial-stone of some kind will be erected, even should the sum collected fall short of that required to carry out the original design.

To quote Dr. Smith's stirring words: we will "take up the scattered, moss-covered stones that lie around the broken column, and build some modest, yet enduring memorial on the banks of her beloved Rappahannock, to tell of a nation's gratitude and to perpetuate the virtues of MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

I have chosen to address the house-mothers and home-dwellers of America directly, and in my own name, because I would talk to them at short range, face-to-face, and heart-to-heart. If anything could heighten my grateful appreciation, as woman and author, of the loving-kindness I have received from the many thousands who have allowed me to work with and for them, it would be the assurance that my sisters are one in sentiment and spirit, and that they will join hands with me in doing honor to this

Mother and Matron to whom such abundant honor is due.

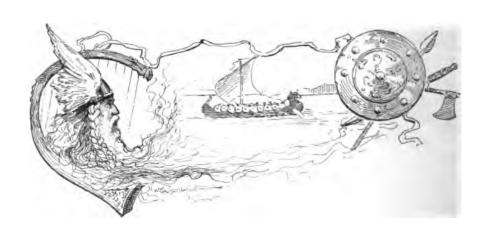
In the persuasion that I do not call upon them in vain, this appeal for prompt and concerted action is sent forth.

MARION HARLAND.

Subscriptions to The Home-Maker from which the specified deduction of Seventy-Five Cents is to be made, must, in every case, be marked "For Mary Washington Monument."

Receipts for the same will be sent to subscribers.

THE HOME-MAKER COMPANY.





AN OLD VALENTINE.



SAY! ain't had valentines. neither on ye? Ain't you had none, Car'line?"

"No, ma'am," said Caroline.

The two young girls stood before their grandmother. Caroline was the

elder, and taller, and prettier. Both of them hung their brown heads and smiled bashfully. They lived in a western town, and had come on a visit to their grandmother; her feeble, imperious pipe, and her old black eyes full of unexpected gleams, impressed them. They stood there side by side, in their neat blue dresses, with nice white frills around their necks, and their brown hair in smooth braids, and answered their grandmother's questions with shy, sweet deference. The old woman, small and frail as a dried grass blade, and waving like one, with her false black front awry, and her black lace cap slipping, so thin in her black dress, that she seemed to be shrinking from sight behind its loose folds, sat there in her calico-covered rocking-chair, with the air of a queen. Now her beauty and strength and youth were gone, she had acquired a certain watchful and childish dignity which she held before her like a shield.

She had asked her grand-daughters how their mother was, and their father, if they went to school, and who were their teachers; then suddenly came the query as to the val-The day before had been St. Val-When the young girls shook entine's Day. their heads bashfully in response, the old woman seemed suddenly to fill out her gown When Caroline, her pretty face crowning her slender height like a pink flower, said "No, ma'am," to the repeated question, the old woman gave a thud on the floor with her cane.

"Ain't never heerd nothin' like it!" said she, "why ain't you had no valentines? You ain't very homely; you ain't so good lookin'

as I was at your age, but you look well enough; Car'line does, anyway. Ain't there no fellers in Ashfield? Why ain't you had no valentines, eh?'

The girls looked at each other; they blushed and hesitated.

"Why ain't you?" repeated their grandmother.

Caroline looked at her sister.

"I guess they don't send valentines quite as much as they used to," she said, timidly.

"I guess they're a little out of fashion," chimed in her sister.

"Out of fashion! no, they ain't out of fashion, neither! They've allers sent valentines as long ago as I can remember. I guess I've hed valentines 'nough in my day to know a leetle somethin' about it. Never heerd of sech a thing where I was brought up as Valentine's Day agoin' by and a girl's not havin' some valentines if she was thought anythin' of. Hand me that psalm-book off the stand there."

It was the younger sister who brought the flat black psalm-book to her grandmother. The old woman fumbled long over the book, she pulled out many papers, and unfolded

them with her trembling fingers.

"I hope there ain't been nobody a-meddlin' with this book," said she. Finally she spread out a paper triumphantly, and the girls pressed close to see. "There, look at that, there's a valentine!" said their grandmother.

The young girls eyed the decorated sheet with its white doves, and pair of lovers in a bower of roses. The margin was a little vellow with age, but it was in very good preservation.

"See the verse under the picter?" said the "I'll say it to ye if ve'll wait old woman. a minute. I used to know it by heart."

She ruminated, then she repeated the

verse in a sing-song quaver:

"I love thee, fairest maid, so well, I can keep Silence never, But always would thy praises swell. And yet, 'tis passing strange to tell, I'd Silence keep forever.

The oak supports the tender vine, Come, love, and be my Valentine,"

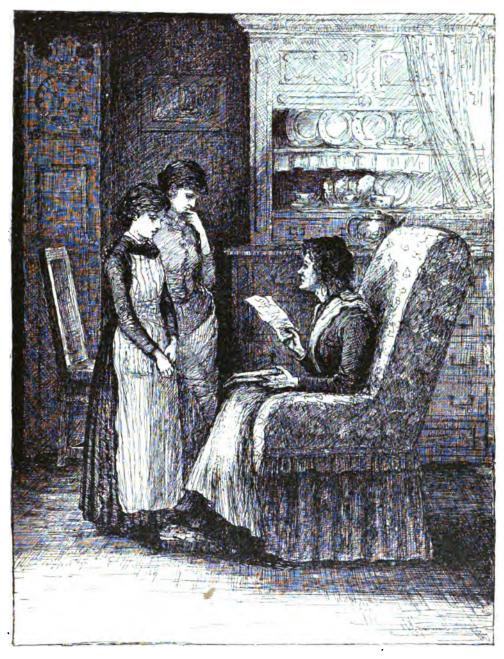
"He writ it himself," said the old woman. "He made it up, he could make real pretty varses. His name was Amos Dawson; he was old Abner Dawson's son; his mother came from York State. Ye don't remember nothin' bout it, I spose. valentine must be nigh seventy year old; why, I guess it's older'n that. Sakes alive, it must be nigher a hundred, for I wan't more'n thirteen, when she got it, and that was twenty year arter it was sent. 'Twas sent to Silence Temple, and that is what't means 'bout keepin' Silence. I don't see how he ever thought on't, fur my part. Amos Dawson was a pretty smart feller. He was old 'nough to be my father, and he's been dead a good many year, but I can remember jest as well how he looked as if 'twas yesterday. He was tall, and thin, and lightcomplected, and had a kind of sober look round his mouth. He kept the store, and I know when mother sent me there on an arrant, I used to try to get waited on by some of the others. I was kind of afeared of him, he was so dreadful solemn, and precise, and he'd measure off a yard of caliker for an apron, as though 'twas widder's weeds, and hand out a stick of candy as though 'twas a stalk of wormwood. I never see such a sober man, but I s'pose he'd had things go again him, 'though I didn't know nothin' 'bout it then. He was real sharp at a bargain, sober as he was, and he got real forehanded, but it didn't seem as if 'twas much account to him. He didn't care a mite 'bout fixin' on himself up, used to go round lookin' like Huldy, and he didn't have a coat of paint put on his house for twenty year. He had a good barn too, it was tore down three year ago, but he didn't take a mite of care on't. His folks was all dead, and I s'pose he didn't have nobody to put him up to it.

"I used to hear my mother talk a sight about the way Amos Dawson was lettin' things run to rack and ruin, but I never heerd Silence open her mouth about it. I used to be over there a good deal too. She was the handsomest cretur, Silence Temple was! She was gettin' considerable along in years, too, but, sakes alive! she was one of them folks that you never thought of bein' old or young. Seemed as if years didn't make no difference to her one way or 'tother. She was as old as mother, but I'd 'nough sight ruther go over to see her than any of the little girls 'hat was my age Land sakes! how I used

to pester mother to let me go over to Silence's with my knittin'-work in the arternoon! She'd be afeared Silence wouldn't want to have me round so much, but she never showed it, if she didn't. Silence would tell me to draw up the leetle rockin' cheer to the fire, and there I'd set side of her and knit, and she'd generally ask me to stay to tea, and we allers had sweet cake, and sass. Silence lived real nice, her father was old Squire Temple, and he left her consider ble property. She lived all alone in that big house; you know where 'tis, on the hill opposite the meetin' house. I dunno who does live there now; your Aunt Jane will tell ye. She used to have an old woman that had allers worked in the family, live with her, but she died a year or two arter her father did, and then she wouldn't have nobody She was a fust-rate housekeeper, I can tell ye, there ain't many like her now-a-I tell Jane sometimes, she'd orter seen how Silence Temple kept house, and I guess she'd do some things a leetle different. There wouldn't be a speck of dust in one of them big rooms, and they was full of the most elegant carved furniture, too, that the squire had had brought him from over seas. It wan't no easy job to keep the dust out of them carved cheers, I can tell ye; but I dont b'lieve anybody could have found a speck there, if they'd hunted with a candle and spectacles.

"Silence had a chany closet full of chany that was her mother's, and I don't b'lieve anybody could ever have left a finger-print in one of them cups or plates, not even if they was settin' on the topmost shelf. Sometimes Silence, she used to take down them cups and saucers, and wash 'em when I was in there, and then I'd pester her to let me wipe 'em. You never see such chany; might have had it set in the winders for glass, it was so thin. I wonder I wan't afeared of breakin' it, but there never was but one cup broke that I knowed of, and then I s'pose Silence broke it herself; she said she did.

"It was one arternoon, when we had the chany out in the kitchen a-washin' on't, and Silence she had just washed one of them blue chany cups and I was a-takin' it to wipe, when I looked out of the winder, and see Amos Dawson a-goin' by. The linin' of his coat was tore, and there was a great long streamer of yaller cloth a-blowin' out behind when he walked. I giggled right out, and sez I, 'Sakes alive! jest look at Mr. Dawson's coat!'



"THERE, LOOK AT THAT; THERE'S A VALENTINE." (See page 207.)

"And all of a sudden, down dropped that blue chany cup, and broke all to smash! I was so scart that I hollered right out, but Silence, she just stooped down and begun pickin' up the pieces of chany.
"'I'm dreadful sorry,' sez I, for I

s'posed I'd broke it, but Silence she just sez, sez she:

"'I broke it myself, don't mind nothin' about it, Cynthy Ann,' and she went on a-pickin up the pieces.

"When she got up, she looked as if she

had been cryin', and I thought it was because the cup was broke. I told her I was dreadful sorry 'bout it, but she stood up straight—I never see her stoop a mite; she was as straight as an Injun'—and sez she:

"'It don't make no odds about the cup. I've got all the cups I want,' but her voice sounded jest as if she was as full of tears as she could hold, and I didn't know what to

make on't.

"We finished washin' the chany, and then we sot down with our knittin' work, and I staid to tea, and we had plum cake, and hot biscuits, but Silence, she was dreadful sober. She wan't no great talker anyhow, but she looked so bright at you, you didn't seem to realize that she wan't talkin'; I've seen her a-sittin in a room-full, and not speakin' a word, and I don't believe but everybody thought she was dreadful sociable. She looked like a pictur anyhow, and there didn't seem to be no need of her talkin'.

"When I got home that night arter the chany cup was broke, I told mother how Amos Dawson had gone by with the rags hangin' from his coat, and she laughed, and

sez she:

"I dunno as you'd better say much about Amos Dawson to Silence, for I s'pose it's her fault that the rags are hangin'."

"'Why?' sez I, I didn't know what she

meant.

"'Silence gave Amos the mitten once.' sez mother; 'least ways they say she did, and he's been terrible cut up about it, and that's what makes him so slack about himself. I guess there wouldn't have been many rags a-hangin' if Silence had had him.'

"'Why wouldn't she have him?' sez I.

"'I guess she felt above him,' sez mother, 'she was Squire Temple's daughter, and he was jest a-tendin' in the store then. I guess she thought he wan't quite good enough for her,' sez mother, 'but she didn't get nobody any better. It don't do for girls to be too

partickler.

"Well, arter mother told me thet, I never see Amos Dawson, but I thought on't, and wanted to say somethin' about it to Silence, but I didn't darse to. Silence was one you couldn't take no liberties with arter all; if you tried it, you'd find all of a sudden that you'd walked up again a stone wall, when you thought you was going to trample down posies. Mother used to say that there was somethin' of old Squire Temple in her. So I never dare say anythin' about Amos Dawson to Silence, but the time come when she said somethin' herself.

"One arternoon I was over to Silence's, and she had to go up to the south chamber arter somethin', and I followed on. The south chamber was a great square room, and it used to be the Squire's; he slept there as long as he lived, and I s'pose he died there.

He wan't sick long.

"Silence was a-huntin' in a chist for somethin' and I was lookin' round the room. I can remember jest as well how that room looked, as if I was in it. There was a great high-posted bedstead with curtains to it, and valances, and they were blue caliker with green and yaller roses on it. There were two chists of drawers, and a great cheer covered with caliker like the bed curtains, and some flag-bottomed cheers, and the fire on the hearth was laid all ready to light, as if the old Squire was jest goin' to walk in. His camlet cloak and his bell hat was hangin' up on a hook side of the chimbly.

"The minute I see that camlet cloak and that hat, I had a kind of a turn, for I could remember jest how the old Squire used to look a-walkin' out in 'em, though I wan't much more'n a baby when he died. I looked round at the other things in the room, but I allers kept a-comin' back to that cloak and hat, and I'd stand there on the hearth a-lookin' at 'em. I dunno what made me so crazy over 'em. Sometimes I've thought 'twas Providence. It made considerable dif-

ference in some folk's lives, anyhow. "I stood there a-starin' at that cloak and hat, and Silence, she went on a-huntin' in the chist; she couldn't find what she wanted to, very easy, and I dunno whatever put it into my head, but I took a notion to peek into the pockets of that cloak. I dunno how I darse to; I knowed well enough I hadn't no business to be meddlin' with the old Squire's cloak, but I give one look at Silence to be sure she wan't lookin', and I put my hand into a pocket. There wan't nothin in it, but I fumbled round till I found another, and then I pulled out somethin' that looked like a letter, and jest then, Silence, she turned round—

"'What's that you've got there, Cynthy Ann?' sez she, and I was so scart and ashamed I couldn't say nothin'; I jest handed her the letter. She took it and opened it, and I peeked round her shoulder, and what do you s'pose 'twas? It was this valentine!

"'I jest caught a glimpse of the picter, but I tell ye I didn't stop to read no varse then, for the fust thing I knew, Silence, she jest dropped right down in a faint. I didn't have no idee what to do, for I'd never seen

nobody in a faint afore. I thought fust I'd run and get mother, then I didn't darse to leave Silence, and I jest stood lookin' at her and shakin', I was so scart.

"Pretty soon she begun to come to a leetle, and she groaned, and I got down and took hold of her hand.

"'Aint there somethin' I can do?' sez I,

'You ain't dead, er ye, Silence?'

"Silence, she could jest grunt out somethin' about the camphire bottle on the table in the west chamber, and I tell ye, I run fer it, and I poured the camphire on her, used up most a hull bottle. I could smell camphire every time I come into the house fer a week arterward.

"It wan't long before Silence come to, and she got up with me helpin' her, and crawled down stairs; I wanted her to lay down on the sofy, but she wouldn't, she sot down in the rockin' cheer, and went to knittin'; white as a ghost she was too, and when she tumbled down, she had hit her forhead on the bedpost, and it was swellin' up as big as a hen's egg. She'd put the valentine in her pocket; I see her slip it in, when she come to.

"Silence sot knittin," but she seemed dreadful sober, and I went home pretty soon. I wanted to make some tea for her, but she wouldn't let me, and she wouldn't let me get mother over, so I went home. I had kind of an idee that she'd jest as soon I would. Before I went, when I was standin with my shawl on, she looked up quiet, and sez she—"

"'Mind you don't tell nobody I fainted away, Cynthy Ann; don't you tell your mother, ner nobody!"

"And I promised I wouldn't, and I didn't nuther. I went home, and I didn't tell mother a word on't.

"Next day, mother sent me down to the store on an arrant, and on the way I jest slipped in to Silence's to see how she was. She was real white livered, and there was a great black and blue place on her forhead, though the swellin' had gone down considerable. She acted sober too; she asked me if I was goin' down to the store, and then she looked so kind of wishful at me that I asked her if she wanted me to get her anythin' at the store, but she said no, and I went along.

"Silence didn't seem like herself arter that for a long while; I'd go in there and she'd act as if she was tryin' to be jest the same but she couldn't. She begun to look real miser'ble too. She got thin as a rail, and she lost her color. Silence used to have real red cheeks. It allers seemed to me it had

somethin' to do with that valentine, but I never said nothin' about it nor she nuther.

"I guess it was nigh six months arter I found that valentine, and she fainted away, that she looked kind of queer at me one day when I was in there, and sez she:

"'Cynthy Ann, I want you to come over here, and stay all night with me to-night, if

your mother's willin'.

"I was so tickled I didn't know what to do; I run home and asked mother, and she said I might stay if Silence wanted me to, and then I come back, and we had supper. Silence had it all ready. It was fall of the year, and it was dark early. Arter supper, Silence and I washed up the tea things, and then we sat down, front of the hearth fire, and she knit, and I read some in a story-book she had. It was a leetle arter nine o'clock, when she looked up, and sez she—

"'Cynthy Ann, are you afraid to go out a leetle ways with me?"

"'No, ma'am, sez I.

"She kept lookin' at me kind of doubtful as if she didn't know jest what to do.

"'I dunno but I'm doin' wrong,' sez she, kind of pitiful, 'because I want you to go with me unbeknownst to your mother, and I don't want you to tell anybody, but there ain't nobody else I can call on, and it seems to me I can't go alone nohow. It's so different from anythin' I've ever done.'

"Silence, she had on a black silk gown with satin dots on it, and she looked kind of prim, but real handsome. She had slim white hands, and she kept foldin' and unfoldin' 'em. She acted kind of narvous. I s'pose it did seem a good deal to her, what she was goin' to do, for she'd been brought up real nice and delicate, and she'd allers walked with one size steps, so to speak.

"Well, we put our shawls on, and we went out; I didn't have no idee where we was goin' to. We kept on goin' and we passed the store; it was shut up, and we went up the hill till we come to Amos Dawson's house. There was a light in the settin' room

winder, and the curtains was up.

"Silence and me jest went up the path to the front door, and then we stopped. I thought she was goin' to knock, or open the door, but she didn't. She jest stood there, and I could hear her kind of pantin' for breath. It was ruther late for 'em, but the katy-dids was tunin' up in a patch of weeds opposite, and there we stood with it jest as still as death, savin' Silence breathin', and them katy-dids.

"All of a sudden Silence she moved to

one side, and got nearer the settin' room winder, and I followed arter her. what did we see but Amos Dawson, a-sittin' there, trying to mend his coat. His face looked terrible pale, and long, and sober, abendin' over the old coat, and he was a jerkin' his elbow way out when he sewed, and he hadn't no thimble and the room looked like Huldy.

"Silence, she jest stood there, and looked a

minute, then she give my arm a grip.

"'Come,' sez she, 'come home.' she jest took a bee-line for home, and me arter her; I didn't know what to make on't.

"Arter that things went on jest the same. She looked wuss, and wuss, and folks begun to say she was in a decline. Sometimes I used to go home and cry arter I'd been there, Silence looked so bad. I guess it was a month or six weeks arter she and me went up to Amos Dawson's that I was goin' to stay all night with her again. She used to keep me quite often along there, and she sent me down to the store with the valentine. I never was so wonder struck in my life, as I was when she took that valentine out of her pocket.

"Sez she: 'Cynthy Ann, do you want to do somethin' for me?' Her voice sounded dreadful sad, and she looked at me with her big, black eyes, as if she was kind of

afeard of me.

"'Yes, I do, sez I, 'I do, Silence! Lor'

sakes! I'd done anything fur her.

"''Well,' sez she, 'I want you to carry this down to the store, and when Mr. Dawson ain't busy, and there ain't nobody near enough to hear what you say, I want you to hand it to him, and I want you to say this to him '—— Then she said it over kind of solemn and tremblin'-- 'Silence wanted me to give this to you, and say she'd jest got it, jest a little while ago. That she didn't ever know you'd sent it to her before.'

"She kind of stopped, and I waited.

""What else?' sez I finally.
"Nothin' else,' sez she, 'I guess that'll do. I never thought I'd do so much as that.

"'What will he do when I've given it to him?' sez I, 'will he tell me somethin' to tell

"She blushed up all over her white 'Mebbe he'll send it back,' sez cheeks.

"Well, I did jest as she told me to. I

went down to the store, I was kind of afeard out alone in the dark too, and I hung around till Amos Dawson wan't waitin' on nobody, and then I went up to him, and I handed him the valentine, and I said just what Silence had told me to.

"Sakes alive! you'd orter seen that man's His jaw kinder dropped, and he turned so white that I thought for a minute he was goin' to die. But he never said a word, he just gave his head kind of a stiff nod at me, and he clapped that valentine into his pocket. It was jest about as much

as men know.

"Well, I waited round a little. I thought mebbe he'd say somethin', but he didn't, and finally I went back to Silence's, and told her She didn't say nothin' neither, about it. but she kinder started back as if she'd been struck. We went to bed pretty soon arterward, and I know she didn't sleep a wink. I didn't know what to make of the hull on't, but I never said a word to mother or nobody about it.

"I guess it was a week arter I went up to the store with the valentine, and Silence and me was settin' alone one evenin' when all of a sudden she spoke up, and sez she-

"Cynthy Ann, how did Mr. Dawson act

when you give him the valentine?'

"I'd told her 'afore, but I said it over again. 'He acted as if he was goin' to drop right down,' sez I.

"'Did he look pale?' sez she.

"'Look pale! sez I, 'he allers looks pale, but I never see no live man look so pale as he did then.'

"'Then you think he felt sad?' sez she,

dreadful wishful.

""He looked as if he felt so bad he didn't

know what to do,' sez I.

"Then all of a sudden, without no warnin, Silence, she jest threw up her hands, and bust out cryin'. 'Oh,' sez she, 'poor Amos, I've got to go, I can't hold back no longer! I can't help if it ain't becomin' and seemly. I've got to go! I dunno as he cares anythin' about me, but I've got to go!'

"I was so scart, I didn't know what to do. I jest burst right out cryin' too, and sez I—'I'll go with you, Silence, I'll go with

vou.

"Silence, she jest kept right on cryin', and talkin'. She acted as if all the gates

was down, sure.

"'Oh, Cynthy Ann,' sez she, 'you don't know nothin' about it! Poor Amos, he used to go with me, a little, and all of a sudden he stopped, and I never knew why, and that valentine was the reason. He sent it, and he thought I got it, and was too proud to say anythin' about it. He was terrible bashful and sensitive. Poor Amos! Oh, I've got to go, Cynthy Ann, I've got to!'

"'I'll go with you, Silence,' sez I.

"And afore I knew what had happened, we had on our shawls, and we was going up the road to Amos Dawson's. Silence, she gripped my hand hard all the way. When we got there, Silence, she went straight ahead to the door, and knocked, she didn't hesitate none that time. We saw the light movin', and then Amos, he come and opened the door. He looked somehow as if somethin' inside of him giv' a great start, but his face didn't move a muscle.

"'Good evenin', sez he, and stood there

with the lamp in his hand.

"He never asked us to come in, but Silence she kind of made a motion to, and he led the way to the settin' room. I never see such a lookin' place in all my born days. I never could see no reason for a man's livin' like the pigs, if he was down-hearted, but I b'lieve Silence, she liked him better for't.

"When we got into the room, Amos he set the lamp on the mantel-shelf, and then we all stood there. Silence, she had her head hung, as if she couldn't say her lesson, but all of a sudden, she held it up, as if she was determined to, whether or no, and there wan't no whip in creation that could scare her, and sez she—'Amos, did you get that valentine?'

" 'Yes!' sez he.

"Well,' sez she, 'it was twenty year comin' to me. I dunno where 'twas all that time. Cynthy Ann found it in father's coat pocket. I dunno whether he forgot it, or what. What I want to know is, Amos—if—'twas to do over, if—you'd send it again?'

"Amos, he jest stood lookin' at her, then all of a sudden he went across the room to his desk, and he jerked it open, and he rummaged till he found that valentine, and

he brought it over to her.

"' 'Here 'tis!' sez he, 'will you take it?'

"And Silence took it.

"I didn't know no better than to stand right there lookin' on, and there was Amos with his arm round Silence, and she was cryin', and he was kissin' her. I didn't see how she could have him, but I didn't know so much then as I did arterward, when I larned that there ain't no reglar weights and measures for things of that kind, and women, however sharp-sighted they air other ways, air mostly men-blind.

"'Why didn't you send back the valen-

tine by Cynthy Ann?' sez Silence.

"'I didn't know that was what you

meant,' sez Amos, and then he give her another kiss and me a-starin'.'

"'That silly varse!' sez Amos, 'I should have thought you'd have laughed at it now, Silence. I was young then. I thought you'd got it, but I met you the day arterward, and you didn't say nothin' about it, and the next time I saw you, you acted kind of stiff.'

"'That was because you hadn't been to see me,' sez Silence. 'I was pretty high-spirited

in them days.'

"'I didn't come because you didn't say nothin' about the valentine, and I was afeard you didn't like it,' sez Amos, 'I was dreadful bashful and sensitive.'

"Then he kissed Silence again. I thought they'd never stop talkin', but finally, Silence, she said she must go, and Amos he went with us.

"Well, of course you know what came arter that. They was married right away, and Silence, she hed the handsomest pearl-colored brocade I ever see in my life, and I stood up with her. I wore a worked muslin. Amos, he went to live with her in the old Squire's house, and he fixed up his house and let it.

"And I never see sech a change in mortal man as there was in Amos Dawson; it was most as big a change as if he'd been turned into an angel. I guess there wan't no more rags a-hangin' from his coat. He kinder acted as if all of a sudden he'd found there was a value in him he hedn't suspected, and it was goin to pay to take care of himself. He allers looked jest as if he had come out of the drawer, he kept his store like waxwork, and he held up his head and walked with a cane, and arter a while he was sent to the legislater, and everybody called him Squire."

The old woman paused; her old face had the radiant enthusiasm of an improvisatore, her black eyes glittered, there were red spots upon her withered cheeks.

The two young girls who had seated themselves upon a sofa near her, looked at her with serious, contemplative eyes.

"What became of them?" asked the

younger sister.

"Why, they're dead, of course," replied the old woman; "what else could have become of 'em, I'd like to know? they were older'n me; I had some of Silence's things when she died, and I found this valentine in a shell-box she had, and I allers kept it."

"It's too bad they're dead," said the

younger sister.

"Too bad they're dead | no it ain't too

bad neither! I guess it would be too bad if they was alive. They'd be over a hundred and most like stun blind and deaf, and cripples. What do ye expect? This is a dyin' world! They was real happy and pleasant together, and then they died, when they'd lived to a good old age, within a year of each other, too, and now I s'pose they're singin' psalms together in the New Jerusalem. I don't see nothin' bad about that. I call it about as good an endin' up as there could be!"

Mary E. Wilkins.



THE SINGER.

We ramble on, the stream and I, Still singing, still companionless, We run to find, beneath the sky, Some arid spot, some life to bless. The brook is dreaming of the sea, But I, fond spirit, dream of thee. The brook's bright waters flow and flow;
And lush and green his track appears;
But it is given me to know,
Some concord of the chiming spheres.
Our lives are tuneful as the birds,
With rippled chant and gentle words.

And if, sometimes, we lurk apart
In secret grot or covert dale,
To bide a space and gather heart,
Anon we're laughing down the vale.
Though rain or tears our forces swell,
We find the sun and all is well.

Danske Dandridge.

"TO THE VICTOR THE SPOILS."

CHAPTER III.



HEN the bewildered eyes slowly opened, John's, intense and brilliant with their longing, hungering expression, gazed back into hers.

Poor John! it was hard, but

he won in this hotly-contested battle with self. Reluctantly lifting her head from his knee, he laid it on the grass, made a cushion of his riding-jacket and said some conventional words to reassure the now conscious and startled woman. As soon as she could, she made an effort to rise and offer an explanation of the situation in which he had found John noted her refined language, her sweet voice and was more and more tumultuous within. She began by blaming herself and saying that he doubtless knew what an exciting madness hunting was, and that this was responsible for her misfortune. Her escort, obliged to ride back to give a forgotten, but absolutely necessary order to some of the ranch men who were to follow, had told her to remain where he had lest her until his return. While waiting, a coyote had stolen out of his lair in the side of a divide, and it was too great a temptation to She gave rein to her horse, thinking to make only a short run: he, excited as herself, sped mile after mile in pursuit. When the animal was shot, ("Ha!" thought John, "I always wanted my wife, if I ever got one, to be a crack shot!") her next thought was to capture him, to take him as a peace-offering—"and besides," she added, with a twinkle of her eyes, "when a woman has heretofore shot her game everywhere save in the head, she is very apt to feel triumphant," and she glanced at the wolf with the bullet in his brain.

She went on to say that at first she had tried to hold the rope in her hand, but finding it burdensome, she attempted to tie the lariat around the pommel of her saddle. Had not the loop tightened around her wrist at a start from her horse, she would have freed herself from her trophy and no trouble would have ensued. The dragging burden was too much for even her experienced hunter: he chafed and fretted, and a determined fight ensued, she being hampered by her imprisoned hand. The wrist, now swelling fast, and crimson with the friction of the lariat, testified to the force with which the animal had pulled.

"What's to hinder me from stooping and kissing that poor little wrist?" said the demon of temptation assailing John. "I never knew a man that could stand seeing a woman suffering and not give in," but the sweet dignity and reserve of the girl quelled him, and he said again to his inward

tempter, "Get thee behind me!"

All this explanation took but an instant, or so it seemed to the beatific John, for he begrudged the flying moments. He had discovered that her handkerchief bore the same letters as the one he had found, and he seemed to find clear proof that Providence had at last sent first, the forerunner of his happiness, and to-day, the beautiful His dream was shattered by her expressed desire to mount, and by her only accepting his escort for a distance. She explained briefly, but evidently desiring that he should receive the explanation as final, and admitting of no more queries, that she lived at a ranch near the river at the mouth of the cañon.

"Whoever knew that the hermit was a reality and that the old codger had a daughter?"

said John to himself.

That she had been there but a few months. "Ah, sly old dog!" soliloquized John, "to live so long as a hermit and then to pose for one after such a beauty of a daughter appears upon the scene?"

That she was so devoted to hunting it was impossible to frighten her about Indians after once she sighted game, and then, some commonplace conversation followed which proved to John that he had learned about

all that she intended him to know.

She was a woman, and could not mistake the admiring but reverential glances that were cast on her, nor could she be entirely indifferent to such courtesy, or forgetful of the fact that he had saved her life, for her horse would inevitably have dragged her when her strength failed, entangled as she was with the lariat. Again, woman-like, she could not shut her eyes to the fact that this knight errant was good to look upon-for physically, John was superb. Long campaigns and vigorous life in the open air had so perfected the figure that Nature had first molded and West Point had polished, that it was a delight to look at him. Even the Doctor's demure wife, with most of the horizon of her life filled up with her husband, had, in the secrecy of her room, said to her liege: "What a good tailor Lieutenant John has!"

"Great Cæsar, madam! Do you attribute that god-like form to the skill of a tailor? The tailor doesn't make the man in John's case, I'd have you to know!" and to make up for this asperity, he immediately walked over to her and kissed her affectionate lips.

The pretty huntress saw all this physical perfection; she saw the well poised head with its silken hair, the clear, sparkling blue eyes, the tawny moustache, and realized that, for individuality of appearance, for knightly bearing, for perfection of form, this young officer was the most splendid specimen of human kind she had ever seen. His face and neck were red and freckled with the summer sun, whereas in novels it would have been a rich brown: his features were strong, but by no means perfect. He was not the beauty of a book, but even in their short interview she saw that he was bonny and boy-like with all his manly courage, and the girl paid inward tribute to him, though she was slow to lift her eyes.

As soon as she could, she dismissed him. He, of course, protested; it looked to him like the veriest madness in her to undertake to find her way, but when they reached the border of the cañon she was resolute, and, assuring him the ravine was all familiar to her from that point on, she offered her hand in parting.

Poor infatuated John! It was cruel to have that moment come, but he inwardly vowed that the ranch which sheltered her would no longer be the isolated spot it had been, if hovering in the vicinity would dispel solitude.

The pretty embarrassed way in which she attempted to thank him, well nigh broke

him down. She said she regretted that circumstances would prevent her from ever being able to thank him on her own threshold, as there was illness in her home, and the doctor had enjoined absolute retirement, but that her own and her husband's hearts would ever cherish the gallant rescuer of that day.

It was impossible for her to turn quickly enough to miss seeing the shadow which settled on poor John's face, and then realizing that it was indeed the first time she had mentioned her husband's name, she could do nothing but reproach herself as she saw the disappointed eyes of the young officer.

Again, poor John! all his sense of honor told him that he had no right to stand still and watch the retreating form of another man's wife, with his heart full of rebellion against fate, his soul rioting in tempestuous wishes that she was his, his eyes revelling in contemplation of the lithe, graceful figure that sat the horse so well.

"But what can a poor fellow do?" he reasoned; "first, raised into a realm of the maddest, most delicious sensations, then, with one fatal word, plunged into an abyss unlighted by a ray of hope!"

Duty has awakened many a man from dangerous reverie, and the remembrance of his men awaiting his orders, and the chagrin of returning again to the post without the prisoners brought the soldierly John down to the commonplace of every-day life.

He renewed his search for some entrance to the canon where his men could descend. and going down part of the way by which he had first come up, he halloed to the soldiers, and was presently found by them. The sergeant, a fearless fellow, the chevrons on whose arm recorded four enlistments, had pushed his way through brambles and stones, over slippery surfaces, wet with the rills from the side-hills, and come upon a clue to the fugitives,—the ashes of a campfire, some torn strips of army blue and part of an overcoat drenched with blood. old soldier was sure that it meant partial disabling from some wound, and ventured to advance an opinion that the capture would soon be made.

He was right. The two murderers were discovered further on, after the Lieutenant's entrance was made, and had it not been for the cunning of the old trooper and the willingness of the young soldier to defer to his wise plans, some lives would have been lost. The spot selected for a hiding-place by the

criminals was well chosen, and when discovered by the sergeant, who had begged to advance on his hands and knees, it seemed impossible to approach them without detection on their part of the movement. One man was prostrate, and the pallid face, sunken eyes and supine form proved that loss of blood had worked great havoc with his vitality. The pantaloon was cut from one leg, and bandages made of the coat were bound around a wound. Evidently there was no more traveling for one of the prisoners, but the other, with pistol in hand, was prepared to die game. The sergeant crawled back slowly and reported all this. After a brief consultation it was decided by the lieutenant and his subordinate that a feint of attack should be made from the dense underbrush in front, while the sergeant seized the armed prisoner from the rear.

As the crackling of the branches, the fall of stones down the ravine and the snapping of twigs went on, all made purposely loud by the advance in order to hide other sounds of approach, the sergeant, with a cat-like jump, leaped on the desperate man and pinioned his arms with a lariat. He writhed and cursed, but it was of no avail; all were avenging the death of their comrade, and they neglected no precaution to secure him. He was disarmed, and eventually told them that, stealing a seven-shooter one day when taking wood into an officer's quarters, before he was chained to his "pal," he had watched a moment when the guard was looking elsewhere, and hidden it as the gang of prisoners passed the abandoned granary from which they had made their escape. The wounded man had fallen the night before, when they were groping their way along the cañon and every step from that point had been the most laborious progress. His leg was broken. A litter of boughs twisted and tied with withes, stripped from the trees, and then fastened to two long saplings, so that the jolting should be less painful, was ordered by Lieutenant John, and four men, placing these poles on their shoulders, made their difficult way to the summit. These four were relieved by the others in turn, and the wounded man was carried all the long distance to the post. In a week, fever set in, and he nearly died from the effects of loss of blood and exposure. After his recovery the two murderers were tried by court martial and sent for life to a military prison.

No one could understand why the blithe and heretofore mirth-inspiring hero of this episode took his honors so quietly, or why he, for the first time in their knowledge, was seen "mooning" and showing a tendency to get off by himself. Poor John found it much easier to tumble headlong into love than to pull oneself up and struggle out of it.

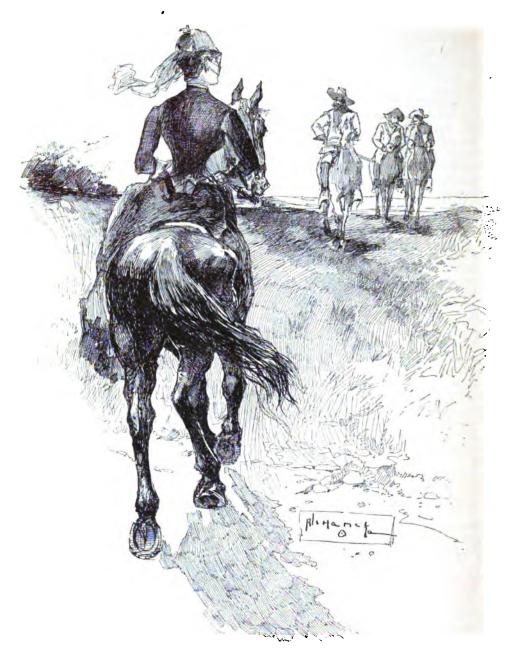
CHAPTER IV.

The fair equestrian, after leaving John, followed for some miles the border of the cañon and finally, to her great relief, beheld three horsemen riding toward her. She had assumed more courage than she really felt, and it was an intense relief to see the approach of friends. Had these figures been out on the open plain she would at once have put them down as Indians, and the very horror of her hopeless situation made her shudder, as she thought of what might have been: but she was plainswoman enough to know that Indians would not ride fearlessly toward her; they would have lurked in the cañon and sprung out on her as she passed.

The leader of the three who drew near, was a man about fifty years of age, bronzed and weather beaten, with snow white hair and iron-gray beard. His fine eyes were brilliant with pleasure, and his face relaxed from the careworn, anxious look it had worn until the figure approaching was near enough to recognize. There was something so resolute, so strong, so self-reliant in the pose of the head and the carriage of the large fine figure of this evidently prematurely gray-haired man, that it seemed no wonder the girl quickened her horse's gait, and, by the eager bending forward of her pliant form, tried unconsciously to urge her steed to greater speed. With a sigh of relief she relaxed into happy inaction as the strong hand of her husband was laid on the pommel of her saddle.

To look into the fearless, honest eyes of Leslie McNair was to inspire confidence. He seemed to be a man set apart to be looked up to by a community, one of those rare souls whose leadership has been acknowledged from boyhood, but who bear the place accorded to them with such modesty, that the poorest might fearlessly seek their counsel.

He had, indeed, occupied for the greater part of his life this enviable place in the hearts of his townspeople, until, one black day when his partner, his dearest friend, his college chum, had come to him heart-broken, crushed in spirit, and acknowledged a crime, the magnitude of which stunned the soul of the usually strong Leslie. The embezzle-



"IT WAS AN INTENSE RELIEF TO SEE THE APPROACH OF FRIENDS."
(See page 377.)

ment was so heavy that it would require all the funds of the firm and most of the large private fortune of Leslie to settle with the creditors, but with the honorable man that weighed little. It was the agony of shame which swept over him when he realized that

the names, hitherto looked up to with confidence, could never be trusted again; that the spotless reputation built up long ago and welded by many years of faithful management of others' money, was now gone forever.

The defaulter had but one excuse, the demands of an ailing, weak-natured wife, who, living at foreign spas on account of invalidism, had made the most extortionate demands on her husband. To their daughter, growing into womanhood, were given the most expensive masters and when they journeyed, it was in such luxury that foreigners shrugged their shoulders significantly and decided their nationality solely from the lavish expenditure.

To spare the good name of his friend, for the sake of the wife and child, Leslie assumed the crime and allowed the blight of dishonor to rest on his own untarnished name. grief and disappointment of the community, the anguish caused his friend by the selfassumed sin, might have moved the really guilty one to confession had not a sort of stupor ensued which ended in imbecility and, after a few months, in death.

In the meantime, Leslie felt that he could bear much, but not the averted faces of those who had given him up as a criminal, and in a short time the town of his birth, the home he loved knew him no more. He wrote to his partner's wife that the firm had failed, assuming the blame, and breaking to her the hopeless invalidism of the father and husband, his incarceration in a private asylum, and, finally, in a letter that soon followed the first, his death. He asked the two women to endeavor to confine their wants to the narrow income which was all that was left of the fortune.

His plans were so carefully made that no one knew of his departure from his home, no one but his lawyer knew where he had gone; and even the latter was not certain of his whereabouts, for the post-office address was several hundred miles down the river. The purser of the steamer, under pressure of well-paid secrecy, brought the mail to the steamer-landing. His law-letters contained an occasional remittance, and were addressed to an assumed name. Leslie had reserved his mother's legacy for himself, and for the wife and daughter of his friend. At that time the ranches were rare, and it was a remunerative business; the cattle, fed on prairie grass that was untrampled, increased steadily, and the buffalo pelts were readily taken by steamers, so that the money began to accumulate in that isolated life. steamers stopped at a dock five miles from where Leslie had built his home. landing he owned a ranch, and, fortunately, found two trusty men, who, under his guidance, managed every detail without betraying any knowledge of the real owner, whom no one ever saw, and in this way the noble martyr to friendship became a hermit.

It is useless to attempt to portray what this solitary life was to such a man, so social by nature, and whose days had been crowded full of duties assumed for the good of The consciousness of having mankind. lived up to what was his idea of right supported him through the seemingly unending winters of his monotonous existence. tunately, he was a student, and books were the solace that they have been in many an isolated life. He had a tool-shop and blacksmith's forge that gave him some employment; while in the summer, the wild, free life of a frontiersman filled up the days so that there were no lagging hours. Several years passed in this way, and the recluse saw no other life before him.

The invalid wife, fretted and disappointed, with a fixed income, her one excitement of spending money taken away, at last whined herself out of the world, and the daughter, longing to learn how to be independent, became a governess.

From one country to another the brave girl traveled, never very long with the tourists who only engaged her temporarily, and thus in the migratory life, making few friends.

She longed to know some real home-life, to be one in a family, entering into all its interests, one in a community, identifying herself with its amusements, its charities, its occupations.

At last, in response to a letter in which she had expressed such desires, an aunt in America opened her heart to the orphan girl, and she found her hopes realized, for she was a member of a small household, a unit, at least, in a little community.

Such a girl, subjected to the deprivations of what she most valued, knew how to appreciate it when she found herself blessed

with a home.

The simplicity of village life became joyous to her. She entered into its every interest; she brightened every day of the delicate old lady who had opened the door to her.

She was essentially a woman calculated to care for others, and finding no higher pleasure. She began when a child to care for her ailing mother, and many an invalid and homesick tourist—a castaway as it were, in the great, cold foreign hotel—had blessed her for what she did. The maternal side was the strongest in her character. Life abroad at the health resorts, and her floating existence as a governess, had given her a very extensive knowledge of people. This wisdom regarding men and life, induced her, after she had been some time established with her aunt, to make many inquiries regarding her father.

The questions touching the failure were made with such astuteness that her aunt was aroused to think of the affair in a different light. The two women began to fear that the imbecile father might have carried to his grave secrets that the world should

have knowń.

When the aunt found at what enormous expenditure they had lived abroad, she shook her head and reflected that though the firm made money for a town of the size in which they lived, no family had ever spent the half of the income that was sent abroad.

Meanwhile, Ada, for this was the name her sponsor Leslie had given her for his mother, had written regularly to her guardian, sending and receiving her replies through the faithful lawyer. Her benefactor's character spoke in every line of his rare letters, and the conviction that he was more sinned against than sinning gained ground in her mind. The aunt, nearing the better land, believed that she could entrust the happiness of her niece to no better hands than Leslie's, even bearing as he did a tarnished name. Sometimes those soon to leave us have clearer vision than eyes that are full of this world's affairs.

A note sealed and sent in Ada's next letter made no comment, caused but momentary surprise. In this the thoughtful woman described their united life, and asked Leslie if he could be induced to come on and enjoy the retired home in which they lived.

Leslie could not resist; the girl had wound herself about his heart, for in her frank letters her true self shone out. reasoned that he might see her and the outside world once more, even if his solitary days were to go on forever. As he walked to the piazza where they sat one summer's night, Ada understood that her aunt's note had been a summons, but she believed that it was to give them both an opportunity to express to Leslie their belief that he was an innocent man, and that, whether guilty or not, a lifetime of penance was not necessary for an unexplained wrong. Leslie was unknown in the town, and could therefore return to a momentary experience of the old life among people, without the conscious eyes of any one renewing his past suffering.

Who would ever be able to describe fitly the hours that followed, unless, having lived as a recluse, a heaven of home-life was opened to him suddenly! The saddened man loved woman's companionship, and as these two moved about the house in their daily occupations, his eyes glorified the simplest deed. He listened with surprise as they discussed with him all the topics of the day, and they, in turn, heard with wonder, his remarkable mastery of all that was going on over the world. A deep reader in an isolated life is far more impressed with what he peruses than one subject to outside distractions.

Hour by hour, the conviction of Leslie's innocence grew upon Ada, but it was impossible to induce him to discuss the subject of the failure. He parried every approach of the two women, evaded each question in so subtle a way that they had to abandon the subject. He could not entirely hide from them his longing for a career among his kind, but seemed to have no idea that there was any other future than his present life before him. With the nature of the girl, self-sacrificing, unselfish, loving best those who surely needed her, it was not even to modest Leslie's eyes a long hidden fact that the light and warmth of the expressive eyes was for him. The temptation to take advantage of this dawning love assailed him as did never tempter before. He put it away from him at first, then began to hesitate. He reasoned, that though she entered, heart and soul, into every interest of the little village, she was really without congenial friends except her aunt, and yet she was the quintessence of contentment.

The man who had all the courage to blot, his escutcheon with another's crime, had not the strength to resist love. He told it to the girl, and when she threw herself on his breast and assured him that when other men had wooed her, they had never elicited a responsive thrill, because they did not really need her, he allowed himself to yield to the fervor of this loyal nature, the supreme object of whose being was self-sacrifice.

A long, bitter winter inside a western stockade had only intensified Ada's belief that she had been given into the hands of a prince among men. If Leslie referred to the sacrifice she had made in assuming his blemished name, his mouth was silenced with kisses, and the truest eyes looked into his with unmistakable assurances of fidelity and more even than that—of genuine happiness.

Elizabeth Bacon Custer.

IN WONDERLAND, No. 8.

NATURE'S WILD GARDENS.



N Southern California are many wild gardens, leagues in extent, cropped solely and magnificently every year by nature. Over their foothills cattle and sheep are fold-

ed; Digger Indians and a few other tribes dwell in bush huts in their valleys and along cliffs above arroyas, where open thatches of straw are hung, or skin tepees—often only two enclosed sides and a roof, for houses are hardly a necessity in this admirable clime. Here are yet veritable "happy hunting-grounds." And although the original occupants of the land have mostly drifted away, and their races dwindled to mere remnants of former glory, enough remain to give a tone of singular picturesqueness to such portions as they continue to inhabit.

There is one little old adobe village almost within arrow-shot of San Diego bay, peopled by Indians and Mexicans, and lying within the lap of a pass that forms an important link between the upper California and the Lower. It is surrounded by acres teeming with every wealth of spontaneous seed, fruit and berry; all of which we-had we but kept our aboriginal taste-would doubtless enjoy richly. I have spent hours within its borders. And while I cannot speak a word of native dialect, I am highly favored. Through two little interpreters—a Yankee maiden of tender years who chatters Spanish much more volubly than her mother tongue, and a small señorita just verging into her eighth summer-I glean information both novel and entertaining. My Yankee maiden's parents dwell in the modern white house in the eucalyptus grove. The Mexican señorita lives up on the hill, in a hut of thatch with a raw-hide door. When it rains they hang stretched skins between the thatch and the clouds; and when it shines they sit in the sun and do nothing all day long. The señorita's name is Liveda-Liveda Sierra. I ask her to repeat it fully, and her eyes brighten. "Livedalight," she says, expressively, watching to

witness my appreciation; "Siérra—mountains: light in the mountains!" And a light in the mountains she has proved in my wanderings.

There are two almost-connected villages at the entrance to this garden of delights. One is the old, and belongs to Mexico; the other is the new, and belongs to the United Both are cradled in the valley, sheltered by the hills, bent over by sunny skies; and both might reasonably look forward to a future. But while one is a picture of thrift and achievement, the other is wrapped in that lazy, hazy, somnolent air that has characterized this little border town for years. And yet how enviable seems the sweet content that a squatter on Mexico's soil exhibits! He sits on a slab, with a roof of thatch overhead, and watches the sun come up and feels the pleasant winds blow; and he cares not whether the days be long, or the winds blow east or west. He has his roof, his children, and his dog; his horse can haul him away if he needs a change; he has only to plant some poles and thatch them with tules and boughs to have a home: and as for food-

"Perdoneme!" the astonished squatter says, when I hint his need for more. "But what does a man require better than tortillas, and a dish of black frijoles, and some hot chilis or a few pickled tunas, with a good cup of strong mescal to wash all down?"

What, to be sure?

All along the arroyo, below the Indians' cliffs, are rolling ridges of wild oats, waving in every breeze. Stretches of vast extent are luxuriant with waist-high grasses—alfilerilla, bunch-grass and bur-clover; never tended, yet yielding yearly hundreds of tons of most nutritious hay.

Here the beautiful Spanish bayonet—yucca baccata, "Our Lord's candlestick" the old padres called it—is found abundantly. No one who has not seen this curious vegetable in its native gardens can conceive the stately elegance of its lance-like leaves, each pointed and sharp as a dagger's blade, its central giant column standing frequently to a height of fifteen feet. Its crest of bloom shows white and regal above the barrenest lands, and can be seen for miles. Every second year its fruit sets.



REBECCA.

A Jewish maid who came at even-tide, Bringing her pitcher with her to the well, With no foreboding in her heart to tell How one was waiting there to be her guide To a strange country, to a life untried; Where far from home and kindred, she

where far from home and kindre would dwell,

Leaving all gladly, wrapped as in a spell, To follow him, and, where he lived, abide! Ah, so while walking some familiar way, Bearing the burdens that with all, are rife, There comes to each a strange, grand,

solemn day,
That finds Love waiting by the well of Life;
Love, a strong, bearded man, no winged

fay,
Who takes our fate and moulds it; vain
were strife!

Bessie Chandler.

GLIMPSES.

Of you, dear, when I miss you most, Such vivid memories come and go, That I a painter's power could boast, If I a painter's skill could show!

I see you seated on the fence— Once more I learn what mischief means From lips compressed, from looks intense That mark the madcap in her teens.

Your sailor hat with ribbons blue
Is now a hindrance, now a toy.—
What wonder that I christened you,
In our school-days, my sailor boy!

I see you from your window lean,—
Like that which doth our lives divide,
That vine can only come between,
Your face, your form it cannot hide.

I see you—ah! that sunset hour
For me will never change nor fade,
When half in weakness, half in power,
For one more glimpse, to heaven,
prayed.

It came. The intolerable load
By months of separation caused,
Grew light as you came up the road,
And in the rustic gateway paused.

The crowd, if not by magic cleft, Fell back or went another way. The river, in the distance left, Was glorious with departing day.

The next I knew, as melts the dew,
The snowflake or the distant chime,
My rara avis had slipped through
My fingers, for the twentieth time.

Since then a hundred scars have healed; And yet, dear, when I miss you most, As on that day and in that field, I see you standing—or your ghost.

And when from memory's shining store, Your last year's freak I fail to fetch— The thing you said or looked or wore— I see you in a fancy sketch.

With cheeks aglow your hills you greet,
Those hills that I have never trod!
And those ravines that know your feet
What time they teem with golden rod.

And I could make the canvas glow, If I a painter's skill could boast, Such hints, such flashes come and go Of you, dear, when I miss you most.

Lucy C. Bull.

This is known both as the "wild date" and "wild banana;" and is much in form like the latter, and not unlike it in taste. It is somewhat thicker through; shades from green to yellow; is pulpy and soft, and filled with seeds which are large and black. Indians roast the young blossom-buds when they are swelled for bursting, and are very fond of them. Fruit is roasted, also; and each year a store is dried and put away for use medicinally, it being very powerful. The leaves at the base of the plant are stripped and their blades fitted into handles for brushes, which the bee-keepers use in brushing bees from the comb.

Still later on, for hundreds of miles southward, the yucca stalks are felled, after the season of fruiting, and serve as almost the

only fuel for a vast territory.

71.4

Opening out from this garden, but a short distance up a rugged cañon, is one of the favorite trails by which Mexicans and Indians pass to dig the manzanita. A broncho-load of the wood was being drawn down out of the hills on one occasion as I crossed the Its pretty red roots stuck up in grotesque forms; and the grain of some of the knots was so exquisite that I felt a strong desire to contract for the entire load—in order to secure a single gnarl to saw and polish as an ornament. The manzanita, growing, is one of the most beautiful wild Entire knolls are covered with it It is evergreen; usually not over twelve feet in height, but very broad and Its boughs are claret color; its leaves small and light, the most effective contrast to the rich red limbs. When it blossoms, in January or directly after, its flowers set in pink-and-white clusters; succeeded by delicious—so Mexican Pedrocito says-round scarlet berries: sweetish-acid, apple-tasting, good to eat raw, cooked, dried or ground, and when bruised and mixed with water, they form a pleasant and exceedingly cooling beverage.

Further back in the garden's hights, yet neighbor to the manzanita, is the mountain mesquite. I persuaded Pedrocito's mother to enlighten me as to mesquite cakes one day. They are very large, very thick, very solid; and in the centre of each a hole is pierced, a string is passed through, and the entire stock is suspended in the living-room from a pole overhead. When any member of the family starts upon a journey, he provisions himself with mesquite cakes with, perhaps, popped lily seeds and panoche; and if he can

camp at night beside a running stream or a mountain spring, he fares sumptuously.

The mesquite is a common tree of the desert. It loves the scorching heats and arid lands: and its great buff pods, seven to nine inches in length, are stored with seeds. Horses, mules, Indians and Mexicans vie in consuming them; while even those of daintier taste are fond of chewing them,



SPANISH BAYONET.

green, finding them allay thirst to a surprising degree. The harvest ripens at frequent intervals; and each tree produces many bushels. Squaws and Mexican women gather the crop in bags, which they lug long distances.

When plucked green, the pods are pounded in a mortar: a portion of flour is put away for mushes and bread; and another portion is moulded into the weighty journey-cakes, which are either smoke-dried or cured in the sun. If ripened on the tree, mesquite pods become pale and rattle, and are then lugged down and stored in great baskets, cunningly woven of twigs, which are afterward coated thickly with grass cut and plastered over in a thoroughly rain-proof manner. They will keep thus for months.

Mesquite gum is also prized by Indians—as it exudes—serving two uses: as rich and pungent flavoring for soups and stews, and as an incomparable hair-dye, maintaining their locks sleek, black and glossy, when

copiously smeared with it.

There is no product of the wild garden so deliciously esteemed by those who occupy it, as a variety of Spanish tuna, known to California commonly as prickly pear, or cactusapple. I have dwelt on the edge of a patch of natural cactus land, where, every season, squaws flock in great numbers armed with rope-sacks and huge wooden beating-knives, to beat off the spines and bear away the They eat it raw; they roast, pickle and preserve it: and they will travel miles to get at the crop. Indeed, an Indian cares for little else as long as the cactus-harvest There are many species of cacti growing prolifically in the southern end of the State; but the prickly-pear boasts the greatest glory of bloom. Its fat poù. stuck into each other, fairly bristle with spines; while from notches all along the lumpy leaves, gorgeous flowers issue—like wide pale hollyhocks, or brilliant, beautiful gold roses, bursting from buds of blood-edged saffron. Frequently as many as forty ornament a single leaf. I often scour away the spines and secure these great swollen buds —the expanded flowers are more difficult to gather-placing them in saucers of water where they unfold to royal dimensions, lasting for days.

The "apple" that succeeds the flower is green, egg-shaped, and with a flat and sickish taste to those not native to a cactus shore. The Mexicans roast the leaves, as well, in pits, in hot ashes; when the downy spines fall off, the outer skin cleaves away, and the

slimy sweet inside is devoured as a prime relish.

One of the most interesting housekeeping processes, in a Mexican family, is the preparation of this wild tuna crop for use: and this a thoughtful señora invited me to witness. The entire household—Manuelito, Carmelito, Velancio, Mariano, Concepcion, Dolores, Trinidad, and even the littlest tot of all, Marie de los Angeles (Mary of the Angels), were busy as bees about the kitchen. Manuelito had gathered the fruit, Carmelito was washing it in a big tub, Velancio clipped off the ends dexterously with a sharp knife, Mariano slit the apples open on a board, Concepcion laid the pulp bare and tossed away the rind, Dolores poured it all in a bright clay pot and seasoned it, while Trinidad did the stirring over the fire. Mary of the Angels only sampled the mess when done.

Sometimes, so says this señora, the pulp, when taken out from its green case, is sheathed in the soft inside husks of corn; the ends twisted about nicely; and the contents are dried thick in a rawhide oven, or in the sun. Another way is to put the fruit, fresh, into earthen pots, tied down securely. It will keep indefinitely. Tuna preserve is stored in large-mouthed jars, which are then plastered over their entire surface with This pottery being very porous, all air is thus excluded and evaporation prevented; and the preserve will not ferment Sirups, sweetened with panoche, are likewise extracted from cactus fruit; and a very intoxicating tiswein concocted.

In all the limits of the old village there is scarcely a potato-patch visible; hardly a melon-garden or a pumpkin-vine: the only sign of industry in any direction is down on the river bottom where a few Indian huts are cet in the midst of corn-fields. Yet these peor e must all be fed. Where does their supply come from? I stopped at the front of a rude little "Restaurant Mexicano," where some fine water-melons were dis-

played.
"Did you grow them?" I asked.

The Mexicano laughed, and shook his head. And then it came out that he had lived there long, long years: but he had never made a garden. Oh, no; no Mexican had ever made a garden. "Why should he?" with a sweep of his hand around. It was "all garden!" Oh, happy climate!

I found my two little guides so entertaining and my adventures so amusing, that one day, with them, I pressed further into the heart of nature's domain, gathering children and dogs as we went. At the home of an old Mexican family of life-long residence in this idle land we picked up quite an army of youthful bronze folks to swell our ranks. Here the good *madre* welcomed me in the most hospitable fashion to her bough thatch, the padre pushed forward a bench of narrow bark with a cross-leg underpinning, the only form of semblance to a seat the domicile afforded; then planting himself upon a similar bench he remained perfectly immovable and speechless, gazing off mountainward upon the dreamy summer landscape wrapped in its blue haze. I did not wonder he enjoyed it. There was the most perfect picture from under that roof of boughs.

The winding valley swept away for miles. walled in by purple hills and distant peaks; its dry curving river-bed of glistening sand made a pretty dazzle in the sun; great lines of dark cottonwoods and sycamores stretched between the hills like rich embroidery upon a tawny land; upswelling ridges were crossed and seamed by strings of yellow paths where goats and Indians made their trails; and near at hand were grazing bands of sheep, and many cattle browsing along the bottoms. More picturesque than all, a line of Indian barley-straw huts showed, laced with poles, with bough corrals and tule stables and buff beehive-stacks of grain adjoining, on the sheer verge of a cliff opposite. Little zigzag paths led up to them, and, resolved to push my explorations further, I gathered my band of small interpreters, and with at least twenty dogs as escort, we trooped

How those children chattered as they went, in the most unintelligible but musical jargon!

We stopped at every adobe or house of thatch en route. We entered wherever invited. We interviewed the herders on their bronchos; we talked pity to a wild eagle chained to a fig tree; and our sympathies were much enlisted by a splendid tan coyote, maimed in a trap and having his hospital under a pepper's shade, where it was hoped his presence might lure other chicken-loving thieves of his race to his hiding-place and to We saw a limping gametheir destruction. cock in nearly every yard; and once we found a pet lamb in a kitchen, taking dinner with the baby from off the same platterand the lamb was much the cleaner of the We went into corrals and viewed the burros, which are common as bicycles are in the east: and we passed one enclosure,

evidently for cattle, and counted eight Mexicans and three times as many dogs corraled there in the sunshine, the men lounging, each on his back, under a sparse thicket of elderberry-wood, smoking cigarettes and chattering vivaciously—with not a care on earth, apparently. And there are three hundred and some odd sunny days out of every three hundred and sixty-five, in this balmy climate, in which they undoubtedly repeat this very performance.

On the bottom-land we stopped to gather many wild flowers; and herbs, which each

have uses, if we but knew them.

"There is an herb for every bite, or sting, or sickness," an old squaw said, when she saw what I carried. "And no medicine-plant puts forth until the season comes round for it to be needed." Then she singled out the rattlesnake weed (yerba de la vibora), with its masses of fine feathery white flowers, creeping low to the earth: a "sure cure" for rattlesnakes' bite.

With this antidote at hand, you can go out and be bitten as frequently as you choose -so one would infer, hearing my squaw talk—and no evil results will follow. mediately when you are bitten you must begin to chew the weed, and you must not stop chewing. A tea must be brewed, and you must drink that piping hot. Then the fresh weed must be bruised, and the bitten spot rubbed freely and long with its balsam-Use all of the weed at hand, like juice. and never fear using too much; more will grow as long as rattlesnakes last. And in due time there will be no pain, no swelling, no inflammation; but your flesh will be black as ink, and will remain so for days.

Then there is yerba mansa, (good herb), a medicine-flower of considerable beauty, from these miles and miles of almost nothing but flowers. This has pure white petals splashed with vivid scarlet, and a very Half-and-half with mescal, it herby smell. makes a most valuable tea. And there is a delicate passover-tea, brewed also from flowers, which has a delicious odor like fine per-Wild rose-leaves are carefully fumery. If you have stomach-burn, a treasured. mild, warm decoction of rose-leaf tea will bring instant relief.

"And when your head beats, aches, swims," says the learned squaw, "don't forget to bind it with fresh leaves, or sheaves of the young grass. You will dream, dream, dream; and, by and by when you awake, the

ache and the beat will all be gone, and you will feel strong—strong and cool!"

I have met with rebuff but once, in all my wandering. One Indian hut particularly interested me, viewing it from a distance. It stood lonely and remote on the edge of a cliff overhanging a deep cañon; only a steep stony trail leading almost perpendicularly up the sheer side, and nearly lost at times in As we approached it, a squaw came out, barefooted, her papoose at her back, her hair streaming wildly, and watched us. But she would not speak. In vain my little guides chattered and pulled at her sleeve. She was immovable. I pointed to a hammock of woven grass hung under a thatch, and tried to ask about the baby's bed. She would not heed. A ferocious-looking dog came at full tilt from a corral and snapped at my skirts and caught them in his She stooped, and with one push, teeth. sent him over the edge of the abyss. she loosed her tongue, and she and the children talked excitedly. It was explained to me with some difficulty afterward, by my small leaders, that she was afraid of my er-I would take their names, she said: and then I would write them all down in a book and go away and tattle about it. Oh,

she knew how it would be; and I could not look into her house—no, no!

Well, no doubt it is true that this great many-leagued valley, so long left untilled, might develop into some of the finest orchard land in the world; that it is a pity such broad acres should lie idle where magnificent crops might even now be matured. It is no doubt true that they are deserving of censure who plant nothing, cultivate nothing, where nearly every fruit and vegetable known to temperate and tropical zones would flourish richly. And yet, in one spot, bowling homeward, I came upon a new smart, redwood house enclosed by a white picket fence. The grounds were a marvel: grapes and figs were ripening, and scented the air; thrifty tame herbs, lush and orderly, lifted in rows; but I turned from it all for one more glimpse of those huts of wattled cane with their overhanging thatch of boughs, and that Indian cabin standing lonely and remote on the sheer cliff's edge, in that fascinating garden so long run wild, that Iwith the red race-love.

Estelle Thomson.

NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.

FERN GHOSTS.

Under the brow of Monadnock
These ferns came up in the spring,
Curled like the crook of a shepherd,
Daintily blossoming.

Pale, now, and faded and ghost-like
They come with a dream of the past,
Telling of summer pleasures
And a love too sweet to last.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

A SPRAY OF YELLOW JESSAMINE.



T was while driving with the Tourist across the pine barren that lies between the St. John's river and the coast, that the Nameless Young Lady received a happy thought. She had long

been seeking some novel amusement. Three seasons had she spent at St. Augustine, and its many attractions had become more familiar than thrice-told-tales.

All the charming excursions that so captivated the Tourist were to her as monotonous as the pines and palmettoes. The North beach was now nothing but a broad stretch of white sand; the old light-house simply a prosaic pile of granite. Vanished were her emotions in recollecting that the breakers that undermined its foundations had last rolled on some solitary beach in far-away Africa. Vanished, too, were all memories of Spaniards and Huguenots.

The sail down the Matangas in a steam launch was now simply hot and grimy, in a sail-boat slow and vexatiously uncertain. Neither did "guard mount," "dress parade," nor the firing of the sunset gun and the answering flash from the light, possess for her any attractions. She was on such terms of intimacy at the garrison that even the glamour that invariably invests a uniform in a young woman's eyes had become somewhat dissipated.

During her sojourn she had seen tennis supersede croquet on the parade-ground and had seen that, too, lose its novelty. Only one thing in connection with the garrison retained its charm for this blasé young creature, but a starlight saunter on the sea wall was a pleasure not often permitted by a judicious mother. So this maiden all forlorn sighed for new worlds, or new pleasures, to conquer.

And all this happened before the date when resident and tourist alike were gone mad in efforts to restore—or graft—"a purely Moor-r-r-rish style wom the native architecture; a craze that still exists and is still all-absorbing.

"I have longed for a bit of this jessamine for an eternity," sighed the Tourist, burying her face in a handful of fragrant gold. "I have even seen it in dreams; but now that I actually behold the flower it is not exactly what I imagined. If I remember rightly one watercolor and the only sketch of it that I have ever seen, the bells were longer and the lobes more regular and the color—"

"I have pulled jessamine for years and years," interrupted the Nameless Young Lady, gathering up the reins and preparing to drive onward; "and I have never yet found two flowers alike. There is as much variety and individuality among the blossoms as among human faces. It is a witch among plants."

"I thought I knew all one could know about the flower without actually seeing it." continued the Tourist, gloating over the wealth of bloom and persume that filled the front of the phaeton, "but I never before dreamed of such beauty and grace. What a tantalizing flower to paint! I feel it dare me to try! Did you ever see a picture of it that was a persect reproduction?"

"There! I have it!" exclaimed the Nameless Young Lady, vigorously jerking the lines and slapping the pony's back with them.
"Have what?" asked her puzzled com-

"Have what?" asked her puzzled companion, looking over the swaying palmettos and up into the pine-tops in vain search of some cause for the exclamation.

"An idea! Just you go to work and paint those innocent yellow bells. We'll have an art-exhibition and the subject of every picture shall be 'yellow jessamine.' Artists are as thick here as sandflies, and any dabbler thinks he or she can do such a simple flower.

"Now I'm going to ask every one I know, or hear of, who handles a brush, to send me a sketch and we'll exhibit them all together and have something new to think about; something beside tennis and dress-parade."

The Tourist had by no means exhausted the attractions of these despised amusements, but with rapid thought she sagely reflected that the new plan need not interfere with them.



"SHE PRESENTED EACH WITH A SPRAY OF THE JESSAMINE."

Now the Nameless Young Lady was a most energetic miss, and ere a week had passed, the one little store where colors and brushes were sold had done a larger business in cadinum and chrome, in ochre and gamboge, than in all the previous year.

And there was much consultation in tiny rooms in big boarding houses, as to lighting and composition: and many ambitious attempts that usually ended in failure; and many trials and repetitions, each in a more

earnest and less confident spirit.

And at length the eventful day arrived, and at 3 P. M. a string of ladies with a semi-occasional gentleman was filing through the narrow doorway that led into the tiny Minorcan cottage.

The Nameless Young Lady received her guests—friends and strangers alike—and presented each with a spray of the jessamine from a huge jar that stood by her side.

This was "Artist's View"—"Varnishing Day"—whatever you like, since lack of space restricted the number of guests to the exhibitors, and the Press was conspicuous by its absence.

The tiny reception room was for the time transformed into a studio. Opposite the entrance was a stand draped with rich oldgold plush and on it stood a bowl filled to overflowing with the jessamine. The effect of that bit of gold-and-bronze was something to remember with joy and gratitude.

The Tourist gazed about with amaze-

ment.

"Fifty different sketches! And two by professional artists! All of this simple yellow flower and no two alike!"

The "oil professional" held the place of honor. A bit of golden-brown drapery, a stand top, a vase, a single tiny spray with a

flower or two,—that comprised the study; but the softness and richness and harmony of tone are not so easily described.

"And he will be glad to sell it for fifteen dollars without the frame," whispered a

voice in the crowd.

The other "professional" was a large water-color study in the extreme impressional style, displaying all degrees of work from the blocked-out masses to a few finished sprays. And before it stood a group of would-be imitators eagerly seeking to discover the secret of the effect.

The amateur sketches were legion. There were jugs, vases, mugs, bowls, pitchers,—even an old brass kettle,—filled with blossoms arranged against various backgrounds.

One sketch, more ambitious than its companions, displayed a bit of blue sky, a dead branch draped with gray moss and wreathed

with a mass of swaying gold.

There was a delicate pencil sketch of a single spray without attempt at pictorial effect; then, an elaborate decoration for table-cover or curtain. Here a plate in mineral

colors, there a plaque in oils.

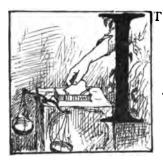
Some of the studies were minutely and laboriously lined; some, hastily and sketchily "washed in." Some were weakly, and others were heavily painted. And a few, a very few, had caught the airy, fairy, elusive grace of poise or outline, and the subtle tints of each varying bell, suggesting in their delicate portraiture the odor as well as the color and form of the wonderful flower.

And as the critics sipped their chocolate and compared notes, their respect and admiration for *Mlle. Gelsemine* increased mightily, and it became a much less simple matter to paint successfully a spray of yellow jessamine.

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.



SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?



ought not to be necessary in this country to ask "Should Women Vote?" because here it is claimed as a self evident truth that "governments derive their just power from the The vote is the

consent of the governed." The vote is the only form of "consent" known to our laws, and it has always been denied to the

governed women.

Hence the question. To find the answer we have only to see what has befallen women. Being without votes, and hence without power to make or unmake the laws, they were helpless. The law dealt with them and with all their interests as the law-makers chose.

Take the case of the wife. According to Blackstone, "Her legal existence is suspended during marriage." Hence she had no power or legal right to protect herself or any one of her interests. She could neither sue nor be sued. If, by a defect in the highway, her leg was broken, she had no redress. Her husband could sue. If he recovered damages, they belonged to him, for her leg was his leg. All her part in the case was the broken bone.

The very "custody of her person" belonged to her husband. He had a right to her against herself, and against her friends. He might use "gentle restraint" to keep That is, if she wished to go out, and he wished her to stay in, he might nail down the windows, lock the door, put the key in his pocket and leave her inside. That was "gentle restraint." Her husband might give her "moderate correction," to keep her in order. When he whipped her with a stick not larger than a man's thumb, and her friends (not she, for she had no legal rights) sought to protect her, the Court decided, Judge Buller on the Bench, that a husband had a right to whip his wife with a stick which was not larger than the Judge's

The law took from the wife the right to her own personal property. As soon as the marriage ceremony was said, her clothes, her jewels, her stocks, and her money became absolutely her husband's. He had the legal right to use it just as though it had always been his. She had no use or control of it any more than if she had never owned it.

The law took from a wife everything she could earn outside of her house. For all her work and care inside the house, the law dealt with her as it did with paupers. It secured to both the right to "food, clothes and medicine"—so much, and no more. The poor woman who went out to scrub and work brought home the dollar she had earned, but it was her husband's dollar. The law gave it to him. If a wife wrote a book, the copyright and all the profit that might come from it were her husband's. The law gave it to him.

There is alive to-day, in the State of Maine, a woman who, by many years of sewing as a tailoress, laid up so much money that when she married, rather late in life, there was enough to buy a lot and build a house. But, by the law, the money belonged to the husband, hence the house and lot belonged When, after several years, the husband died, his brothers came and took possession of the house. They went all over it without leave asked. Then they began to tell her which room they thought she could have the use of as "her thirds." The astonished wife, who had no idea the property did not belong to her, asked these intrusive relatives of her husband what they meant by this interference. They answered that by the death of their brother they became heirs to the property, and that she had, and could have, only the life use of one-third of it.

But the indignant woman said: "I earned every cent of the money by which this house was built. From the stones in the cellar-wall to the nails in the shingles, I paid for every cent of it. You shall not have the house."

They defied her. She consulted a lawyer. To her dismay she found that her marriage extinguished her right to all the earnings of her life. She was entitled only to the use of one-third of it, and even that third would belong to her husband's brothers after her death. How hard it was! How her sense of justice rebelled! The wronged woman thought it over.

At last she said to herself, "If I cannot

have this house, nobody shall have it," and she set fire to it and burned it up. Who can blame her? But she had violated the law. She was guilty of arson. She was arrested, tried and sentenced to two years in the State prison. This sentence she served. It was the shortest the law allowed. It was imposed by a Court which knew all the facts in the case, which felt the injustice of the law, and which, hence, gave her the shortest possible sentence. Thanks to them! But can any sane person suppose that if women had been voters such laws as those quoted above could ever have existed?

The law which dealt so unjustly with the personal property of the wife was scarcely less bad in regard to her real estate. Whenever the wife had a child born alive, the life use of the land or the houses which she had earned or inherited, passed at once to the husband. The fee of the property remained with the wife, but the rents, the crops and all that could be made from it belonged to her husband as long as he lived. The wife was still entitled to food, clothes and medicine, but that was all the law gave her. the wife died, leaving children, the law did not divide her property with her children, as it does the property of the father at his The use of it still belonged to the husband, who not unfrequently married again, and the children of the second wife had all the benefit of the first wife's property.

"Is there any way by which I can get for my children the use of the property my mother brought to my father?" asked a mother whose own children were at an age when they needed help in their education. "I was her only child. She brought my father all the property he ever had, but he used it for the children of his second wife. I can get none of it."

The law gave him that right, and there was no help for her. Does any one believe that, if women had votes, the children would be so defrauded? "The estate by the courtesy" is the very pleasant legal name for the husband's life-long lease of his wife's property. "The widow's incumbrance" or "dower" is the title of the "thirds" she has after her husband's death.

In many States the law allows the widow to live only forty days in the house of her deceased husband without paying rent. In some States the law carefully counted out the number of knives and forks, plates, cups, saucers, spoons, etc., which the widow might have. In some cases there were to be twelve cups and saucers, etc., and in

other cases there were to be only six. The hard working mothers of many children were often left in this way. Over and over again the widows had to buy back the very articles they had owned as brides.

The law denied to married mothers all legal right to their children. The father had the sole legal right to them. He might will the child away from its mother, even before its birth. He could appoint a guardian, not the mother, and such guardian had the sole control of the child. Much cruelty existed under these laws. In one case, the children, one not yet three years old, were taken by the father and carried away, the mother did not even know where for years. She was a wise, good mother, but she was robbed of her children all the same.

In another case which occurred in Boston, the father on his death-bed had appointed a testamentary guardian for his children. had property for them, and thought a man could take better care of it than a woman could. There was no trouble until a few years later, when the mother was about to marry again. Then the guardian asserted his rights. He assured the mother that in case she married he should take the children. The mother, believing in her divine right, contested the case in court. Judge Chapman The will was read. was on the bench. There was no doubt about the right of the guardian. The father had appointed him.

The Judge said: "However much I may regret it, I have no choice but to order the children given to their guardian."

Then ensued a scene. The little ones clung to the mother with cries and tears, but all the same the court gave them to the guardian. It does not matter that the case was adjusted afterwards. The law was not altered.

In another case, the father, by will, gave his unborn child to a brother who lived across the sea. He made the child's inheritance depend upon the mother's compliance with the will.

When this document was read, the young wife, with blanched cheeks, asked: "Is it possible that a dead father has more power over his child than its living mother?"

But so it was. Does any one believe that if women had votes such laws could be made? These are the laws which prevailed everywhere up to a time within the memory of persons now living,—the time when the woman's rights movement began. Half a century of laborious agitation has brought about a great change for the better. Yet,

even now there are only four States where a married mother has any legal right to her children while she lives with her husband. "Persons of non-sound mind and memory, and married women, cannot make a will," says an old law. To this day, in Massachusetts, though a married woman may have earned all her property, she can only will one-half of it without the consent of her husband written on the will, unless she have given it all to him, in which case his consent is taken for granted. The law meddles with every interest of woman. From the day the little girl baby lies in her cradle till her last will goes to probate, the law settles everything that concerns her. She may be fined, imprisoned, taxed, and hung, but she has no voice in the law that may do all this to her. Should not women vote? may be asked with great pertinence in view of the laws that afflict them.

With still more force it may be asked now, when the schools, even colleges, enable women to secure education equal to that obtained by men. Why should the young women who have won the degree of B. A. or M. A., or LL. D., be ranked politically with idiots and felons as they are now? Why should not the young men and maidens who are peers in the public schools have equal rights before the law? Why should not our industrious and thrifty men and women have the same political rights? The man who owns a house or land and has children in the public school is a voter. Why should not the woman who owns her house and land, and has her children in the public school, also be a voter? They have the same interests.

The general argument for woman suffrage is the same as the argument for having a republican form of government rather than a It is fair and right that those who monarchy. are required to obey the law should have a voice as to what the law shall be, and that those who are required to pay taxes should have a voice as to the amount of the tax and the way in which it shall be spent. In deciding what shall be done, where everybody's interests are concerned, we take everybody's opinion, and go according to the wish of the majority. As we cannot suit everybody, we do what will suit the greatest number. That seems to be, on the whole, the fairest way. A vote is simply a written expression of opinion. In taking a vote to get at the wish of the majority, certain classes of persons are always passed over, whose opinion, for one reason or another, is not considered worth counting. In America, these classes are children, idiots, lunatics, felons and women. There are good and obvious reasons for making all these exceptions but the last. It is self-evident that the opinions of children ought not to be counted, nor those of idiots, insane persons and criminals. Is there any equally good reason why, in taking the sense of the community, no account should be taken of the opinions of woman? Let us consider a few of the reasons that are generally given.

It is said that women are already virtually represented by the votes of men. The existence of such laws upon our statute books as those previously quoted is enough to disprove this claim. It is not that men mean to be unjust or unkind to women; but every class of voters looks at questions from its own standpoint only, and hence takes a one-sided view. It is a well-accepted legal maxim that "legislation is always in favor

of the legislating class."

It is said that women would be corrupted and degraded by voting. Why should it corrupt a woman to take an intelligent interest in public questions, or how can it degrade her to be recognized as worthy of having her opinion counted? Whether it is or is not degrading to take part in politics depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is done. Bribery and corruption, the scramble for "spoils," and the brawls of pot-house politicians, are degrading to men, and would be degrading to women. 'We should all of us be sorry to see women mixed up in them. But these things are no necessary part of suffrage. Good men do not participate in them, and there would be no need that good women should do so.

It is said that if women voted, bad women must vote. Statistics show that women constitute more than two-thirds of our church members, and less than one-fifth of our criminals. The vicious and criminal class is much smaller among women than among men. Hence the average morality of the suffrage would be raised by admitting women.

It is said that a woman would not have time to inform herself intelligently upon the questions that come before the voters, without neglecting her household duties. Yet we are constantly told by opponents of suffrage that a woman ought to "influence" her husband to vote the right way; and how is she to do this unless she has informed herself sufficiently to have some idea what the right way is? The objection rests upon an exaggerated idea of the amount of time in

What would be required of a woman who should faithfully fulfil all her political duties? To read the daily paper: to talk over the questions discussed there with her husband and friends; to attend perhaps two or three political meetings in the course of a year; and on election day to cast a vote. There are few women who really could not find time to do as much as this, if they wished. Frances Power Cobbe says: "I think nearly all women of the educated classes might afford at least so much time to politics as to be able to form an intelligent opinion and give an intelligent Men who perform the most arduous professions find time to do this, and there seems no adequate reason why the busiest house wives or daughters should not do the same."

Some persons have an idea that woman suffrage would lead to a general reign of licentiousness, to "the abrogation of marriage and parental responsibility." hard to find any rational warrant for this extraordinary assertion. If women were allowed to vote to-morrow, the majority of them certainly would not vote for the abrogation of marriage or of parental responsibility. It will hardly be claimed that at present women as a class hold less strict views on the subject of social purity than do Is there, then, anything in a deeper study of political and social economy that would incline them to more lax ideas on this subject? On the contrary, a wider knowledge would reinforce woman's instinctive abhorrence of impurity with reasons and arguments of the weightiest kind. Immorality among women does not result from education and responsibility, but from feebleness, frivolity and ignorance. Whatever tends to strengthen and broaden women's minds tells directly in favor of virtue and pure living.

It is said that if women vote they must hold office. If the mother of a young family were elected to Congress, we are asked, what would become of her children? The granting of suffrage to women would not abolish either nature or common sense. The mother of a young family would not be likely to be asked to go to Congress, and would not be likely to consent if she were She is in the same position as many asked. men whose business cares would make it impossible for them to take office. might have a very definite idea as to the sort of man whom she wanted to send to Congress to represent her and her children. Is there any good reason why her opinion

should not be counted, along with that of her father, her husband and her brothers? I believe that many profligate and drunken Congressmen would be weeded out, to the great advantage of the nation, if the mothers When we speak in their district had votes. of women being eligible to office, what does this mean? Simply that if the majority of the men and women in any district would rather have a given woman to represent them than any other person, and if she is willing to serve, they shall not be forbidden to elect Is there anything so very shocking about this? The fact that women as well as men would vote on the nominations would be a sufficient guarantee that only women of good character could be elected. There are some kinds of public work for which men are obviously better fitted than women; but there are other positions in which women can render especially valuable service. Thus, when Lady Sandhurst was elected a member of the London County Council, one of the duties assigned her was the inspection of twenty-three establishments for infants. Mr. Beresford Hope, the defeated candidate, who thought there was no proper place for women on a County Council, contested the seat, and succeeded in having Lady Sandhurst's election set aside as illegal, because she was a woman. When he was installed in her place, one of the English papers expressed a sarcastic hope that the gentleman would find himself equal to the mothering of all those babies.

It is said that women must not vote because they cannot fight. The military statistics taken at the time of our late war show that of the doctors, lawyers, ministers and editors examined for military service, the majority were found to be physically disqualified; while of tanners, iron-workers and other unskilled laborers, only a very small fraction were disqualified. Yet it will hardly be claimed that professional men are less valuable as voters than the unskilled laborers. All men over forty-five are exempt from military service, but they do not lose their votes on that account. In short, our constitution and laws do not recognize the slightest connection between the right to vote and the power to perform military ser-As long as the old, the infirm, the halt, the lame and the blind among men are freely admitted to suffrage, some better reason must be found for excluding women than the fact that they cannot fight.

Again, if woman do not render military service, they do render equivalent service of a kind which men cannot give; for it is women who bring all the soldiers into the world. This is a service both painful and perilous, and ought in fairness to be held as at least an equivalent for the military service from which the mothers of men are exempt.

It is said that women ought not to vote, because the majority of women do not wish A great English novelist has said that there is nothing like algebra to clear the mind of cant. A, B and C are all of them citizens and taxpayers. A and B do not care to vote upon the expenditure of their taxes, therefore C should be forbidden to do so. This reasoning would be considered preposterous if A, B and C stand for Alfred, Benjamin and Charles. Why is it any more sensible if the same letters stand for Alice, Barbara and Charlotte? Voting is not compulsory. It is not proposed to "force" suffrage upon anybody, but only to give each woman the option of doing as she chooses in the matter.

Very lately more than four thousand miners were admitted to the full right to vote in Pennsylvania. The great majority of them were foreigners who could not speak our language. Very likely they could not read in their own. In the four new States just admitted to the Union are many thousand Indians who still wear war paint and feathers, but they are welcomed as voters on the easy condition of taking land in severalty.

Theodore Parker used to say: "The apple tree is a very foolish tree, but if you take out load after load of loam from its root and put in load after load of sand, the apple tree, though a very foolish tree, will find it out after a while, and bear only poor

apples and few of them."

In the same way this country will find out after a while what it loses by admitting to the body politic thousands of men who know nothing of representative government or even of our language, while it excludes millions of excellent and intelligent women.

The State needs the best that its citizens can bring to it, both men and women.

Lucy Stone.

THE TRUE POET.

His heavy sighs are harmony, Ah! bitter though his grievance be, His falling tears make melody!

Yet not for sympathy I weep,—
For at his words my sorrows leap,
And mine own griefs refuse to sleep.

Martha Young.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER VIII.



HE next day was the Sabbath.

The hotel-hive awoke to humming life later than upon other days, but it was quite as lively after movement began. The air was cool, yet

balmy, the sunshine rested, a visible and ineffable benediction, upon land and While a vast majority of translake. ient sojourners upon the Island elected to look through Nature up to Nature's God, or to go through the initial stages of that hypothetical ceremony, enough were of a different mind to fill the little Episcopal church in the lower town. The officers from the Fort and their families were there, the martial figure and handsome face of Captain Dale conspicuous among them. The village choir, trained by Mrs. Dale, and owing much to the fine voices of two or three private soldiers, rendered the psalms and anthems creditably, but not so well as the impromptu quartette seated directly behind the Morgans.

Gem Manly sang a more than passable contralto; Mr. Romeyn's base, although not heavy, was correct; Bertie Gates was a tenor, his tuneful pipe like a lark's in clearness and But the sweetest sound in church and upon Island that perfect Sabbath-day, was Karen Dumaresque's voice upraised in the choral service.

It is a curious fact that those whom we, reluctantly, and for lack of a better word, designate as "elocutionists," do not as a class, sing well, and that many have no ear or liking for music. Karen sang as she recited—with exquisite taste, and purity of tone, and, when the theme required, sometimes rising into passion that bore the listener's soul with her. People stopped singing to hearken; a few were rude enough to turn their heads to spy out the owner of the splendid organ. Captain and Mrs. Dale thanked her in Clara's hearing, after service, for the assistance given by her "amateurs" to the regular choristers.

The whole exhibition, including the public acknowledgment of a display of private talent, was to Mrs. Morgan's just sense of

what became the time and place, in wretched She had a strong, well-cultivated voice, and, if put upon her muscle, could, she was positive, drown Mrs. Dumaresque's clean out of hearing. She had not uttered a note. This was a house of worship, not a concert-hall. With head up, and upper lip contracted, she made her way imperiously through the vestibule, and did not slacken her pace until Bertie Gates, puffing and glowing, overtook them. The cherubic knew what was due to the day, and was irreproachable in broadcloth and high silk There were gloves—a faultless fit upon his hands, and a natty cane in that he carried to his hat-brim.

Mrs. Gillette wished to know if Mr. and Mrs. Morgan would take seats in her carriage, Mrs. Dumaresque preferring to walk.

Mrs. Morgan declined, with courteous decision. She, too, preferred walking; indeed, she was about to propose a somewhat long detour in their return to the hotel. Wheeling herself and escort about, she took the lower road leading along the water's edge. They met Mrs. Dumaresque walking with Mrs. Hanlon, a Chicago woman who had a cottage upon Mackinac Island; Gem, talking with both ends of her tongue to Mr. Romeyn-and so many other acquaintances that Clara gave a sigh of relief when they reached the quieter neighborhood of the old Presbyterian Church. It stands, empty and forlorn, by the wayside, a gaunt, gray memorial of times when "tall, spare men came westward to teach the Indians, and earnest women, with bright, steadfast eyes and lathe-like forms, were their aiders, wives and companions.

"You recollect that Miss Lois 'used to open and air it at stated times, and, occassionally to sing in her thin, husky voice, a verse of a hymn?'" said Emmett, unconscious of a falling barometer. "That is the Church House on the hill. It is now enlarged into a hotel. You see it is quite possible for the steeple to 'throw a slowmoving shadow across the garden, like a, great sun-dial.' There are the ruins of the Old Agency House below the Fort garden. Did you know that they call that steep cliff the Tarpeian Rock?"

"My dear husband!" Her way of saying it and her smile belonged to the glacial period, and would have enhanced the honors of a matron of forty years' endurance, - "Suppose

we take a vacation upon this day of physical and mental rest, from study of the natural beauties and literature of Mackinac! We will enjoy them all the more to-morrow."

What remained of Emmett after the "crusher," expostulated apologetically.

"I thought you were so much pleased with Anne that these things would interest you."

"I am interested in Anne and in the scenes described in it—on week-days! I do not consider it a Sunday book!"

I wonder how angels, versed by thousands of years' study in human inconsistency, regard the cant of prevarication which saints use as a cloak for envy, malice, wrath and all uncharitableness! The meanest "dodge" at the command of sinful man is the religious. Whether or not the professing Christian who, in a moment of exasperation, calls his Maker to witness to the truth of an intemperate assertion, is less guilty than the sinner to whose mouth profanity is so common that he unconsciously takes in vain the Name which is above every other, is an awful question with which I may not intermeddle.

Emmett did not retort. Nor did he own to himself that his re-enthroned idol had settled by so much as the fraction of an inch toward the plane of the every-day wife for whom hourly allowance must be made if one would maintain a decent show of conjugal amity. But the fact remained that she had.

The northwestern wind was strong enough by evening to sweep the piazza clean of the hardiest promenaders. The rotunda was full; the fire in the recessed sitting-room opening out of it was hedged about with people standing and sitting; the drawingroom and the snug apartments devoted to desks and letter-writers, were crowded.

Mrs. Manly was made supremely complacent by the presence in her parlor of what she described as, "the choicest click of the choice company convened under the expansive roof." Reclining in high state upon the sofa wheeled diagonally across the end of the hearth-rug, she took in at one gratified glance Mrs. Gillette and her daughter, the Morgans, Captain and Mrs. Dale, "the Ubiquities," Judge and Mrs. Morris, from Grand Rapids, and Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, of Chicago, whose Summer home, "Cliff was within a stone's throw of the Cottage," hotel. Gem, modestly mute in the presence of so many older than she, cuddled upon a corner-ottoman, her head against the arm of Mrs. Dumaresque's chair. The girl basked and throve and sweetened in Karen's presence as heliotrope in the sunshine.

The wind smote that corner of the house with a roar of savage mirth; the sea-coal fire puffed contentedly and grew redder with each sigh. The gas-glare was subdued by pink silk shades. The bowl upon the tripod at Mrs. Manly's elbow was filled with roses, damascene in odor, tender in color.

"The parent-roots were brought by the Jesuit fathers from France over two hundred years ago," said the hostess, toying with them with fat hands as pink as the petals, and laden with rings. "Mrs. Hanlon brought them to me this afternoon from Mrs. Wendel's garden. By the way, Mrs. Dumaresque, she raved over the stroll she had with you to-day. Like the rest of the world, she finds you enchanting."

world, she finds you enchanting."
"Chestnuts!" drawled Bertie in a pretended aside, leaning behind Karen's chair

towards Gem's ear.

The hostess took the saucy comment

good-humoredly.

"I suppose you do get weary of so much repetition of that! Doesn't it elate you a bit—as it would us commoner clay? Or have you the faculty of hiding it so well that we never suspect the fluster?"

Clara may have heard in her school-days of the man who voted to banish Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called, "The Just." She did not recall it in this connection, but she would have sympathized with the bored citizen. She was the only person present who did not admire the graceful simplicity with which the heavy adulation was put by.

"What is the old saying about beauty being in the optics seeing, rather than in the object seen?" smiled Karen. "Mrs. Hanlon's enjoyment of my society was reflex action. She is a mine of romantic Islandlore. We walked and talked together for an hour or more, and I felt at parting, that I had

tapped but one vein-"

"She charged me to ask you for the story of the 'Indian Maiden and her Soldier-Lover," broke in Mrs. Manly, effusively. "Could we have a fairer opportunity for it than here and now?"

At the tumult of entreaty that arose Karen lifted her brows significantly. She knew instantly that she was the victim of another of the friendly plots her idle admirers, on the qui vive for sensational novelty, were daily springing under her feet. She almost heard the tone and terms of Mrs. Manly's in

vitation to "drop in quietly, this evening, and I will coax that always-amiable Mrs. Dumaresque to do something—tell a story, or recite, or sing, or maybe, all three." The proposal had come about a little too smoothly. Perhaps she did weary once in a good many whiles, of living continually in the electric blaze that cuts sharp, unsparing silhouettes of the social celebrity whose talent is the ability to entertain her fellows. With all her love of action and variety, the companionship of her kind, and her generous desire to please, it would have been strange had she not felt disposed, sometimes, to resist the disposition of those about her to ring up the curtain in and out of season.

There was no trace of ungracious reluctance in her acceptance of the spray of sweet-brier, produced by Mrs. Manly as a substitute for the myrtle to which poets improvised and bards sang in classic days. Judge Morris presented it with stately grace, receiving a smile no younger man could have won.

"The ancient custom was to pass it on—

remember!" she said, warningly.

"Doesn't it remind you of Greek plays, and Sappho, and Corinne?" whispered Mrs. Manly, behind her fan, to Mrs. Morgan.

"It is, as you say, intensely scenic!" re-

sponded Clara, in a higher key.

But two or three of those nearest to her heard the ill-advised Skewton-Cleopatra eulogium, and the reply. All eyes were upon her who, with the poet's spray in her fingers, began the tale as quietly as if Gem, or any other loving girl were her solitary auditor.

"You may have noticed a small and very old house on the left-hand side of the way, as we went to church to-day; just before we reached the weather-beaten, barn-like building which was begun for a hotel, and never finished. The cottage was built seventy years or more ago by a white trader who married a beautiful squaw. She was fairer in complexion than most Indians, and made him a good wife. He was wealthy—for those days -by the time their eldest daughter, Sophie, was fourteen. She inherited her mother's beauty and her father's intelligence, and there was no difference of opinion between the parents when the well-to-do trader determined to send her away from home to be made a lady of. He was a shrewd, proud man who loved his wife well enough, but saw the hopelessness of trying to elevate her above their present station. The squaw would never be anything but a squaw. She



HOME OF SOPHIE B-

had not even learned to speak English in all these years, and never adopted the dress of civilized people. At home she wore moccasins, jacket, short skirt and leggings. When she went abroad she wrapped her blanket over her head as the women of her race had done for hundreds of years. Perhaps her husband did not care to oppose her whim in this respect. It may have been the one instance in which he could not move her, for she seems to have been a mild, docile creature, who let him rule his household as he willed.

"So, Sophie went to school in Detroit and stayed there until she was nineteen-for the last year as a parlor boarder. Her father had relatives there—people of wealth and good social position. Mackinac was a long way off then, and he had, probably, other reasons for arranging that the girl should not come home in her vacations. At the house of one of his kinspeople she met a young lieutenant in the regular army, who He was from the fell in love with her. South, handsome, chivalric, and devoted to If she had not loved him in return there would be no story to tell of them tonight. She confessed her attachment, but refused to give him a definite reply 'until she went home.' She came back to the Island and the little story-and-a-half house at the end of the term. He was to follow her in a week or two. From the window of her bedroom on the appointed day she watched the approach of the boat which brought him; saw him leap to the pier and take the road to her home.

"When he knocked at the front door she sent her mother down to open it. "I know just how the Indian wife looked,—so graphic was Mrs. Hanlon's sketch of her. Jacket, leggings and short skirt were of fine black cloth. She was fastidious as to material. Her black hair, tied with ribbons in two braids, hung down her back. Her eyes were dull, her manner quiet to doggedness. When the visitor, mistaking her for a servant, asked if Miss B—were at home, she grunted, in Indian fashion, and pointed to the parlor-door.

"At this instant Sophie ran down-stairs. I can imagine her, too, as, giving her lover one hand, she held out the other to the patient, dumb woman beside her, and introduced—

"My mother!"

"The heroine! the dear, noble, grand creature!" Mrs. Manly's ejaculation was a sob. "But did she know what she risked?"

"She knew so well that when her lover, rallying from the shock of the meeting, implored her to become his betrothed, she let him plead for a long time before she consented. He left the Island, at the end of a week, to rejoin his regiment, with the promise to return to claim his bride the next Spring. For several months they corresponded regularly, as affianced lovers.

"Then,—"

She paused; the hand holding the sweetbrier spray sank to her knee; her eyes followed it; her head and voice were lowered; her utterance was slow, as with repressed

pain:-

"The story is so common that the sequel ought to surprise nobody. Only, love with her was so strong, and his spoken passion had been vehement. His Southern kinspeople persuaded and ridiculed and stormed him out of 'the fancy'—so it was said. And there was the Indian mother, you know. He gave up his betrothed, and sent back her letters, and wrote to her that she must forgive and forget him, as one too weak and unworthy to merit her regard."

"The beastly ca-ad!" from Bertie.

"The villain!" in Mr. Leighton's voice, round and deep with honest indignation.

Mrs. Manly tugged so violently and vainly for her pocket-handkerchief that Gem silently proffered hers, and hid her brimming eyes with her arched hand.

"He was neither," said Mrs. Dumaresque, quietly. "Impassionately considered, he was the victim of circumstances. She never let him be blamed in her hearing. If she uttered a moan, it was upon her knees, and alone. But from the day the

news came, the maid forgot her ornaments; the girl ceased to live for herself. She laid away all the pretty clothes and trinkets bought with her indulgent father's money in Detroit, and never again wore anything finer than a cotton or plain white gown.

"Mrs. Hanlon gave one scene so vividly that I seem to have seen it myself. may not know that she lived in Mackinac until her marriage? One winter evening, she and Sophie's little sister were seated upon low crickets behind the stove in the sitting-room of the cottage, dressing dolls Sophie, in her print in Indian costume. gown, ruffles of the same material at throat and wrists, was reading aloud from The Saturday Evening Post to her old father who was now both blind and deaf. On a big sideboard, brass-plated, at the side of the room, was a tray containing a pitcher and tankards of solid silver, shining bright, as were the brasses. The Indian mother entering, dressed as I have described, said some gutturals in her husband's ear, Sophie lowering her paper, and looking up while he answered in the same tongue. Then the squaw poured something—wine or cider—from the pitcher into a tankard, and served her lord.

"Sophie's lungs were weak, and reading aloud to a deaf man tired her throat—and then, too, some important hidden spring was broken. Mrs. Hanlon was still a child when the patient daughter, one day, quilted the needle carefully into the calico frock she was making for a poor half-breed child, and laid herself, dressed as she was, upon the white bed in that small chamber from the window of which she had seen her lover leap to the wharf, and died as she had lived,

without a murmur.'

The rustle marking the letting-out of held breaths was checked as she resumed; —

"Mrs. Hanlon was a married woman, and on a visit to her old home, when, one summer morning, as she stood upon the porch, a middle-aged officer turned the corner from the Fort, and stopped at the gate.

"'Can you tell me, Madam, where I may find the grave of Miss Sophie B—?' he

asked.

"She directed him to the Catholic cemetery, and where, about the middle of it, he would see the headstone marked with the girl's name. She recognized him at once, although his moustache was gray, and he wore a Colonel's uniform. Two hours later he passed again. She was behind the blinds now, and did not let him see her. His head was bent; he walked slowly, his hands

locked together behind him, his eyes were red and swollen with weeping."

"Is there no more of it?" asked Gem, chagrined, as the narrator ceased to speak. Karen patted the bonny head, smiling sadly.

What more could there be, dear heart? Death ends all. Captain Dale may have met the unhappy hero of my true story in peace or in battle—for he cast in his lot with that of his native South. He was General—of the Confederate service."

Captain Dale started to his feet.

"I saw him, again and again! I was within ten feet of him when he surrendered his command to Grant," he said, with profound emotion, "He was a true man and a brave soldier. Heaven rest his soul!"

Before dropping the curtain upon this chapter, I would win the reader to look once more at the principal figure of the group clustered about the hospitable hearth on that

windy Sunday night.

For, I think, to those of us who loved her best, she never seemed exactly again as while she told the little tale, so common, as she had said, yet so piteously pathetic. flushed air was full of rose-breath, the sweetbrier between her fingers drooped into spicy languor with the warmth of the room. The varied, yet all-natural modulations of her voice; the womanly sympathy of the sweet, deep eyes; the modest queenliness with which she sustained the honors we never wearied of heaping upon her—ah! Memory and I will have parted company for aye, when my heart ceases to soften and glow in the recollection of all this, and at the name and thought of her who was, even then, walking straight toward the quicksands!

CHAPTER IX.

"And this is a battle-ground!" Gem said it dissatisfiedly. "I never saw one before."

"Happy child!" smiled Karen. "They are very much like other fields, when the conventional plough has been over them a few times,—usually less picturesque."

"Most common-place looking locations in the world, don't you know?" Bertie, leaning against the loosely-laid stone wall dividing the historic ground from the road, caught at the double meaning of Mrs. Dumaresque's remark, and fell to moralizing. "When, as you say, the débris is cleared away, and well-bred people lose no time

about that, you know. Corpses and caissons and the like belong to the realistic school."

"We visited battle-fields by the dozen while abroad," observed complacent Clara. "Waterloo, Flodden and Marston Moor among them. You are quite correct in pronouncing them hopelessly uninteresting

in appearance, Mr. Gates."

She was looking well to-day. The walking-party given in her honor was, thus far, a The weather was perpronounced success. fect, cool and clear without being blustering, and a recent shower had settled the dust. Their way had lain, for the most part, through balsamic woods interthreaded by little paths and bridle-roads, each turn revealing vistas of green shade shot by arrowy The brighter foliage of the Junesun-ravs. berry and maple broke up the sombre effects of the darkly-massed evergreens, and in the forest-depths slender, supple birches stood, wraith-like.

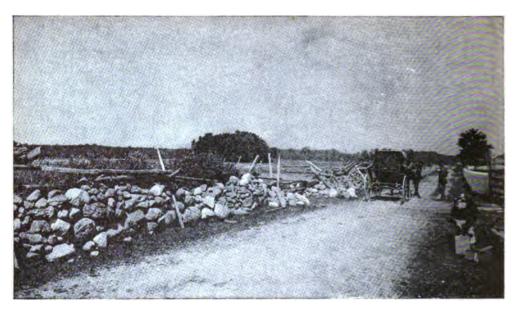
Clara's love for walking was more nearly a passion than any other of her well-regulated tastes. She had averred, as they reached the battle-ground, after making the half-circuit of the Island, that the further she

walked, the stronger she felt.

"Another coincidence—be Ja-awve!" cried ruddy Bertie, who had previously noted that his knickerbockers, tennis shirt and cap were precisely the same shade of blue as Mrs. Morgan's suit—("and they might just as well have been on swearing-terms—don't you know?) I got my second wind, an hour ago, and am good now for twenty miles."

It was diverting to witness his imperturbable efforts to establish a footing of good-fellowship with the dignified Lisbonian. He shocked her twenty times a day, apologizing as often when he found this out; she schooled and tried to repress and tone him down, civilly, but firmly, and he arose to the surface after each tap, fairly shining with good-humor, and capable of other and more audacious offences.

She did not resent his comparison of himself to her, and in phraseology borrowed from the ring. He had been especially attentive to her the whole morning, keeping close beside her for a mile at a time, chattering like the bright boy he was, and hearkening respectfully to all she said. Emmett took charge of Gem, and his wife's observation of this increased her content with the day, the excursion and herself. She whispered, confidentially, to her inmost soul as



THE BATTLEFIELD.

Bertie dusted a stone with his handkerchief, and Mr. Romeyn folded her shawl into a cushion, to soften the rugged seat, that the reputation of belleship was easily attainable, if one's self-respect did not hold her back from entering the lists—and if the game were worth the candle.

"Don't trouble yourself, I beg!" she protested, graciously, when Bertie raised her umbrella and held it over her. "I do not mind the sun. I never have headaches—on land"—provoked to feel that she blushed.

If Gem had divined the unpleasant "tang" left upon her cousin's conscience by the simulation of indisposition on Saturday afternoon, she could not have interposed more opportunely with her remark upon battlefields.

"Indeed"—proceeded Mrs. Morgan, unconscious that her neat nuggets of information and deduction were a more realistic touch than the *débris* to which Bertie had alluded,—"I suppose it is the same with almost everything people travel to see. Half the interest we take in such places arises from historic or romantic association. The particular battle fought here took place during the French and Indian war—did it not?"

Her eye directed the query to Mr. Romeyn, and, with unfailing courtesy, he hesitated before setting her right. It is safe to affirm that the placid catechist was the solitary member of the group who did not recall her husband's ill-starred historical resumé, and her reception, of it.

"The battle was fought on August 4th, 1814," began Mr. Romeyn, with becoming diffidence. "The Island was then thicklywooded, but the highway was the same we see now. The Americans beached their boats at British Landing,—so-called from the disembarkation of the English troops there two years earlier—and marched up to this point. This open space, then surrounded on three sides by woods, was a cul de sac, for there was an Indian behind every tree. Major Holmes, who had been advised to wear plain clothes that day, and had answered that he would not skulk behind a citizen's coat, fell at the first fire, -- over there-" pointing to the right. "He was riddled with bullets. His men dragged the body to the fence and covered it with rails to prevent the savages from finding and mutilating it. Three officers were killed by the same volley. The Americans retreated, with great loss, to their boats.'

"Were they not pursued?"

"No; Indians will not fight in the open, even against inferior numbers, if they can find a cover."

The battle-field, now an orchard, was thrillingly still. Each trunk was the centre of a round of well-defined shade; the noonday sun burnished the broad blades of meadow-grass, and drew upright lines upon the tree-boles that had sheltered the savages that bloody day. Two cows ruminated upon their noon-day meal in the shadow of palisades a hundred years old. A superan-

nuated horse cropped the turf in a sunny corner.

"O, dear!" The long-drawn sigh was Gem's. "It is such a nice, peaceful world, if people would only let it alone!"



ENTRANCE TO BATTLEFIELD.

"But they won't, you know!" Bertie, seated at Clara's feet, his blue-stockinged legs crossed at the ankles, plucked up grasses and bit them while he talked. "And, be Ja-awve! when one thinks of Indian warfare, and how their methods are the same now as then, you know, there does seem to be a divine necessity for blood-letting upon a large scale, upon occasion, don't you know? if you might only choose your ground and subjects, you know."

Thus began an argument on the Indian question between him and Mrs. Morgan, who had lately read A Century of Dishonor, which lasted until they had left the public road for a tortuous by-way dividing the heart of the virgin forest. It was a funny debate. Clara, erect as the aborigines whom she championed, chin and eyelids level, stepping over stone and tussock as upon a spring floor, turned out sentences from the patent lathe of an intellect trained to carry, rather than originate. Bertie lounged along at her side, swinging a stout stick he had cut in the bushes, and, in the intervals of her paragraphs, delivered in his gentlest drawl denunciations against Sioux, Iroquois, Choctaws and Nez Percés, so charged with bloodthirstiness that Clara's auburn curls stiffened in the hearing.

"I have too much respect for your real intelligence to believe for a moment that you are serious—," Karen, almost overtaking them with Mr. Romeyn, heard her say. "For myself, I consider the subject too momentous for sportive treatment. These are our fellow-creatures, our brothers and sisters—"

"Beg pardon, there!" interrupted Bertie, mildly. "The unity of the human race is a mooted question, don't you know?"

"That is the cavil of the scientist. It was the stronghold of the Southern slave-driver. We all sprang from one root, are scions of the same stock. You and the hated Indian—hated because of what our cruel injustice has made him to be—are members of one body—"

"Beg pardon again! You ca-a-n't mean that he is one le-e-g and I another, so to speak?"

"If you choose to put it in that way." In the Lisbon Seminary the three-lettered monosyllable had no place in polite talk, but Clara bore up creditably. "We are integral portions of the body politic."

gral portions of the body politic."
"Then, be Ja-awve!" swept by the horror of the thought into momentary forgetfulness of his usual fine courtesy,—"I say, amputate forthwith, and at any cost, you know! We'd better stu-ump it for the rest of our natural lives!"

The absurdity, made trebly ludicrous by manner and intonation, raised a shout from the four who were by now close upon the disputants. Bertie's arm was twitched violently from behind at the same moment.

"Eh, beg pardon?" said he, looking over his shoulder in cherubic simplicity.

Mr. Romeyn had dealt the rebukeful pinch, but it was Karen who at that instant exclaimed:

"There is Friendship's Altar! Shall we stop and sacrifice upon it?"

Emmett and Gem gayly led the way to the great boulder, cushioned with moss and draped with vines. As the party was broken into single file by trees and brushwood, Clara found Mrs. Dumaresque directly in front of her. Ten seconds ago she would have declared that no temptation could ever make her so far forget pride and ladyhood, but she bent forward and dropped a dozen words, sharp and cold as sleet into her ear:

"Your interference was well meant, Mrs. Dumaresque, but I can protect myself!"

She had only time to see the rush of pained surprise into the expressive eyes turned quickly upon hers, and they were with the others at the base of Friendship's Altar. "You know the legend, I am sure?" Mr. Romeyn appealed to Karen. "We have never found you at fault yet."

She was very pale; her breath came irregularly; as she laid her hand upon the ageblotched granite it shook, but her voice was

firm and sweet.

"There must be a first time to everything, you know. I know of no story connected with the rock."

"Then make up one!" demanded petted Gem. "It would be a thousand times prettier than any fusty old Island tale!"

"That goes without saying," assented unsuspicious Emmett, smiling affectionately at

his old playfellow.

Color and light swept back into Karen's face; a musing smile stirred her lips slowly. She stood for a moment, with downcast eyes, then began with the grave simplicity which gave nameless and irresistible charm to her narrations:

"Once upon a time—a very long time ago—six friends arrived at this great rock by as many different ways. Each had his or her own home and work in the wide world, and since they had not concerted to meet here on that day, each was surprised to see the others. But—being friends tried and true—they were glad of the day and hour that brought them together in this lovely, secluded spot. They sat down upon fallen trunks and upon mossy stones, and talked long and lovingly of what each had felt and suffered, and, above all, done since their last The big boulder was quite bare then; rain had stained the sides, and frost had left crackles over the surface like wrinkles in an old man's face. A lightning bolt had split upon the top, and scored deep lines on the gray forehead. These trees were here, however, and if we could understand what they are whispering about, I think we should hear some of the sweet things they heard that day from the six friends.

"Did I tell you that three were men and three women? They had bread and wine in their wallets, and ate and drank together—a sort of love-feast it was to them all. And, by-and-by, when the sun struck level through the woods and the shadows began to grow cool, one of the young men climbed to the top of the big stone, that may have been dropped here during the war of the Titans, and broke a full bottle of red wine upon the scarred forehead, and christened the lonely boulder, 'Friendship's Altar.'

"As he did this, and they all said, 'Amen!' a young girl, with trustful blue eyes and a merry mouth "—in saying it, she smiled at Gem-"'espied in a seam of the rock a quaint little fern, the leaves of which were set in rather formal fashion, upon a stem like fine glossy wire. There were just six sprays of it, and she gave one to each of those whose eyes were sorrowful at the thought of the years and miles that would again divide them. And, because the shining stem was so near the color of the young girl's hair as she stood in the shade, distributing the sprays, the oldest woman there called it 'Maiden-hair fern.' Each took a spray, as I have said, and each promised the rest and his, or her own heart that, through all thoughts of the dear ones there present should always run the slender, steady thread of perfect trust, holding all fast, and in seemly order.

"The next year, the older woman whom I have mentioned made a pilgrimage to the rock—alone—and saw that a strange thing had happened. Rich moss had covered the scars made by the lightning, and, following the track of the red wine, had spread a velvet mantle over the rock. As for the maidenhair fern, a dozen sprays had sprung up for every one the girl with the sweet eyes and

laughing mouth had gathered.

"Must every legend have a moral? Mine has none, unless it be that Heaven blesses true hearts, and that love grows with

the giving."

While she talked, Bertie had plucked off his cap silently, and the other men as silently imitated him. Gem's eyes were like dewy gentians, her red lips apart and tremulous with a smile that would not let her speak in accepting her share of the sprays Karen now playfully gathered from a rift in the rock, and offered to the party. Taking a tiny note-book from the velvet bag hung at her side, the girl laid the sprigs between the leaves, and put the book back in the reticule. Bertie raised his to his lips before pinning it securely in the side of his cap; Mr. Romeyn gravely shut his up in his pocket-book, and Emmett asked his wife for a pin to make his fast in his button hole.

Her little laugh was thin and high.

"Wouldn't it be safer done up in tissuepaper and kept in the left-hand vest-pocket? But there is your pin! I hope the rest of you have shoes as stout as mine. The Titans selected a boggy spot in which to drop the boulder. I am afraid the Happy Six had catarrhs and rheumatism after their picnic."



"That may have been the reason that only one dared come back the next year," rejoined Karen, with perfect temper and breeding. "In the second edition of the story I will guard against such harrowing possibilities by mentioning that they had Peruvian bark as well as port-wine in their wallets."

Mr. Romeyn was at Clara's side when they regained the road. Bertie was with Gem, and Emmett, for the first time that day, became Mrs. Dumaresque's escort.

Ascertaining this by a backward glance, Clara quickened her pace.

"I believe I did get chilled in that damp hollow!" she said, nervously. "I must walk fast to get warm."

The dignified bachelor kept step with her, handing her over ruts and holding back boughs with assiduity the more exasperating to her irritated spirit because she had to be obliged to him for what provoked her to snappishness.

They walked so fast that they were virtually alone in the green gloom of the woods when they reached Scott's Cave, the terminus of the road. Bertie and Gem were just in sight at the end of the leafy vista when

Clara broke in upon her companion's courteous tale of American caves.

"Mrs. Dumaresque is an actress of uncommon ability. Do you know in what dramatic school she was graduated?"

The common-place man faced her full, his features unchanged, save for the kindling

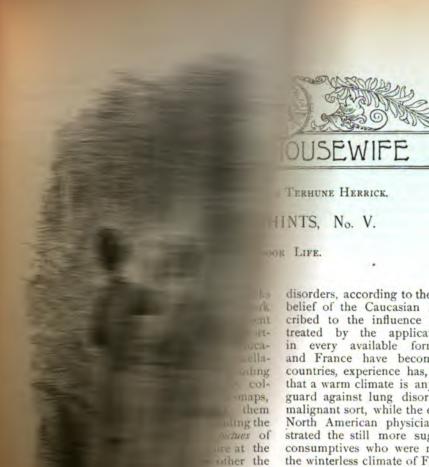
light within the somewhat dull eyes. With one hand he lifted his hat, with the other he pointed upward.

"I believe," he said, deliberately, as he might have named London or Munich—
"she had her degree from Heaven!"

Marion Harland.



BRITISH LANDING.



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disorders, according to the almost universal belief of the Caucasian nations, were ascribed to the influence of cold air, and treated by the application of warmth, in every available form. Since Italy and France have become manufacturing countries, experience has, however, proved that a warm climate is anything but a safeguard against lung disorders of the most malignant sort, while the experiments of our North American physicians have demonstrated the still more suggestive fact that consumptives who were rapidly sinking in the winterless climate of Florida or southern Mexico, recovered upon their removal to the bracing upland regions of the Northern Adirondacks, for reasons which now for the first time explained the incomprehensible circumstance that among the natives of the Arctic circle pulmonary complaints are almost unknown.

Frost is an antidote, and its remedial effect is not limited to the suppression of climatic fevers; it eliminates or torpifies disease-germs of all sorts, including Dr. Koch's consumption microbes, and the contagious principle of epidemic catarrhs. In other words, the ill-ventilated workshops and tenements of our large cities are less apt to develop fatal diseases in Leeds than in Lyons, less in the climate of New York than of Louisiana, and the same snow-storm that makes indoor life more attractive also tends to counteract the consequences of our unsanitary domestic arrangements.

Hence the Northward spread of modern civilization. A sort of sanitary instinct seems to lead the Caucasian nations nearer and nearer the source of the expurgating ice-winds, that prove far more fatal to the microscopic enemies of our organism than to the fur-clad descendants of the biped whose ancestors forfeited the paradise of their home in the tropics. We have exchanged the pleasures of Eden for city comforts, and have to stick to our contract.

From the standpoint of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," it might be questioned if mankind can ever wholly retrieve the mistakes of that change. Still, we might as well try to make the best of a bad bargain by endeavoring, as far as possible, to assimilate our indoor world to the surroundings of our freeborn ancestors, at a time when work and sport were identical terms.

Hunters, fishers, and even the housebuilders of primitive nations, find recreation enough in the pursuit of their daily work, and that divorce of pleasure and labor is perhaps the chief evil of our artificial mode of life, and city dwellers might often do well to imitate the instinct-born expedient of rural housekeepers, who contrive to turn work into fun by the charm of cooperation and competition. The daughter of a farmer who derives his chief income from the sale of dried fruit once told a lady friend of mine that the simple device of an "apple-paring match" enabled her to get the best fun of many years out of a performance which in that especial household used to be considered the main affliction of earthly existence.

And should it be wholly impossible to combine the blessing of pure air with the warmth of our "artificial summer?" I cannot help thinking that the principal difficulty could be overcome, together with the prejudice against direct ventilation; in other words, the dread of "draught" from a wide open window. On frosty days that aperture could be reduced to a minimum; still, from a sanitary point of view it might be questioned if under any thermal circumstances, this side of zero, the precaution of direct communication with the outdoor atmosphere could ever be safely dispensed with. "How often a day should a sittingroom be ventilated?" is a question which

might be answered by a paraphrase: "How long can impure air be breathed with impunity?" Dr. Tanner proved by an actual experiment that for the support of life water is at least five times more necessary than food; but we are still apt to forget the fact that air is a vital necessity far exceeding in importance water and solid food taken together. The organic changes of the system are going on with such rapidity that the waste of tissue and vital fluids is only partly retrieved by the process of digesting the substances received by the stomach twice or three times in the twenty-four hours. The difference is made up by the labor of our lungs. With every breath we absorb about one pint of air, and since we breathe at least 1,200 times an hour, the quantity of gaseous food thus consumed by the body amounts to 675 cubic feet a day. Every atom of that enormous quantum plays its part in the formation of our tissues and of our blood, and our care for the purity of our life-air should at least equal our care for the purity of our food.

As the influx of fresh air can be effected by opening a window, the constant efflux of vitiated air can be ensured by that simple contrivance of our North-European forefathers—an open fireplace. For calorific purposes that plan may deserve the name of a barbarism, since the waste of fuel could really not be more effectually accomplished, as experts assure us, "by anything but a fire on the roof." But here is a compromise method: The combination of an open grate with a good wood or coal-stove, the stove to be used for the warmth-producing combustion of solid fuel, the grate for the draughtproducing cremation of such inexpensive articles as chips and waste paper. A cent's worth of such material will heat the flue sufficiently to keep up an ascending air-current for an hour and a half, and at an additional expense of a dime a day, the atmosphere of a dwelling-room can thus be kept pure, as well as comfortably warm.

Felix L. Oswald M. D.



OUR DOMESTIC SERVICE.



I' is an old saying that there is a skeleton in every closet. Ho wever this may be, it is certain that there is a skeleton in every kitchen. This skeleton is clothed in most sub-

stantial flesh and blood; it is of the feminine gender and has a tongue a yard long,—a tongue which is hung on a swivel and runs at both ends. The late Earl Russel once said: "It is with a politician as with a snake: the tail moves the head." So, in the domestic economy, the kitchen governs the parlor. House-keeping is impossible without meals and bed-making and chambersweeping. These uses cannot be subserved save by domestics.

Formerly, they could be and were. Life was largely rural. Families were more numerous. The heads of households and the boys and girls were trained to work, and

"—were not too good For human nature's daily food."

The domestic economy was administered by those most interested in it. Wealthy families had regular retainers. But these were often born on the place,—were a kind of poor relations, humble but respected and cared for. There was a degree of camaraderie between master and man, and between mis-The relationship was tress and maid. Arcadian in its simplicity. Read the records of the old blue-blood families and you shall find many curious, and some touching illustrations of it. But even so, it may be suspected that masters and mistresses were not always unperplexed and untormented. Sir Walter Scott, when he lived at "Abbotsford" had a servant named Jack,—a spoiled and tyrannical menial who kept things lively about the place. One day, Sir Walter, utterly out of patience at some last prank, summoned the man into his presence. Putting on a magisterial air he said;

"Jack, you and I must part."

"Indeed," replied Jack, "and where is your honor goin'?"

It is a mistake to sit, like the figure on a

quarter of a dollar, looking back over your

shoulder for the golden age.

Anyhow, with the changes introduced by the increased artificiality of life to-day; with the urbanizing of the country; with the altered fashion of housebuilding, which implies a hundred modern improvements; with the multiplied calls on the time and attention of families;—it has been found necessary to summon into being a new order of domestic helpers. Hence, the servant girl is abroad in the land,—very much abroad, and determined that her existence shall be recognized and her dominion submitted to. We fancied we were rid of slavery. But, by the irony of fate, we witness to-day a new form of bondage,—the bondage of the three or four upper stories of every dwelling under the slave-driver in the basement.

Everybody remembers Lord Brougham's famous epigram: "In England, the Queen is in place; the House of Commons is in power." In America, the wife is in place; Bridget is in power. In ancient Rome they had a sort of carnival, occurring once a year, called the Saturnalia, during which the slaves were free to fling all manner of insult on their masters. Our Saturnalia lasts all the year, and there is a perpetual carnival of

ignorance and insolence.

Perhaps the wide-spread disbelief in future punishment arises from the fact that it is thought that housekeepers, at any rate, are sufficiently punished on earth. The socalled "New Theology," which teaches that there will be a second probation after death, may have originated in some mind heated with a hope that there would be no domestic service in the hereafter to destroy the digestion and exasperate the temper, and so make salvation difficult. At a recent religious convention where the question of a second probation was being discussed and reported in the newspapers, two whisky bloats passed the hall, and as they made for the nearest saloon, one said to the other: "Them chaps up there aint satisfied with trying to enact the Maine law on earth; be darned if they aint talkin' about prohibition after Undoubtedly, if it depended on that, the house-keepers would prohibit Bridget hereafter by an overwhelming majority.

But here it is acknowledged that she is a

necessary nuisance—one of these plagues we can neither get on with, nor without.

We pay enough for good service. Careful inquiry shows that the average wage (grouping cooks and chamber-maids together) is fourteen dollars a month. The average time of remaining in a family is three months. Thus servants follow one another like the ghosts that trooped before the sleeping vision of Richard III. on the eve of Bosworth battle. A certain lady, an uncommonly good housekeeper, and a considerate mistress, had seventeen servants in succession in a single month. She kept changing until she got what she wanted.

Domestic service ought to be eagerly sought. The pay is good and measurably sure; more certain than in any other sphere Our servants are well-housed and Their only personal expense is for clothing; and in many houses, even this is largely given. Consequently, many of them have a bank account, and can control more money at a pinch than the mistress. sure, the hours are long. The life is con-But the outings are frequent; at least one afternoon and evening each week, besides Sunday afternoon and evening. A methodical worker can so average, too, that the necessary duties shall receive attention, and yet leave fair intervals of leisure at other times.

As compared with other subordinate employments, household service is the best. Sewing girls croon Hood's Song of the Shirt—

"Work—work

Till the brain begins to swim!

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

Proverbially, needle-women stab themselves to early death with their own needles. Shop-girls, too, are worked thin and pale, and get almost nothing for their treadmill services. Female wage-earners in almost every other department are shut in and shut out. And when their labor is ended for the day, to what kind of homes do they go? And to what sort of meals do they sit down?

There is a false feeling with regard to domestic service—a feeling that it is specially menial. But how or why more menial than employment in a factory, or store, or office? Are household duties less honorable than these other callings? Is running a sewing machine, one of a crowd of other automa-

ta, on the upper floor of a bazaar, or serving a customer behind a counter, more elevating than cooking a meal or "tidying up" a room?

Most of our domestic servants come from one or the other of three countries—Ireland. Germany, Sweden. Other nationalities are sporadic. The majority are Irish. When we remember how these girls lived before they emigrated, we are the more amazed at their airs. They were born in a shanty. They slept in hud-They ate with the pigs. dles-recalling the old conundrum: When did Abraham sleep five in the bed? When he slept with his fore-fathers! And yet as soon as they land in America they begin to demand the best of everything, and often the whole of it; crying with the daughter of the horseleech: "Give! Give!"

They come here as green as the "ould sod." They know neither the name nor the use of the many utensils they handle. There is an old story of a lady who directed a servant whom she had just engaged at Castle Garden, to draw the tea for supper. On entering the kitchen awhile later, she was surprised to find Bridget solemnly pacing back and forth with an end of a string in her hand, while the other was made fast to the tea-pot, which she trailed after her across the floor.

"Why, Bridget," said the astonished mistress, "What are you doing?"

"Sure mam," was the reply, "didn't yez tell me to draw the tay?"

This servant must have been related (she certainly was in *ignorance*) to another who was bidden to serve the *tomatoes undressed* at a certain meal. Well, she removed as much of her clothing as was decent. Then, entering the room, dish in hand, she said: "There, mum, I'll not take another stitch from my back if I lose me place!"

And yet such greenhorns at the end of the first month expect wages which intelligence and competency should alone com-The mistress frets herself into a mand. fever in grooming this ignoramus, and is repaid by a notice of intention to leave when she is at last in a condition to be of service. The wages demanded are usually far in excess of the skill acquired. But there must be no hesitation. It is a new version of the old highwayman's demand: Your money or no fire, no meals, no Bridget! family is "between the devil and the deep Compliance is self-humiliation; noncompliance is desertion and despair.

A noted New York clergyman, the other

day, invited a dozen brother ministers to dine with him, at his rectory, in celebration of his silver wedding to the church. hours before the dinner was to have been served, there was a row in the kitchen between the butler and the cook, Both left without a minute's notice. The clergyman rushed to the nearest district telegraph station; dispatched messenger boys hither and thither to notify his guests to meet him at a certain hotel instead of at the rectory; hurried to the hotel, mopping his brow (though the weather was cold); and ordered dinner, and a parlor, and a fire. Somehow the fire When the guests arrived, wouldn't burn. the parlor was full of smoke, and the cold Present discomfort and cut to the bone. possible pneumonia shivered about the room. and like Banquo's ghost, would not "down" at bidding. That good man'was not heard to swear at his butler and cook. Whether he thought swear, let us not inquire too curiously.

Intercourse with servants is a perpetual irritation. They are not only wrong-headed, but hot-headed. Ignorance is apt to be inso-Cooks and chambermaids proceed on the assumption of our helplessness. They assume that they are indispensable. usual relation between employer and employed is reversed. They question, instead "What is of submitting to be questioned. the wash?" "Do you entertain much company?" "How many are in the family?" A mother sent her son, a bright lad of eighteen to interview one of these kitchen magnates, and he was put through the usual domestic catechism. When told there were four boys in the family, she was hysterical.

"Well," said the lad, "there are five of us now; but if you will come, we will kill two or three of the children!"

A lady rode down to an intelligence office to engage a cook. She picked out one whom she fancied might suit her, and asked:

"How often do you want to go out?"
"Well, mum," was the reply, "I'm not much for goin' out, I belong to a theatre party, and I want to go to the theatre once a week, mum. I belong to a social club, and I want to go to a nice, quiet dance once a week,—but you won't mind that as I'll be out all night. I'm engaged, and I want to see my young man on Monday and Saturday nights, which will keep me home, you see, mum. But I would like to go out occasional, mum, to visit my friends, and on Sundays, you see, mum. But I ain't much

It would be laughable, if it were not pro-

for goin out, mum, I ain't!"

voking, to notice how insufferably presuming these kitchen mechanics are. They usurp not only social equality, but superiority. Last week a maid rang the bell of a palace on Fifth Avenue. When the door was opened, she said: "Did the woman who lives here advertise for a lady to mind the baby?" Such presumption makes one dizzy. It is the sublimity of impudence.

The difficulties which are the despair of housekeepers in the great cities, are aggravated when the scene is shifted to suburban and rural neighborhoods. It is almost impossible to secure domestic "help" in the country. As a class, servants are gregarious. They go in flocks,—like other geese. lation is their idea of pandemonium. Though the land flow with milk and honey, like the Biblical Gilead, across the entrance to it they seem to read, in letters as large as John Hancock's signature to the Declaration of Independence, Dante's motto of the "In-"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The wages offered may be extravagant. The privileges may be manifold. The country home may be delightful. No matter! Not a step will Bridget take in that Hence the question of domestic direction. service is even more serious and embarrassing out of than in town.

Undoubtedly, this topsy-turvy state of things is largely the result of the general labor disturbances. Our domestics are influenced by what they see and hear in outlying but related departments of work, belong to the same great class. The talk among working-men about shorter hours, less to do, higher wages and equality, finds ready credence and eager response in every kitchen. It is a short cut across lots from the loud-mouthed assertion in the laborers' meeting that all employers are usurpers, and that property is theft, to a belief in the basement that every mistress is a despot in petticoats, and an enjoyer of stolen goods. Thus there is a tacit understanding, if not an open alliance between the laborer and the maidservant

It is equally true that housekeepers themselves are measurably to blame. Many of them do not know their own business; they are like helpless infants in the strong arms of Bridget. They are destitute of tact. They lack firmness of character. They do not command the respect of their servants. At one moment, they are foolishly easy. The next, they are ridiculously exacting. Like Pope's description of the Duke of Buckingham, they are

"Every thing by starts, and nothing long."

Such mistresses would soon demoralize an angel. To be respected one must be repectable.

Well, what is to be done about it? It is easier to diagnose the disease than to indicate a remedy. But, dear ladies, a few hints may be whispered in your ears.

Agree upon a scale of wages. Do as other employers do. Grade the price according to the work. And then deal honorably with one another and with your servants. Refuse to pay exorbitant wages. Go without servants for a time, if necessary, and re-enact the *role* of your grand-mothers. womanhood deteriorated in the United States? Some of you would thus become acquainted with your own basement. would learn just what your work is. might be a good thing for you physically and It would dissipate your ennui; morally. which is a French name for a common fashionable malady, which, says one, generally arises from the want of a want, and is the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of. You would be better mistresses. You, daughters of the women who refused to drink British tea in Colonial days, issue a new declaration of independence, and bring your domestic tyrants to their senses, as the men and women of '76 brought George III. to his!

Demand competency. Refuse first, last, and all the time to pay a slip-shod servant the wages of a competent girl. It is your duty alike to your own purse and to other servants to make your "help" understand that she must be worth what she asks. This demand would eventually create the supply—like any other. It would level up instead of down.

Be systematic. If you will observe any successful employer and manager, you will discover that the secret of all easy and rapid work lies just here. How is it that the great stores are operated? How do the hotels get on? How are so many and such vast interests daily handled so that there is little fret and less friction? It all comes from system. Have a place for everything, and

everything in its place. Attach a day and an hour to each duty. Allow no scurrying to and fro. Never permit this thing to be left half-done in order to tackle that thing. Servants who are forever running about, called here and summoned there, become discouraged and careless. They begin by losing their heads, and end by losing their temper. If your cook or chamber-maid has a good method, adopt her way, if possible. If you have a better way, teach her that, and hold her to it. Show these co-workers how much more easily and rapidly they can labor when they are systematic. This is kindness to them as well as to yourself. Such a course would bring order out of chaos in many a household. It would strike Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" into much sour darkness.

Refuse absurd privileges. Give, instead of taking orders. You are mistress. If a servant is outrageous in her notions, and proposes to domineer in your family, show her the door. Every weak and yielding house-keeper is a promoter of domestic anarchy. Frown upon such conduct, and send each offender to a social Coventry. Recognize the legitimate rights of your servants. Go further, and dispense privileges with a free hand, as a lady should. Noblesse oblige. But resolutely decline to be either hood-winked or brow-beaten.

Be gentle but firm in management. Servants are quick observers. They soon learn when they can and when they cannot presume. Keep them in their place by knowing and maintaining your own. Teach them by precept and practice that their work is honorable. Commend them when they deserve it, and be equally ready to blame when they are deficient. Win their confidence. They are human like yourselves. And there is a large element of shirk in poor human nature at the best. We all like to dodge the primal curse.

It will be many a day before we shall be free from household annoyances. But is it quite fair to expect perfection in the kitchen when there is so much imperfection in the parlor?

Carlos Martyn.

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH LODGING HOUSE.



WERY American who has passed any time in England, especially if he is compelled by the force of circumstances to live in boarding houses when in his native land, returns in love

with the lodging-house system. It is next to living in one's own house. It has all the privacy and much of the convenience of the latter.

In one village where I staid four months, I had lodgings in a laborer's cottage. The cottage, of modern brick, consisted of four rooms only, of which I had two.

My sitting room was of moderate size and had one large window. It was carpeted and furnished with a lounge, an easy chair, a plain chair or two and the usual centre A door opened directly upon a small balcony above the basement and during the cold days of Winter and early Spring, this door, together with a second leading into the small vestibule between my sitting-room and the kitchen, were covered with portieres to keep out the draughts which so infest all English houses of whatever These, however, were not furnished by my excellent landlady, but were the kind thought of a friend in the immediate neighborhood.

Heavy woollen draperies hung at the window, which gave place as Spring advanced, to embroidered muslin, coarse in texture, it is true, but of a snowy whiteness. In the window sill stood the pots of plants without which no English cottage is complete. And somehow the mistresses of those cottages understand the art of inducing perpetual bloom on the part of their geraniums, fuchsias and heliotropes.

In a recess by the chimney was a small cupboard devoted to my table-dishes, my tea caddy and such articles of food as I chose to keep therein, such as sweet-meats and biscuits.

My bedroom was of the same size as my sitting-room and directly above it. It was

comfortably furnished. A carpet, which could be readily taken up and shaken, partially covered the floor and there was a feather bed.

Let not the uncompromising advocate of mattresses for all climates and conditions cry out at this latter statement. For I, who can never sleep on a feather bed in my native land, except when I chance to spend a night in the fireless best bedroom of a New England country house, found it a necessity in the damp climate of England, and am sure that I should have been exceedingly uncomfortable on mattresses. Only in London did I have a bedroom furnished with the latter.

All the furnishings of my bed were exquisitely neat. The pillow cases and sheets were of coarse homespun linen, and smelled as sweet as those of the landlady in the "Complete Angler." All the blankets in the house, I think, must have been gathered and heaped on my bed. I do not dare to say how many there were, but, dexterously folded in halves and quarters, they sufficed without any heating comforter.

The dressing-table stood in the window, as it did in every room I occupied during my stay of a year in England, and the small swinging mirror was invariably draped with white muslin tied with knots of colored ribbon.

This bedroom was a cosy nest of a cold March night at 11 o'clock. I can see it now, exactly as it looked, when, after putting out my light in my sitting-room below—my good Bessie having, at my own desire, gone off early to bed—I went up, bedroom lamp in hand, and opened the door.

A good fire of soft coal blazed in the small grate, on either side of which was the hob of English story, a capital place on which to toast one's feet. The cheerful flame lighted up the room with a warm and ruddy glow.

The window curtains of thick moreen were closely drawn. The blankets and sheet were well folded down, leaving the bed open ready to step into, and my night-gown and whatsoever else I might want, were carefully laid out.

After closing the door and putting down the lamp upon the dressing-table, I not infrequently took an appreciative survey of the room. It gave me a delicious sense of being cared for, of comfort utterly alien to

the boarding-house bedroom.

Every night here, as well as at all other places where I staid in England, whether as a guest in a private or public house, all slops were carefully removed from the bedroom the last thing at night.

Going to bed under such circumstances, I quickly fell asleep and slept as I had not done for years. For it was to cure, if possible, a haunting insomnia that I had betaken myself to the restful atmosphere of the dear old country; an experiment that proved a

perfect success.

In the morning I was awakened, always at the same hour, not by the frantic ringing of a rising bell, but by a gentle tap at my door, accompanied by an equally gentle voice, announcing the "jug of hot water."

As I have said, my dressing-table stood in the window, and as I slowly went through the various stages of dressing, I looked out upon a broad open field wherein stood a remnant of an ancient avenue of elms in which, as the spring advanced, the thrushes and black-birds sang all day long, from early

dawn far into the long twilight.

In every cottage wherein I lodged, I had some such lovely rural outlook. At Warwick over the level green meadows of the Avon; at Ruzlan upon the gray old church wherein lie Edward Somerset and his little Molly who play their part in McDonald's "St. George and St. Michael;" at Tinlem, beautiful Tinlem! upon the green slopes of the romantic valley of Pout-y-Saisin; and at Llanisten over a level stretch of country intersected by green hedgerows to the towers of Llandaff.

These lovely views do not enter into the bargain and are not charged on the bill, but you are sure to have them if you take lodg-

ings out of the towns.

Having dressed, I went down to my sitting-room to find it in perfect order, it having been swept and dusted. A bright fire burnt in the grate. The table was spread with white, if coarse, linen. The pretty cups and dishes sacred to the use of the lodger were set out, and presently, following quickly the touch of my bell, in came the tea, perfectly made, together with the toast and eggs. Should you like it, a rasher of delicate bacon would be added.

And, O the blessedness, the utter blessedness, of sitting down alone, yes alone to eat one's breakfast after a series of years at boarding house tables in company with all sorts

and conditions of men, women and children! The family cat, however, if you are good to her, will keep you company, purring beside the fire and adding the final touch of homei-

ness to the picture.

After breakfast your landlady comes in for your orders for the day. What will you have for lunch and dinner? She will buy your meats and groceries, or you can buy them. But if you are wise, you will do it yourself, and in so doing become acquainted with the people of that much-talked-of lower English class. You will be brought directly in contact with your butcher, your baker, your candlestick-maker, and will learn to know this lower class as no traveller who skims through the country, touching here and there at hotels crammed with his own countrymen, can ever know them.

Milk, butter and eggs can be procured from the nearest farm. My eggs came, when at W—, from the "Plough and Harrow," the small inn whose thrifty landlady turned an honest penny or two with her

flock of hens.

Bread is never made in these cottages; it is always bought. Fresh bread is considered unwholesome, and if you have a weakness for it, you will have many a kindly contest with your landlady, who, in the interest of your health, will decline to bring in your loaf until it is two days old at the least.

Doubtless you will miss the multiplicity of breakfast cakes that grace the American table, but you may initiate your landlady, as I did, into the mysteries of cream toast, and if you like griddle cakes as well as I do, you will find an excellent substitute for them

in the "pikelet."

I was leaning back in the easy chair in my small lodgings at Llanisten, pleasantly weary from a day's outing, when my landlady entered, bearing a plate of smoking cakes in her hand.

"O, griddle cakes!" I joyfully exclaimed.
"Pikelets," was the reply. But griddle cakes or pikelets, what matters it, so long as they look and taste so uncommonly alike?

No one, however, but good Mrs. Williams ever made pikelets for me. I commonly bought them of the baker, and they were delicately warmed, buttered and sugared.

I recall one baker, or bakeress—they were usually women—whom I patronized at first, solely on account of her name. It was Chadband. She made excellent pikelets and muffins, however, and I continued to buy of her for her own sake.

Bread can be bought in every shape, from the tin to the popular cottage loaf, and at every price, from the giant at nine pence,

down to the dwarf penny roll.

As to cakes and tarts, their name is legion. And every locality has its special loaf. There is the cherry loaf of Warwick, frosted, with six bright red candied cherries stuck in it: the "Banbury cakes," which are not cakes at all, but oblong flaky pies, filled with some delectable mess, and which can be procured nowhere else in such perfection as at Banbury itself. They are an ancient form of cakes, and may have been eaten by the famous old woman of Banbury Cross. In Scotland you shall find the "currant loaf" to be eaten especially at New Years; but also to be procured on other days of the year. And if these fail you, there are always the innumerable cakes manufactured in London and sold, wrapped in tin foil. So there shall be no lack of cake in your lodgings.

Small mince pies of a spicy savor can be bought for tuppence. And I may mention the mutton pie of Scotland and the pork pie of England. Briefly, however, for, like the roast pig of Elia, the latter should have a whole essay especially devoted to it.

Boiled pigs' feet and tripe are advertised on certain nights, "hot," for such as like these delicacies, the advertisement being stuck behind the window pane of the pikelet maker, or the very small grocer; and sausages and fish can always be procured ready fried, though you will doubtless prefer that your landlady should perform the latter delicate operation. If she is a good churchwoman, she will give you pancakes on Shrove And if she is as good a cook as churchwoman her pancakes will be light and In my case they were tough, unspeakably so, and I ate them with the surety of a fit of indigestion. But who would decline pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday in England, even though they be tough.

On Good Friday, you will have Hot Cross Buns, baked, perhaps, as were mine, in the brick oven belonging to the village postmistress, and which is heated only once a year—on this occasion. She sat up all night to bake the village supply. The year previous

she had fallen asleep at 3 A. M., overcome with fatigue, and burned an oven-full, which were sold to the children at half price.

On Palm Sunday, figs will appear on your breakfast table. In fact, the English Church year seems punctuated with good things to eat

Fruits are not plenty, but if you are in England, or still better, in Scotland in strawberry time, your table will not lack the presence of that succulent fruit. However it may be with peaches, grapes, and that ilk, the strawberry of Scotland and England far surpasses any we in the United States can raise. Its flavor is incomparably finer, and it is cheap.

In Edinburgh, too, there is an admirable fashion of selling cream, in small, tightly covered tins, ranging in price from a penny-orth up. A tuppenny tin is ample for coffee and strawberries for one, and with rolls (warmed over hot) and the creamy fresh butter of the country, you have an idyllic break-

fast.

Looking back upon many such eaten in Auld Reekie, I can but sigh for the vanished

flesh pots of Egypt.

At the end of each week your bill comes in with every item carefully entered, and your surprise at the smallness of its amount is perennial. It is invariably receipted "with thanks."

Arrangements in city lodgings are necessarily more elaborate. Maids are multiplied, but the service still continues good. The same care and forethought are shown for your comfort. You are personally looked after. You are not one of a herd to be cared for and fed in the lump. You have your own table, and your neighbor has his, and life flows along accompanied with a feeling of genuine content.

I would not give the impression that life in lodgings is absolutely perfect, or that things move along there more than elsewhere, without friction. But it is infinitely prefer able to life in a boarding-house, and is the nearest to anything I have ever yet found

to one's "ain fireside."

Frances A. Humphrey.

A REVOLUTIONIZED HOUSE-HOLD.



AS it natural reaction from the Day of Rest, that decreed Monday should be wash-day? Who can tell when or by whom the custom was established? It seems to be one of those things

that are accepted as right, simply because "Mother washed on Monday" they exist. and so the daughter handed the custom down.

In our household, where but one servant is kept, we have reversed the order and while friends and neighbors have looked and said discouraging things—we have gone quietly on-until it has ceased to be an experiment and stands an established fact that Saturday is wash-day.

On Friday—when preparing for the weekly sweeping—the bed linen is changed, and at night the family are requested to take bodies fresh from the bath to their clean beds. Our bread and cake are baked on Friday-Saturday afternoon, dessert and other arrangements for Sunday dinner are made and then the kitchen is cleaned up with the suds saved for that purpose.

Sunday morning we begin the week fresh and clean in the laundry—as well as our souls-and I question if the former with its pile of sweet clean clothes, is not an instrument helping us to the latter. We have no blue Monday; the servant has had a day of rest between the two hard days' work of washing and ironing-in consequence of which the iron seems to fly more swiftly; there is a hot fire and clean kitchen making it so easy to add some little thing to render the usual "left over" Monday's dinner more

appetizing.

On Sunday morning there is nothing unusual to be done, no baths, no changing beds, as is so liable to happen under the old custom; the children go smiling to Sundayschool, leaving the elders to follow leisurely to church, which did not always happen when neglected duties crowded one another. Monday seems like a day gained, and is felt all through the week. There is more time and daily duties are not hurried. If Monday night fails to see the ironing finished Tuesday morning completes it and gives a restful afternoon. Wednesday shows the silver shining anew in polished beauty, and Thursday's afternoon out for our faithful helper seems most opportune. Not one of the household would return to the old way.

A word about the washing itself, or one item of it which I am surprised to find receives but little attention. Table napery of all kinds is given first attention. Into every water it goes first and alone, so that it does not come in contact in any way with body soiled garments. This is a point one cannot be too particular about.

Josephine R. Morris.



HOUSE-KEEPING OR HOME-KEEPING.

WIIICH shall it be? Shall we spend all our time and God-given powers on a house—a mere earthly habitation? In other words, shall I spend my life in polishing and bedecking a casket, while the jewels within are corroding and ruining for want of care and attention?

This is just what the woman is doing whose one great aim and ambition is to excel as a house-keeper.

"How can I tell her? By her cellar,

Cleanly shelves and whitewashed walls, etc." not by her own accomplished gracious self, and happy, courteous children; nor by the serene countenence of her husband, hurry-

ing gladly homeward.

I knew one woman whose days,—and far into each night—were spent sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, polishing pans, stoves, windows—anything polishable—even the walk to the gate was spotless. It was a bold fly that dared invade her domain, and much precious time was consumed in ironing the plain gingham garments in which herself and daughters usually appeared. She boasted that she never slighted her work and no one disputed her, but her husband was wont to say: "Heavens! Minerva, I'm hungry for a little dirt, confusion and comfort."

The best rooms were seldom opened save to be dusted—and the children never came into the house at all when the weather would admit of their remaining on the street; and when indoors they heard one ceaseless round of warnings, expostulations and threats. Her little five-year-old visiting and romping at the house of a friend, remarked naively: "Our house wasn't made to play in." A son in his teens said bitterly to a companion: "How I'd like a home—not a house. I would not care for poverty or even dirt if only there was pleasantness and freedom there."

Another child, on seeing that a schoolmate had accidentally put some dirt on his mother's floor, whispered in alarm: "Won't she be awful mad?" No one will be surprised that neither the sons or the daughters of that model house-wife turned out well, yet she meant to do right.

I knew another—a fragile, delicate creature-who besides keeping her house in order, taught music to defray the expenses of a son in college. To be sure her windows were not polished daily, nor yet her pans and cook-stove; an occasional fly got in and reveled in the sunshine of the best room among the pots of brightly blooming flowers. Sometimes, on sweeping days, she found several cob-webs and some dust. She economized on the ironing by folding sheets, towels and the like, and even "slighted" the pretty gowns in which she and her children were usually dressed; but no one guessed it—one cannot tell in ten minutes after a dress or apron is put on whether fifteen minutes or an hour was spent in laundrying it, you know.

In fact this woman economized on everything but the home-making part. Never was there a man more anxious to reach his own fireside than was her husband; her boys did not want to go on the street, and her girls were her companions. "Home, home! no place like home," was the burden of that family's refrain; and to-day her children

rise up and call her "blessed."

There is no sight upon which we are called to look more saddening, than that of a home sacrificed on the altar of house-wifely ambition, unless it be that of woman—with all the powers and possibilities the term implies—fallen, and of choice, to the lowly estate of a drudge; that of a wife and mother descending in the social and intellectual scale while her family are ascending. Home-keeping includes good house-keeping, but the latter may not include one item of real homemaking. The grave has closed over vast multitudes of women possessing from five to ten talents, who made use of but one. Who can compute the loss at the final reckoning?

"Faithful in little, faithful in much."

"Tis to the home-keepers we must look for the future of our nation, not the housekeepers. Velma Caldwell Melville.

THE CHICKEN.

ITS HISTORY, PREPARATION, AND POSSIBILITIES.



HERE is a patriotic superstition among us that the American eagle is our national bird, and we put it, accordingly, on our coinage and into our speeches. Its place of honor

is warmly contested, however, at certain seasons of the year by the turkey, championed by the market-men and india-rubber boys, but if the shades of all departed chickens slaughtered in this broad land since

"Freedom from her mountain height First called her eagle-bearer down,"

could be rehabilitated, they would laugh to scorn the claims of both in a cackle that could be heard across the continent. The eagle will do for the patriotic; the turkey for the rich and thankful; but for the "rank and file," the chicken is the national bird.

This is notably true of the South and Southwest, where, in the country, chickens are the main dependence for summer meat, aside from the ubiquitous ham. A dinner is hardly a dinner without a dish of fried Young chickens are particularly chicken. esteemed. The hens are set very early in the Spring (as is possible in that climate) and when the chickens are of "frying size," little larger than quail, the slaughter begins. I have seen nine chickens served for a private family without company in one day three broiled for breakfast, three fried for dinner, and three smothered for supper. This would seem a great extravagance to persons accustomed to using only the full grown or nearly grown fowls, but they were taken generally from a lot of from two hundred to four hundred chickens, continually reinforced through the Summer by fresh additions, and then—custom did the rest.

This shows one extreme of chicken consumption. I recall an incident which illustrates the other. A New England lady was visiting her daughter living in Missouri.

They were invited to my mother's to dine, and the elder lady spoke of how much she had enjoyed the chickens since she had been in Missouri. My mother, who had visited in New England, said, "You don't use many chickens in the East, do you?"

"O, yes, indeed," said the lady, "we use a good many chickens. I should think we must use, in the course of the year, as many as a dozen—may be, a dozen-and-a-half."

as a dozen—may be, a dozen-and-a-half."
"O, mother!" cried the daughter, who had lived many years in Missouri, "don't tell that story here! These people will think you are half-starved in Connecticut on a dozen chickens a year."

And it seemed a small number, indeed, to persons accustomed to buying them by the dozen, or raising them by the hundred.

Of course where they are used so much they must be low in price. I have bought them in Missouri for a dollar and a quarter a dozen, and from two to two dollars-and-ahalf is a common price. They are higher, of course, in the cities.

The native home of our domestic fowl is somewhat uncertain, but it is commonly believed to have come from the East Indies and the Malayan Archipelago. The Bankiva fowl of Java is very similar to some of the domestic varieties, and the distribution of the latter through the South Sea Islands is favorable to the belief that it derived its origin from that region, but still some naturalists incline to the opinion that the domestic fowl is derived from a mixture of distinct wild races.

At what period it was introduced into Europe is also uncertain. The remains of Egyptian antiquity carry us back to a period when it was apparently unknown in Egypt, and there is no distinct allusion to it in the old Testament, unless it be in I Kings IV:23, where, among the meats provided for Solomon's table are mentioned "fallow deer and fatted fowl," but it seems to have been common in the south of Europe from the earliest ages of European civilization. The cock was sacred to Apollo, to Mercury, to Mars, and to Esculapius. The chicken was known to the ancient Britons before the Roman invasion, and when the South Sea

Islands were first visited by Europeans, it was found there in a domesticated state. The sport of cock-fighting was a favorite one both with the Greeks and Romans, as it is among the Chinese and Malays at the present day.

There are many varieties of the domestic fowl, some of which are specially esteemed as food, and others as layers. The readiness with which this fowl can be induced to go on laying eggs far beyond the number proper for a brood, is unequalled by any other bird, and is one of the prime reasons for the high estimation in which it is held. As layers, the Polish, Black Spanish, and Leghorn varieties rank among the best, while the Hamburg is valued for the quality both of flesh and eggs. The Cochin China fowls with the kindred varieties, the Shanghai, Brahmapootra, etc., so suggestive of southern Asia, are remarkable, particularly, for their great size.

For the purpose of the housewife, however, it is unnecessary to go into detail as to varieties. When used for food, the quality of the fowl depends more upon age and condition than upon name and pedigree. essential that the housekeeper know how to judge of these qualities. The meat of an old chicken is generally dark and red, particularly about the legs, and, strange to say, there is a wrinkled appearance about young fowls which is lacking in old ones. Young chickens speak for themselves-so do old ones, -after they are cooked. If the choice lies between the old hen and a steak, choose the The hen can be improved by the manner of cooking, but it can never be made really good.

When the housekeeper has to depend on the markets for her fowls, she must of course take what the markets afford, but I wish here to enter an emphatic protest against the practice, prevalent in some parts of the country, of offering half-dressed fowls for A chicken or turkey is not properly dressed until all the feathers are removed and the fine hairs singed away—until the crop is removed and the gizzard cleaned, yet how often does the exasperated housewife have to claw out a frozen crop (there is no dignified word that will express it), or pick the pin feathers from the stiffened legs! If housekeepers would only refuse to buy such ill-dressed fowls and give the reason, plainly, there would soon be a revolution in this matter. In some parts of the country the dealers would not dare to offer them to customers, nor the farmers to the grocer.

If the chickens are purchased alive, there is a wrong and a right way of preparing them. They should be killed, if possible, twenty-four, or at least twelve hours before cooking. The old colored woman understood this when she said one day in a self-reproachful mood:

"I spec' the wuss thing de Lawd gwine bring up agin me in de jedgment-day will be settin' white folks down ter eat chickens whut ain't got cold 'fo' I chuck 'm in de fryin'-pan."

Even in warm weather they can easily be kept on ice, and it is a most convenient habit to have them ready for cooking before the time comes.

When the chicken is killed, have ready a pot of hot water—not boiling or the skin will come off with the feathers—but very Dip the chicken into the water, holding it by the feet. When sufficiently cool, pull the feathers off, and if the water is right they will come off by the handful, leaving the flesh unbroken. What to do with the feathers is often a problem with young housekeepers. Have an old dripping pan to put them into. Drain the water from them and set the pan into the oven. your fire is hot burn the feathers, but woe to you and your neighbors if you throw them, wet, to smoulder on a slow fire!

Pick off the pin feathers and singe the fowl by lighting a crumpled newspaper in one of the stove-holes and turning the chicken briskly in the blaze, taking care not to get the smut from the burnt paper on the flesh. See that the singeing is thoroughly done, as nothing takes the appetite more completely than seeing a hair left on the chicken when it is served. Slip back the skin from the neck and cut the neck off close to the body or half way down as you prefer. Loosen the crop and windpipe and draw them out firmly but gently. Cut off the vent to release the main entrail and make a horizontal slit about an inch above, large enough to insert two fingers, with which loosen carefully all the membranes fastening the entrails, liver and gizzard to the chicken. Then, pressing the fingers firmly around the whole mass, draw it steadily down and out. Wash the chicken quickly inside and out, and wipe it dry.

Cut off the feet just below the joints, and if it is an old fowl, be careful to remove the tendons from the drumsticks by cutting through the skin only, slipping the tine of a steel fork under the tendon, and pressing until it slips out, leaving the leg free from

tough strings. Put the feet into boiling water and in a few moments the skin can be stripped from them. Pull the toes back

and the nails will slip off.

Free the liver, gizzard, and heart from the entrails and cut the gall-bladder from the liver very carefully, as it will spoil the whole if it is broken. Slip off the membrane enclosing the heart, and cut off the veins and arteries. Cut the gizzard open at the thickest part and peel off the outside, leaving the inner part unbroken. The giblets, neck, and feet should be boiled together in a pint of water with an onion and a little salt, and the jelly-like gravy will do good service for made dishes. A good house-keeper soon learns not to waste a particle of gravy.

If the chicken is to be roasted, truss it after it is stuffed by drawing up the legs and inserting the ends of the drumsticks in the slit already made. Ordinarily they will not need to be skewered. The wings may be skewered or tied close to the body. The skin of the neck should be drawn back over the end and fastened by a toothpick. The

chicken is now ready for roasting.

There are so many ways of cooking chickens that it will be impossible in the limits of this paper to give them all. In its susceptibility to treatment in many ways lies one of its chief merits. Another is in the fact that every scrap of it can be used. After a roast chicken has been denuded of meat at the table, enough can still be picked from the bones to make, with a potato or two and some of the jelly from the feet and giblets, an appetizing dish for breakfast or tea that will not have the least resemblance to a dish of scraps. Then, from the carcass, broken to pieces and boiled with an onion and some okra if you have it, can be concocted a very fair soup to help out to-morrow's dinner.

The recipes for made-dishes from chickens are almost endless, and so delicious are many of them that one is sometimes tempted to wish that the whole chicken could be left over so as to furnish material for more of the "minces" and "pâtes" and "croquettes."

There is a difference in the Northern and Southern way of preparing chickens for salads. In the North they are shredded or pulled apart coarsely—in the South they are generally chopped fine, so that the mixture has more the consistency and appearance of slaw or cabbage salad. It is chiefly a matter of taste as to which is preferable.

Either one is good if well made. In making chicken-salad where only the white meat is used, save the dark portions for the next

day's croquettes.

The following are reliable recipes for cooking chickens. May the readers of The Home-Maker feel after using them, as did a little three-year-old, once when, having dined sumptuously on "smothered chicken," she pushed her chair back from the table, clasped her hands, and said, ecstatically, "So dood! chicken meat are!"

Southern Fried Chicken.

Cut up the chickens into eight pieces each, making two of the breast. Salt and roll in flour, and fry in hot lard. The dish may be added to by frying halves of biscuits or disks cut from slices of cold bread in another vessel of hot lard. Lay the bread on the dish, and the chicken on top.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.

Cut the chickens open in the back, as for broiling. Salt, and place them in a dripping-pan with enough water to cover the bottom. Cook in a quick oven, basting frequently with butter and adding more water if it is needed. They will need from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Take up the chickens, and make the gravy by stirring in the thickening and allowing it to boil up once. Cut up the giblets, add pepper and a plentiful supply of butter, and pour a little of the gravy over the fowls. Put the rest in a gravy bowl. Served with hot buttered waffles, this is a dish fit for a king.

FRICASSEED CHICKENS.

Cut the chickens into pieces. Put into a pot with cold water to cover. Boil slowly for an hour for an ordinary chicken—twice as long for an old one. Thicken the gravy, and pour over the chicken. The water should be salted when the chickens are put on, pepper added after they are dished. Add butter if the chickens are very young, with a little thyme if it is liked.

CHICKEN POT-PIE.

Prepare and cook as above. Fifteen minutes before serving, drop into the pot pieces of ordinary biscuit dough rolled thinner than for biscuits, and cut into squares. If put in immediately after mixing, and cooked, without removing the cover, they will be light. Thicken the gravy and pour over the chicken and dumplings.

BROILED CHICKEN.

Steam for half an hour a chicken split open in the back. Wipe the moisture from it, salt and broil on a gridiron or broiler, turning frequently. Dress with plenty of butter.

ROAST CHICKEN.

Stuff the crop and body with a mixture of bread-crumbs, butter, salt and pepper. The stuffing may be moistened, or put in dry as preferred. Be careful not to get it too moist. Pour half a cupful of water over the chicken, and roast an hour for an ordinary fowl—longer for an old one. Boil the giblets, cut fine and add with the liquor in which they are boiled to the gravy. Thicken the gravy, add a sliced hard boiled egg to it, and serve in a gravy-bowl. The chicken should be basted frequently while roasting.

Boiled Chicken with Oysters.

Prepare the chicken as for roasting, adding chopped oysters to the stuffing. Put the fowl in a tin pail, tightly covered, and place the pail in a pot of cold water. Boil for an hour and a half, or two hours, as required. Make a gravy from the liquor in the pail, adding to it some of the oysters. Take a half dozen of the largest oysters cooked until their edges curl, and lay over the chicken. Put over it a little of the gravy, and serve the rest in a bowl.

JELLIED CHICKEN.

Boil two chickens until the meat will drop from the bones, in as little water as possible. Pick it all to pieces, and season well with salt and pepper. Put into a mold, or a round bowl if you haven't the mold, some slices of hard boiled eggs, then a layer of chicken, alternating until all is in. Boil down the water in which the chickens were boiled until there is only a pint, into which put a large pinch of gelatine previously dissolved in cold water. Season this gravy with butter, pepper and salt, and pour it over the chicken. It will sink through and serve to jelly it. Keep on ice until perfectly Turn it out on a dish and garnish with parsley or blanched celery tips. Slice at table.

CHICKEN SALAD.

To one boiled chicken cut into dice, add double the quantity of celery cut into pieces half an inch thick, and four hard boiled eggs cut into small pieces. Add half of the

dressing to this, and put it into the ice chest till serving-time, when it may be put into a salad bowl and the remainder of the dressing poured over it. For the dressing use five eggs; while thoroughly beating them add ½ pint of oil, drop by drop, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, and a generous pinch of cayenne; set the dish in boiling water, stirring constantly till it thickens, and set it away to cool. Just before using, reduce it with vinegar, (about ½ pint) or lemon juice, or both.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Chop fine your meat, picked from the bones. Add one-third as much mashed potato, and moisten with gravy. Heat all together and season to taste. Beat into the mixture two raw eggs, and set it away to cool. Mould into balls about the size and shape of an egg. Dip them into beaten egg and roll them in cracker meal. Fry a light brown in boiling lard. A wire basket is convenient, but not essential.

CHICKEN PÂTES.

Line your pâte pans with pastry, and bake. Mince your chicken and dressing, with one or two hard boiled eggs, if you have them. Add your gravy or chicken jelly, season with butter, salt, and pepper, and let all heat together. Fill the crusts with this preparation, and serve at once.

CHICKEN ON TOAST.

Mince your chicken. Make a dressing of one cupful of milk or cream, one teaspoonful of flour stirred with butter enough to cream it, and salt and pepper to taste. Put this on to boil, and add the minced chicken. When it comes to a boil, remove and pour over toast, and garnish with hard boiled eggs.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.

Mince your remnants of chicken. Veal mixes well with chicken, and it is sometimes convenient to add to the dish in this way. Put a layer of chicken and a layer of rolled cracker or bread crumbs alternately, in a baking dish. Beat an egg in a cup and fill the cup with milk, or cream, if you can get it. Salt it, and pour it over the chicken. If this does not make the moisture rise even with the top, add gravy or hot water enough to do it. Put lumps of butter on the top, and brown in the oven.

Caroline H. Stanley,

CHOICE RECIPES.



F BREAD is "to strengthen man's heart" it must be properly made. Among all of the tasks that fall to the house-keeper's share, none are more important than bread-making. Its recurrence

upon the table with every meal, and the necessary part it plays in the sustaining of life, renders it a most important factor in the

domestic economy.

It should not only be as nearly perfect as the best quality of flour and other materials can make it, but there should be as much variety in form as is attainable. First in order comes light bread, and then, following in its train, the numerous forms of muffins, batter cakes, crisp breads, Johnny cakes, etc. To make bread in winter it is best to warm the flour before mixing it, just as you do for cake. But on no account let it get hot. It should be mixed rather soft and kept at an even temperature.

The following recipe makes absolutely perfect yeast. I never use any other kind. It never sours, even when kept three weeks

in midsummer weather.

No housekeeper who makes her own bread can form an idea of its perfection until she has used it.

Have no scruples about the quantity of salt and sugar, for therein lies the secret of its keeping qualities, and although it would seem that the bread must be too salt and sweet made with this yeast, you will find on the contrary that you must, when mixing, add more salt and sugar, though not quite as much as with other yeast. Follow the recipe exactly and you will have

PERFECT YEAST.

I large handful of hops.

8 large Irish potatoes.

3 pints of water.

i teacupful of sugar.

1 teacupful of salt.

1 teacupful of risen yeast. Peel and grate the potatoes.

Boil the hops in the water for twenty min-

utes, then strain the tea on the grated potato, stirring it all the time.

Return it to the saucepan and set on the fire. Stir well until it begins to boil, then remove it from the saucepan and stir into it one teacupful each of salt and sugar, mixing it thoroughly. When just warm, stir into it a teacupful of well-risen yeast, put it in a large pan and set in a moderately warm place to rise. When risen, keep it in a cool place. One teacupful is sufficient for two quarts of flour. There should be three teacupsful of the potato when grated.

Twist.

I quart of flour.

tablespoonful of butter or lard.

I fresh egg.

½ cup of yeast.

 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.

½ teaspoonful of sugar.

Warm water sufficient to mix.

Sift and warm the flour, put into it the salt, sugar, butter, eggs and yeast, and with milk and warm water mix it thoroughly into a rather soft dough. Grease well a bucket that will hold the dough when risen, put on the top and set this in another larger bucket with a close-fitting top. Put it where it will keep just warm enough without change of temperature. When well-risen, cover the kneading-board with flour and knead the dough well for half an hour.

Now, divide it into equal parts and make each half into a roll large in the middle and tapering toward the ends. They

should be about twelve inches long.

Lay them across each other at the middle, brush them over lightly with a little melted butter, then twist them together from towards the middle out to the ends, which must be pinched together. It makes a very pretty twist if you do it nicely. Lay it in a pan, cover closely so as to keep it warm, and when sufficiently risen, bake a pale brown. This is delightful bread.

SCOTCH CAKE.

2 quarts of flour.

1 large tablespoonful of butter.

1 ½ teacups of fresh milk.

I teacup of yeast.

2 eggs.

1 teaspoonful of salt.

1 teaspoonful of sugar.

Make into a soft dough over night. Very early in the morning knead over the dough and make into biscuits, rather large, roll out, thin, cover closely and set to rise again. When light, bake quickly and send to the table hot.

CREAM MUFFINS.

1 quart of sour cream.

4 eggs.

I level teaspoonful of soda.

I level teaspoonful of salt.

1 tablespoonful of butter.

Flour enough to make a thick batter.

Beat the eggs until very light and stir them gradually into the cream, add sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, then add the salt, soda, and butter, stirring in thoroughly. Bake at once in muffin rings or gem pans.

SOUTHERN BISCUIT.

I quart of flour.

I large tablespoonful of lard.

I level teaspoonful of salt.

Rub the lard well into the flour, adding the salt, then mix with water into a dough so stiff that you can just handle it—Knead this well and long until it pops under your hands and you can put it down in thin strips—It should feel satiny to the touch—Mould into biscuit, roll three quarters of an inch thick, stick well through and through, and bake in brisk oven until brown and crisp.

DRIED BEEF.

I leg of beef.

2 pounds of brown sugar.

2 tablespoonsful of saltpetre.

3 tablespoonsful of fine salt.

1 saltspoonful of soda.

Select a choice hindquarter of tender beef. Cut so as to leave the whole leg shaped like a ham, then split it in half from the knuckle to the thigh joint. Lay each piece in a large dish—Mix together the saltpetre, sugar, salt, and soda, and rub each piece of beef with the mixture, sprinkling what remains over the surface of the meat. Put in a cool place where it is impossible for a fly to find it. The next day turn the beef over, and do this every day.

In eight days it will have re-absorbed all of the juice and is then ready to dry. Sew each piece up carefully in a piece of coarse unbleached cotton so that no insect can attack it; then hang to dry or smoke. When perfectly dry, put away in a cool, dry place.

BAKED FISH.

1 six pound fish.

1 pound of bread crumbs.

1/4 pound of butter.

1 small onion chopped fine.

1 teacupful of sweet cream.

I level teaspoonful of salt.

I saltspoonful each of red and black pepper.

After the fish has been carefully cleaned, washed and wiped dry, rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Mix the stuffing thoroughly, stuff the fish and sew it up.

Brush it over with the yolk of an egg and sprinkle thickly with cracker crumbs. Put in

a pan with some water in it.

Baste frequently with butter; when it is a fine brown set the pan on the top of the stove towards the back and let all of the water cook out and the fish brown nicely on the under side, taking care that it does not scorch. Serve as soon as done.

STEWED OYSTERS.

1 gallon of oysters.

I pound of fresh butter.

½ teacupful of cracker dust.

Pepper and salt to taste.

Use a porcelain-lined saucepan. If a thin saucepan is used, the oysters are apt to burn unless the greatest care is taken in stirring them incessantly. Pour off the most of the liquor, season the oysters to your taste with salt and pepper, put them in the saucepan with the butter and set on a brisk fire. frequently from the bottom. When the oysters begin to plump out, stir in the cracker dust and serve just as soon as they are They must not remain on the fire a moment longer than is required to cook The butter used in cooking oysters must be fresh and very nice and you must put in a plenty.

VEAL CUTLETS.

Slightly parboil the cutlets, wipe them dry, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Have ready a frying pan of hot lard, also a dish with pounded cracker, and one with three egg-yolks beaten light and mixed with three tablespoonsful of rich sweet cream. Season with salt. Lay each cutlet in the eggs, first one side and then the other, and next in the cracker-dust, then at once in the boiling lard. When one side is fried a nice brown, carefully turn the cutlet so as not to disturb the crust. Serve them on a hot dish immediately, while they are crisp. A cutlet that waits is shorn of its perfection.

MACARONI.

½ pound of macaroni.

2 egg volks.

1 tablespoonful of butter.

1 saltspoonful of salt.

1 saltspoonful of red pepper.

2 saltspoonsful of mixed mustard.

½ pint of sweet cream.

2 teacupsful of grated cheese.

Boil the macaroni in slightly salted milk and water. The water must be boiling when it is put in. When tender, drain it. Beat the yolks of two fresh eggs with a full teaspoonful of butter, add a saltspoon of salt, and one of red pepper, two of mixed mustard and half a pint of rich, sweet cream. Fill the pan with alternate layers of macaroni, cheese and prepared seasoning. Let cheese and seasoning be the last layer. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

1 cocoanut.

ı dozen eggs.

1 pound of sugar.

½ pound of butter.

Grate the cocoanut, and beat the eggs separately. Cream the sugar and butter, and add the eggs alternately, as in making cake. The cocoanut must be added last. Bake in puff paste. If white puddings are preferred, leave out the yolks of the eggs, substituting a tumbler of rich, sweet cream. Bake a pale brown.

CITRON PUDDING.

1/2 pound of citron.

9 egg yolks.

10 ounces of white sugar.

6 ounces of butter.

2 tablespoonsful of cracker dust.

Beat the yolks and sugar together until light, add the butter and cracker dust. Line two pie plates with puff paste. Slice the citron very thin and sprinkle over the paste in the pan. Pour in the pudding and bake in a moderate oven. Always take puddings out of the pans as soon as done and put them on hot plates.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME MAKER: The sweet-potato recipe came to me last week, in an emergency. It proved to be so much of a novelty, that I told my daughter to write the recipe and I would send it to The Home-Maker. The salad I have used for ourselves, when seasonable, as our garden furnished most of the ingredients. I don't think I ever placed it before guests, so it will be entirely new.

I have taken great pleasure in a little glass globe filled with nasturtium flowers hung on my dining-room chandelier. Their rich colors, and the fragrance of their trailing vines are really appetizing.

~ 5

SWEET POTATOES.

To make a pretty dish for either supper or

luncheon, take small cold boiled sweet potatoes, slice once lengthwise, and trim in shape to represent petals of a sun flower. Arrange points inward around a dinner plate, leaving central space for disc. Butter and salt the "petals," mash the trimmings with butter and salt, form in mound in center of dish, over the points of petals to hold them in place. Scratch with fork to represent seeds, as nearly as possible. Brown one tablespoonful of flour and stir in enough butter to form a paste. Cool enough to spread over the mound without running. Your sunflower can be set aside until ready to use, when it should be set in the oven long enough to heat without browning. This is very palatable, as well as ornamental.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER SALAD.

Butter and trim the crust from four slices of bread (which should not be too fresh) and cut into dice. Have some finely chopped parsley ready, stir this through the bread lightly, a little at a time, managing to take out only what adheres to the butter. Place the bread in a low salad-dish, then take a small cluster of chives, cut with a knife and scatter over, then salt and black pepper enough to brighten. Spray lightly with vinegar, not enough to soak or make it sour. Garnish with green nasturtiums. You will find this palatable in the spring when your appetite is all gone.

A H.-M. P.

Newark, N. J.

Springing 'Up of Seed Cast into Good Ground.

DEAR HOME MAKER: In your July and August Nos., (1889) appeared a symposium on Life Insurance that

excited much interest. My husband was On my birthday one of your converts. (Aug. 10) he gave me a policy upon his life drawn up in my favor and our little boy's. Last week he took out another—an endowment policy—to be paid in fifteen years, when he is forty-five. He said he had had so much comfort of mind since taking out the first, that he was tempted to repeat the experiment. In talking it over last night, we conclude that you, who set the ball moving, ought to have a vote of thanks from us. I cannot tell you what satisfaction it gives to put away money to pay premiums on what, in case of his orphanage, would be enough to keep our child from want until he could take care of himself. My husband sleeps better and works with a lighter heart for feeling that he has put this wall between us and poverty. He wonders that he could have lived to be thirty years old, without doing such a sensible, comfortable thing. Now, he advises every young man to "follow his example, and see how good it feels." A Grateful Subscriber.

Cortland, N. Y.



THE HATHERWOOD GIRLS.



AKE some money! Make some money! I wish I knew how to make some money!" That seems to be the cry through the length and breadth of the land! You can't pick up a

newspaper or a magazine without stumbling

upon some phase of the problem. I am disgusted with it."

And Madge Hatherwood tumbled backward over the foot of her bedstead where she had been sitting, and turned her glance of scorn over this mercenary age, to the whitewashed ceiling.

Molly, who was busy making over her last Summer's pongee, and whose modest wish for profitable work had brought out her sister's exclamations, only smiled placidly. She knew Madge.

Anna, who was busily at work painting

menu cards for a big city store, looked serious. She knew how hard it was to make money, even when you were supposed to be trained for it. She painted menu and Christmas and Easter cards by the dozen, and knew that every day she was being crowded closer and closer by the rush of girls who were struggling as she was, to "make money." She finished a little study, and held it off and looked at it. Madge came and looked over her shoulder to admire.

"I can understand how city people say that all the original ideas come from the country. What could be more original than

that—or prettier?"

Anna had drawn a mushroom on her card, and on the top of it was a little etching in

brown of a breezy woodland scene.

"It would be nice if you really could paint on mushrooms. That would be a novelty! City people take to *real* country things. Don't you remember how those thistle pompons sold?"

Madge had made thirty dollars one Summer by cutting the green part off of thistle blooms, wetting them, and hanging them in the sun until they were lovely round balls of white fluff. That was before everybody.

made them.

"You can paint on some mushrooms," Molly said. "There are those big flat things that grow on dead trees. There are thousands of them down on the creek bank. I am sure that nice, white underside is a beautifully prepared surface."

"They ain't mushrooms," Madge said with scorn. "They are lichens, and, besides, the underside is as damp as can be."

"But they don't stay damp, I guess. There's one down stairs that has been holding the front door back for a week. It is dry enough."

"Go down and get it, will you, Madge? and let me see it," Anna said. "It might

be worth something."

Madge went.

I do not know whether it was the fact of Anna's "making some money" of her own that made the girls wait upon her, or whether it was because they were impatient to see what new thing she would do next.

The thing Anna turned over in her hand certainly would have been a curiosity to most city people. It was a large woody fungus, brown and gnarled upon the upper side, but underneath, where it was protected from the weather, it had a soft, pale cream-colored satiny surface. Anna took it, and picking up one of her drawing-

pencils, began to copy upon the smooth surface an outline of the little woodland sketch that she had drawn upon the painted mushroom. The pencil did not make a clear mark, and she took a large pin from Molly's hat lying on the window-seat beside her, and begun outlining with that.

The first mark she made, a red flush began to show under the dark pallor of her skin.

The outline was all in.

"Madge," she said quietly to her sister leaning over the back of her chair, "will you please get me your new pocket-knife?"

Carefully—Anna did everything carefully—she cut and picked and scratched. Molly caught the contagion of the silence, and came to look too. "Oh, Anna!" she cried, with surprise and joy. "Is it an etching?"

True enough. There was a layer of brown under the creamy satin surface, and Anna had drawn with her rude implements exactly as an etcher draws upon his waxed plate, and the result looked as much like a beautiful etching on India paper curiously mounted as it was possible for anything to look like what it was not.

Indeed, Anna's picture had the advantage over an etching of being exactly as it came from her hand. Nothing could have taken the shades more prettily than did the gradual deepening browns under the pale surface. But Anna worked at it all day, and when evening came her eyes and arms were tired with the long strain; but it was done, and it was beautiful, and it was unique!

The next morning, after the work was done, for no servant but a washerwoman ever came to Hatherwood House, Madge and Anna put on their hats and went off up the creek to hunt for fungi. There they

were by hundreds.

As the sharp hatchet wielded by Madge's strong young arms split the lichens from the tree-trunk, Anna held them tenderly by the edges, not to mar the damp underside that was then hardened into a surface, where she hoped to mark for herself, if not fame, at least a notice that would enable her to bring her work well before the public. She left a little piece of bark upon the lichen where she severed it from the tree, so that it would stand up without support. They carried home as many as they could without marring any, and set them up to dry.

Molly and Madge wanted Anna to send the first one off to the city at once, but she knew that a great deal depends upon a first impression, and she meant her first piece to be a success in every way. All the time the lichens were drying, she was hunting out a subject. At last she found it.

It was a half-dozen fluffy, downy, baby chickens, frightened by a round ball of a wide-eyed kitten.

She selected her largest fungus, about twelve by nine inches, with a perfect surface, and began her work. She had two penknives ground until the blades were pointed and sharp, and she bought a supply of assorted sizes in hat-pins. Then for ten days from early morn until her hand was weary, she worked; shutting the doors and barring the girls out from even a peep. Molly had finished the pongee, and was sitting out on the veranda elegantly reading a book, thanking her stars that it was Madge's week to wash the supper-dishes; a task Madge was hurrying through before dark, when Anna came down with her finished work. She called down the basement stairs to Madge, and as the girls came eagerly into the hall, she turned it around and said with a little quiver in her

"This is my chef d'œuvre d'art! So, admire!

It was pretty. Nothing could have been prettier!

"Oh, mamma! Anna wants you. Come quick!" Madge cried, running down to the parlor, swinging her dish-towel over her

They had not told mamma anything about it. Big girls as they were, of fifteen, seventeen and eighteen, they were still mother babies, and a "surprise" was dear to their hearts:

Mrs. Hatherwood was truly surprised. The etching was far beyond anything she had imagined Anna could do. And then she was wonderfully struck with the novelty of the whole thing. Every little feather on the chickens was in its place, and every hair on the kitten. And the shading from cream to brown-black, was softer than any printed etching could ever be.

The next morning, there was a hunt for a box and tissue paper, and cotton batting, and at last, the precious thing was boxed, and directed to the big art-and-novelty store where Anna sold her cards, and she paid her last dollar to the express company.

The next week was the most tedious the girls ever remembered spending. and Molly were as anxious as to the fate of the "Chef d'œuvre d'art" as the artist herself.

One evening Madge came up from the post office, swinging a letter, with the printed name of the New York firm on the envelope. "Here it is, Anna!" she said as quietly

as she could, putting it on the drawing

board before her sister.

It was opened with trembling hands. Hands that grew none the quieter when there appeared a slip of pink paper in the

It was a cheque for twenty-five dollars. This was the letter.

New York, May 6th, 1887.

Miss Anna Hatherwood: Dear Madam:

We enclose twenty-five dollars, as payment for the etching on fungus that you sent to us to sell. We should be glad to have any more you may have to dispose of. The one you sent us attracted a great deal of attention as it stood in the window.

Yours respectfully

Blair and Wilcox. Per M. M.

"Well," said Madge, drawing a long "You are right. You can 'make breath. some money."

The week after this the Hatherwoods cleaned house. The washerwoman came to do the scrubbing and clean the carpets, but the girls tied towels about their heads and swept down walls, and washed windows and doors, and cleaned out closets.

This year the girls made up their minds that they were no longer going to sleep in the "nursery," as they called the big room where their three little brass bedsteads had stood together since they were promoted from cribs. The old house was large, and there was nobody to inhabit it but the three girls and their mother, and they concluded to have a room apiece.

Consequently, there was a great moving. Madge took a big front bed-room with great old-fashioned closets, and these she had to clear out before her own possessions could be moved in. In the afternoon she came down stairs, dusty and grimy beyond recognition, bearing a pillow-case stuffed with something. She took it into Mrs. Hatherwood's room and emptied it on the bed.

There was a pile of crushed yellow stuff. "Mamma Hatherwood!" she demanded, "will you be good enough to tell me what these are?"

"Madge, my child, where did you find these things?" Mrs. Hatherwood said, in "They are old embroideries and delight. laces that belonged to your Grandmother Maynard, and to her mother before her. Here are the baby-caps of a generation or



SHE DID THEM, AND DID THEM BEAUTIFULLY. (See page 427.)

two, and capes and collars and undersleeves and flounces by the dozen."

"They were in this pillow case between a pair of big feather pillows in the front room closet—away back,"—

"And probably have been there since your grandmother died. When you were a baby. Madge, I do hope there is something here that you girls can wear."

"Oh, but, mamma, they are so dirty and generally horrid, and, see here! There are holes in everything."

"I know how to mend them with the lace stitches, if my eyes will allow me, and to laundry them afterwards. By the way, Madge, you can do that work, you darn and do drawn work so beautifully."

Madge's eyes shone as she spread over her fingers a cobwebby linen cambric yokecape, embroidered in fine leaves, with wheels of lace stitch.

"Just the thing for a white dress!—I'll do it, Mamma—ee—"

And do it, she did.

For weeks she sat by her mother's side throwing the bobbins, filling in the places where time had eaten out the delicate frost of leaf or flower that went to make up the flounce of some aunt or grandmother.

The other girls had not the patience to try the dainty work, so Mrs. Hatherwood said that the best of the pretty things must

belong to Madge.

One day, Madame Fairfax, from The Birches came to see Mrs. Hatherwood, and found Madge's rough brown head bent over her dainty old-world task.

Madame put up her lorgnette.

"What are you doing, my dear? Oh, that lovely lace! I remember your Grandmother Maynard wearing that flounce upon her grey satin dress the last time she went out in the evening before your grandfather died. She made that rent on a palm in my hall-entrance. Bless the child! She is putting it in as good as ever. I remember that I said she would never get it mended in this country, and she said your mother, (who was a young girl then) could do it beautifully. Dear me! how proud she would be to see her little granddaughter weaving it perfectly."

And then Madame turned to Mrs. Hatherwood, and began talking of her mother and the old days, never noticing the pleased flush

on Madge's face.

But before Madame departed, she noticed the work again, expressing her admiration.

"I know I wish I had a little grand-daughter to mend my laces. I have dozens of pieces that I shall have to send to Paris, or to New Orleans to the nuns."

"I should be very glad to do it for you, Madame Fairfax," Madge said, "if you

think I can do it well enough.'

"Well enough! Indeed, you do it perfectly, my dear, and I shall send them over to-morrow, if you will let me pay you what I should pay the Paris people. It will be a

great relief to my mind to have them done here at home."

Madame knew the state of the Hather-wood finances, and had not been talking at random by any means, but it was a great thing for *Madge*, harum-scarum *Madge*, to be elected to mend the historical laces of the Fairfax's. She did them, and did them beautifully. Madame showed them to everybody; and presently there were a dozen ladies coming to Madge to beg her to mend and "restore" their old laces.

There was a snug little sum laid away before a card appeared in one of the Art

Journals.

"Ancient and Modern Laces Restored. References: Madame Fairfax, Va. Mrs. Hughes Bell, New York. Miss Margaret Hatherwood, Alton, Virginia."

After that there was no lack of work for

Madge.

And now, only Mollie was left to wear shabby gloves, for not one penny would she take from the girls to buy anything. "Never mind," she would say. "I shall stumble upon my vocation some day."

One day when Anna was scratching away upon a great lichen, copying a head of Rembrandt's, and Madge's bobbins were flying, as she mended a tiny hole in a ruffle that had belonged to Marie Antoinette, Anna looked up and said laughing:

"Why don't you write stories, Molly? then all the great implements—the pen, the needle, and the brush, would be in use

in the family."

Madge laughed her to scorn.

"Where are the sword, and a few more things, I should like to know? And besides, I don't use a needle, and you don't use a brush, but Mollie might write stories. She used to write flowery-enough compositions."

"I believe I might," Mollie said, modestly.

An d this is the story.

Anna Swan Duane.

THE VERY YOUNG MAN.



T is true and, pity
'tis, that the
genus Boy has
disappeared
from our land.
The remorseless
Herod of unhealthful progression has
slain, not only
the first born,
but the entire

family of Boys (with a capital B), and the places that knew them and resounded with their glad boyishness now know them no more. In their place, rattling about, but in nowise filling it, have we only the hybrid "very young man"—a veritable juvenile Methuselah, young in years, but old, no, very old in everything else, far ahead of us aged fellows of thirty or forty, a thing of shreds and patches, not content to be a boy, and far from fitted to be a man, occupying a half-way sort of place, indeed, on which can dwell neither "fish, flesh, fowl nor goed red herring."

You see, I am far enough past the very. young man period, to look at the subject from both sides of the fence. I have not forgotten the aspirations, the mortifications and complications of the very young man, and yet I know how it feels to be launched upon a fourth decade, and that is getting quite along, you know. Don't quarrel with your youth, my juvenile friend; if fault it be, inexorable time will soon mend it without any aid from you, and it is a fault, I assure you, that like a blessing, brightens as it takes its flight. I know a boy who is a perfect delight to me, because he is a boy; he tries to be manly and succeeds, but he doesn't want to be a man until his time comes; he simply tries to be the best sort of boy for which he can find a model, and tries to excel in boys' accomplishments.

I know another chap, or I think I should say "chappie," under the circumstances, about the same age, who simply can't and wont be a boy. I don't believe he ever has been a boy. His companions are all years older than himself; he is ready to give advice on all subjects, and "straight tips" on all occasions; in short, he is altogether a most impressive and depressing sort of person, and makes a giddy fellow of thirty

seem very youthful by comparison. He would really, in his inmost soul, like to "pitch in" and have a good time, but it would be at such a sacrifice of his dignity that it is not to be thought of for a moment, and so he struggles to be content with his very bad realization of a very bad ideal, while the golden years slip away and he will not know until too late, how much of the real enjoyment of youth he has missed.

Most youths seem to have an insane fear of being caught doing any kindly or humane Riding up town the other day, I looked down from my post of vantage (cn passant, do you know what a fine place from which to study human nature is the top or a Fifth Avenue stage?) and saw one of our juvenile swells, listening hastily to a beggar woman's plea. Taking some coin from his pocket, he bestowed his alms in a shamefaced sort of way, and was hurrying from the scene of his kindly doing, when, glancing up, he caught my eye taking in the situation with all the approval in the world. His face turned a violent scarlet, and jamming his hands in his pockets, he walked furiously away in an opposite direction.

You see he was a very young man, and I am not; I have passed the age until which one is supposed by his juniors to be susceptible to the needs and ills of his fellowmen.

I think there is an idea prevalent in the mind of the very young man, to the effect that the man who is not so very young, and after whose manner and method he desires to fashion himself, looks down with a noble scorn upon anything suggestive of kindly charity or kinship with suffering humanity. The very young man, atal sixteen, and from that to twenty, thinks that to be grown, he must adopt the manner and carriage of forty, and that to be manly, he must launch into agriculture, i.e., must put in a substantial crop of extremely untamed oats. often, it is really not at all in accord with the youth's actual taste, but he regards at least the appearance of wickedness as an absolute necessity. It is all very like Bertie's explanation in that inimitable play "The Henrietta"—"Every fellow thinks the other a devil of a fellow, but he is'nt!"

I know a lad who is a very usual type of the very young man, a charming fellow, full of talent, an innate gentleman—which, in my belief is the best kind—and yet he is kicking against the limitations of youth with all his force, lashing himself with withering sarcasm, and hurling invectives at the years for their lagging feet. Isn't it pitiful that one should grow impatient of the bloom of the peach and brush it so vigorously away, in mad anxiety to get at the hard, smooth surface underneath, which, alack-a-day! can never again bear the tender grace of the years before the twenties? This, my friend smokes a pipe—that, you must know is not very old—he talks knowingly of the Gaiety dancers-in short, he does everything he can induce in the minds of other fellows the belief that he is a devil of a fellow, but he isn't; the innate gentlemanliness holds its own, and noblesse oblige. He has not truly the inclination to be "tough," only the desire to be mannish, and a misconception of what constitutes true manliness.

Isn't it Thackeray who defines a gentleman as "one having high aims"? Coloring meerschaums and ogling chorus-girls aren't exactly "high aims," are they, my laddie?

I heard a funny story the other day apropos of the way in which youths expose their youth in their very efforts to disguise it. A clever woman whose brother is one of the very young men, was asked by a man-friend: "Your brother has just commenced smoking, has he not?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but how did you know?"

"Why, fellows don't stand on the front of the ferryboat, puffing smoke like a locomotive, and offering cigarettes to everyone they meet, unless they are very new at the business."

There is among my acquaintances a certain very young man, a great, loose-jointed fellow, with the promise of athletic manliness in his figure, satisfied and happy with the sports of his age, happier with his chums than in a drawing-room, with a certain graceful shyness that is pleasant to see. He won my heart long ago by his careful politeness in his home, showing plainly that his best manners be considered not too good for his sisters, and his most profound deference not

too respectful to offer to his mother. He is not a bit of a prig withal, and he knows black from white every time; only you see, his inclinations lead oftenest away from the black, and he follows them, and it seems to me that is a very nice sort of a very young man to be.

The older man is largely responsible for the unpleasant aggressiveness of the very young man. I remember well the gratitude I used to feel to a man ten years my senior, who treated me like a man and a brother, who talked to me as if I were a being with at least a modicum of common sense; who never snubbed me because of my juvenility, and who left me that boon most precious to the youngster, my self-respect.

A chap of seventeen is talking to a pretty Up comes a man a decade older, girl. breaks into the conversation, acknewledges his introduction to the younger fellow with a nod, and then proceeds to ignore him. Presently monsieur twentyseven sails away with the young woman on his arm without so much as "by your leave," and all this, forsooth, because the other fell w is "no-thing but a kid you know"— Take the thing but a kid you know" girl away by all means; that is fair enough, and Laddie will do the same for some one else when his turn comes, but do be courteous and friendly, and leave Laddie at least his self-respect. Don't be, as I heard a youngster express it, the other night,—so "blooming fresh" about it!

Take your youth gracefully, Laddie; you may lack the savoir faire of a dozen years later, but compensation is yours, and you have what no amount of savoir faire can ever replace—the capacity for enjoyment in the keenest and best sense. The whole world is blooming fresh, in far other than your slangy sense, and the bloom is yours to Don't be the very young man of caricature and song-be instead the jolly, wholesouled, wholesome Boy-and when the time comes to be through with that, be "a man as is a man," and surely that is the man with the boy's heart and heartiness still in him! Frank Chaffee.



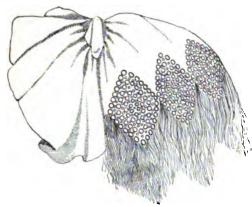
EDITED BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

Scarf with Ringwork Decoration.—Table Centre of Linen Appliqué on Antique Net.

—A Useful Trifle —Blotters.—A Proper Crochet Stitch for Afghans, etc.

Some people think that small supplementary decorations in the way of scarfs, head rests, etc., detract from the dignified splendor of a richly furnished drawing room, but one must admit that pretty home-made trifles, when in good taste, add comfort and cosiness to a sitting room, or "living room" as our fore-mothers expressively called the family gathering-place.

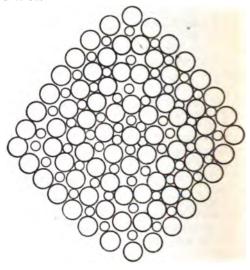
The scarf illustrated, being of soft India silk, can be draped upon a mantel corner, arranged upon a chair back, or gracefully disposed upon any article of furniture that seems to require its softening effect.



The scarf-end has a wide decoration of diamond forms made by joining together two sizes of brass rings over-worked with single crochet. Through the rings of the lower half of each diamond, strands of silk are tied to make a heavy fringe. The scarf, in this instance, is made of yellow India silk. The rings and fringe are also yellow. If preferred, white mull or bolting cloth may be used instead of silk and the decoration done with blue, pink, yellow or red silk.

Two sizes of rings are used to make the diamond, the smaller ones being used to fill the interstices, but using the large ones alone

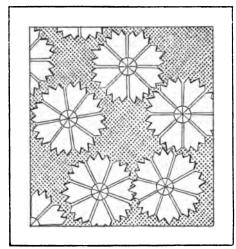
will make a more open decoration if such is desired.



One might say, as King Solomon says of books, of making table-squares there is no end. Certainly at the exchanges and art stores there is a continuous variety of them shown from month to month, and the wonder grows that novelty can still be procured.

To make a table-centre like the one drawn here, the pattern must be traced upon a square of linen, which is then hemmed with a double row of hem-stitching. A piece of the open lace made with tightly twisted thread and known as both fish-net and antique net, is basted upon the back of the linen and held in place by a line of button-hole stitch taken upon the hem-stitching. The design is then worked with yellow or white silk, and the linen between cut out, leaving the net as a background for the flowers.

The edge of a flower is done in buttonhole stitch. The circle in the center is made with the same stitch. Bars of the silk are fastened across the space within the ring and the lines supposed to indicate the division of the petals are worked in Japanese rope stitch, or in the ordinary stem stitch.



PATTERN FOR TABLE-COVER.
A USEFUL TRIFLE.

A little convenience, which came in a letter from Germany, would be almost too trifling to mention here, were it not that much of the comfort or discomfort of life depends upon the smooth running of the machinery. Every one knows the misery of drawing one sleeve over another and trying to get through the day with the under one crumpled into corduroy ridges. The little convenience referred to is a yard and a half of inch wide ribbon laid together and ornamented, as well as attached, by a waved row of briar stitching done in silk of a contrasting color. Upon each end of the ribbon band is sewed a brass ring neatly covered with crochet work. When dressing, one has only to put one ring on the forefinger, wind the band around the arm and slip the other ring on the thumb. dress or coat can then be put on comfortably and the ribbon, on being pulled out, will leave the undersleeve perfectly smooth, and the temper unruffled.

BLOTTERS.

Some quite fascinating blotters were among the pretty gifts of the lately-passed holidays. The covers were of Whatman paper cut in the shape of a large palette, with a line of color blotches on one side to add reality to the resemblance. The rest of the surface was covered with a well painted floral design. A few leaves of blotting paper were cut in the same shape and laid

between the covers. A ribbon tied through the thumb hole holds all together.

Double-Shell Stitch.

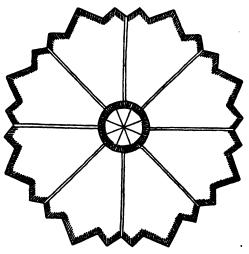
Three correspondents of the Advice Column have asked for the method of making this stitch so much used now for babies' quilts and carriage Afghans. As the rule is rather long to put in the space allowed for "Answers," it must find a place here, where possibly it may be well received by others beside the original inquirers.

Make a chain of the necessary length:

1st Row—In the fourth stitch of chain make, rather loosely, nine long crochet stitches and fasten with short crochet. Skip three stitches and work nine long crochet stitches. Repeat to the end and break off the wool.

2d Row—Fasten the wool in the first stitch of first shell, put thread over and put the needle through the first stitch and draw the thread through two stitches, then through the second stitch and the next ones till there are five stitches on the needle. Draw the thread through all the stitches, and fasten with a short crochet stitch, then three chain and fasten in the middle stitch of the last row's three chain.* Make ten stitches as before from the top of the second shell to the top of the third shell. Draw the thread through the ten loops; three chain and fasten in the middle stitch of the last row. Repeat from * through the whole row. Break the wool at the end of every row.

3d Row—Fasten wool at the other end, three chain, four long crochet stitches in the one chain that fastens the loops in the pre-



SINGLE FLOWER FOR TABLE-COVER.

ceding row, * one short crochet stitch in the short crochet of second row, nine long crochets in the next one chain that fastens the next shell, * repeat from * to * till end of row.

4th Row—The same as second row, only it is begun with a whole instead of a half shell.

The work will be softer and prettier if the stitches are all taken loosely. In making an Afghan, a shell-border, or even a more elaborate, one may be added in the same or another color. The stitch is especially pretty when worked in split zephyr.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. DEC.—If you are willing to incur the expense of having any mirrors put in your mantels, by all means have the beveled edge, otherwise the effect would not be sufficiently elegant for such handsome parlors as you describe.

ELSIE.—It would hardly pay you to spend time and tax your eyes over embroidered strips to add to your evening dress, for Persian embroideries and other trimmings that have passed their first season, can be very cheaply bought at the dry-goods' shops.

IGNORAMUS.—If you think an edge necessary for your portieres, get ball fringe with a double heading which will bind the edge. As so many colors are present in your drapery material, it would be well to get a fringe that combines most of them.

Ambitious.—The photograph of your room is really charming. If you honestly wish criticism, I should say put the low vases on the shelves and tables, and place the lofty ones now there on the floor. I should also suggest less looping of the hangings in the room.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE HOME-MAKER wishes to find purchasers for some genuine, old handwoven, blue and white bedspreads. People who own such quilts are generally fond of hanging them for portieres, and if any one would like to embrace this opportunity to buy some, the address of their owner will be given upon application to the office of The Home-Maker.

MRS. ELLIS, and others, will find a rule in this paper for the crocheted stitch they desire.

SOMETHING ABOUT BUT-TONS.

To the mother of a family the subject of buttons is an important one. The but-

tons that are "gone—forever gone," and have to be replaced, occupy not a small portion of her time and thoughts. She wonders, often and despairingly, if there is no way in the world that they could be sewed on, to stay.

There may be some mild-mannered, quiet people in this world whose buttons never come off; who never find shoe-buttons missing and glove-buttons vanished just as shoes and gloves are needed. But the majority of healthy, active men, women and children break off and loosen buttons as surely as they wear out clothes and shoes. This means sewing on again for somebody, and the woman who is responsible for the buttons of two or three or more people can afford to put a thought into her work that will make the buttons stay on longer than they would without it. She can make her head save her hands.

In the case of shoes, gloves, or any article bought in a shop, where the sewing is not done under your orders, sew the buttons on yourself, before the garment is used. This will insure their staying on for a few wearings. There is no thread or time wasted sewing buttons on shop-made clothes.

Do not use too coarse a thread for shoebuttons; a smooth, tight-twisted one is better. Always wax your thread, and put knots on the right side; it is more comfortable and the knots are less likely to rub off. When shoe-buttons have been on, and you are replacing them pick out all threads left underneath. Leave a loose thread between buttons, and do not pull the thread too tight or jerk it in sewing. A loosely sewed button fastens more easily, and so has less strain

No button should be sewed on tightly. Begin by putting your knot through on the right side. Place the button over it. Hold the edge of the button up, (not down), with your left thumb, and draw your thread evenly, slowly, never too firmly. Make a good neck with your thread and finish off on the right side, with a twisted knot without too many stitches. The underclothes always have an extra piece of cloth under the button, and let no garment be buttoned too tightly. For skirts it is well to have two buttons and button-holes a couple of inches apart, in case of one giving way. Whenever your material allows, use silk for sewing on buttons; it pays.

Lastly, sew not with sorrow, but patience, for in spite of all your pains, sometimes the buttons come off again.

Eva Lovett Carson.



THAT ODD MISS PRATT.



ow" said my stepmother, after she had kissed good-bye, me "you must behave yourself when I am gone, and give Miss Pratt just as little trouble as possible. She is not accustomed

the care of children, and I only wish she might find you as well behaved as little Mary Hart."

I had been ready to cry at the thought of my stepmother's long absence (she was going to spend a month with her sister), but this reference to little Mary Hart had the effect of drying my tears before they were shed. There was comfort in the thought that possibly I should hear no more of little Mary Hart for four weeks to come, for I disliked that small individual as only a model child can be disliked by other children. Now, that I look back upon those days, I am inclined to suspect my stepmother of drawing upon her imagination in recounting my young enemy's perfections. It is true, the Hart family lived just across the street from us, yet how did she know, I'd like to know, that Mary Hart was always down at breakfast in time to hear her father say grace? It is needless to inform the sympathetic reader that I was usually late. Who told her that, at all hours of the day, Mary Hart's hair was nicely brushed, and her apron ready to see company in? A fact she invariably mentioned to me when my hair was rumpled or my apron soiled. Did I (aged seven) play my three musical scales without mistake? I received no praise—only the information that Mary Hart (no older than myself) could play all the scales in sharps, and was beginning flats. Did I bring home a nicelywritten copy-book from school? Mary

Hart's penmanship was something really re markable for a girl of her age.

Well! this probably has been regarded as the orthodox method with children ever since there have been children to make unhappy—I have an idea that Eve used to bring up Abel as a model for Cain—but I rejoice to say that Miss Pratt wasn't orthodox—Miss Pratt, who came to take care of the house and me during my stepmother's absence. To begin with, Miss Pratt, when the Harts came to call, did not seem at all impressed by Mary's good manners, nor even her performance of the Hungarian waltz—at any rate, she had nothing to say about that superior young person after she went away.

Perhaps she had never been told of Mary Hart's punctuality at breakfast-time. I know · that the second time I was late, instead of bringing her up to me, she only said I reminded her of Sophia Dobbs, who was so fixed in the habit of not getting up when she was called, that, by her father's orders, the family wouldn't wait for her on one occasion when they were to take an early start for Rockaway, and so she was left behind to spend the day in a boarding-house where the other boarders did nothing but laugh at her and tell her it served her right for being such a sluggard. Did I interrupt Miss Pratt when she was speaking to some one else? Instead of informing me, à la my stepmother, that Mary Hart never interrupted, she could only beg me not to remind her of that tiresome little Kate Dobbs, who never would let her poor mother finish anything she had to Did I forget to practise my scales? I wasn't twitted with Mary Hart's musical skill, but was told that, if I didn't mind, I'd be just such a performer as Hester Dobbs who, when she was sixteen years old, could not play "Buy a Broom" without making mistakes. When I was guilty of the atrocity of putting my knife into my mouth, nothing was said about Mary Hart, but I was informed that Tom Dobbs persisted in eating

with his knife until his father had to whip him for it. Did I make a slip in grammar? I again reminded Miss Pratt of Tom Dobbs, who had a shocking way of crowding his negatives, and saying "them" for "those."

Now, this, to me, was a brand-new way of having my faults corrected, and possibly it wasn't the right way, for all my life long I have heard Miss Pratt laughed at for being odd, but it was certainly more agreeable and effectual than the old style. Miss Pratt inspired me with such a contempt for that objectionable Dobbs family-it was not till many years afterwards that I learned they were really a family of Harrises, existing only in Miss Pratt's imagination—that I determined to be their superior in all things. After being told that Sophia Dobbs was a sight to frighten folks with when she would come into the boarding-house parlor with tousled hair and an apron with a gravy spot on it as large as the map of South America, I, who wished to be as unlike as possible to such a detestable little sloven, would take the first opportunity to brush my hair till it shone again, and don the whitest of my pile of muslin aprons.

Somehow my stepmother never could make me wish to resemble Mary Hart in any particular in which she was said to excel, but where those little Dobbses were wanting I determined to come up to the The thought of Tom Dobbs, who was always described to me as a little vahoo. was a wonderful aid in remembering my fork and my grammar. Hester Dobbs' break down in "Buy a Broom," kept me practicing my full half-hour, and her sister Kate's habit of interrupting kept me dumb while Miss Pratt was speaking, no matter how important the news I had to give. When my stepmother returned, I had the satisfaction of overhearing her say to Miss Pratt that I had improved considerably during her absence, and ask how the improvement had been brought about. answer probably surprised my stepmother as much as it did me.

"Rembering that I myself was once a child and a Pharisee, I refrained from making comparisons in which she always came out second-best."

Clara Marshall.

CAUTION.

FOND parents, as your baby learns to talk, and advances in all the sweet ways of babyhood, do not teach it too much.

Many a young and thoughtless mother (and this caution applies quite as much to the proud papa and indeed to the grandma and whole train of admiring aunties) has made a mistake just here, and not only impaired the physical, but also the rapidly developing mental powers of her bright little one, by cramming the little mind with poetry, bright sayings, etc., etc., to show it off—the baby.

A certain amount of parental pride of this kind, is of course, pardonable, but there is great need of caution along this line.

Great care is needed in order that our little ones should early learn the right use of language. If, from the first, careful attention be given to correct forms of speech, the language of the nursery may be perfectly grammatical and yet lose none of its baby sweetness. "I'aven't any dolly" is just as childlike as "I ain't dot no dolly." The last is not an exaggeration of what we hear from children of our acquaintance.

What can the mammas be thinking about to allow such habits of speech to be formed, when it will be so hard to overcome them in later years?

How many times we hear the children of educated parents, who speak not only correctly, but elegantly, using the most shockingly ungrammatical phrases learned from an ignorant nurse girl!

Clara Hamilton Reed.



A NESTLING. (Taken from Life.)

A BIT OF FOLLY.

The mother-bird has her baby-brood,
Under her downy wing,
She hasn't a fear in her happy mood
Of the day when they'll fly and sing;
Fly away from the sheltering nest,
On pinions wide and strong,
And she hides them under her own true
breast,
In a silence sweet as song.

Ah! mother-bird, I am not so wise,
When I hush my babe to sleep;
As the stars climb high in the evening skies,
And the night-winds murmur deep,
I dream of a day the years may bring;
It lies so dark before
My eyes, as I absently sit and sing,
Or walk the nursery floor.

My precious child, I hold her, fain
To shut from her fair white life
Forever the touch of sin and pain,
And the jar of earthly strife.
But—(God forbid that his angel bands
Should snatch her away from me!)
The child that tarries in mortal hands
A human child must be!

And so, when you come, so grave and glib And bid me put her down,
The treasure, there in the little crib,
I turn away and frown.
You may reason it out till reasons fail,
You may smile and think me a dunce,
I rock her to sleep, and you need not rail,
A baby's a babe but once.

And what if her head on my arm's a weight,
And what if I am a slave!
Such bondage, thanks! is a welcome fate,
And better I cannot crave.
I'll pet her, and love her, and hold her fast,
And comfort take with my dear,
For the blessed hours are fleeting past,
And soon she will not be here.

One of these days, a little maid,
A girlie going to school;
And one of these days, not the least afraid,
Of an alien lover's rule!
But to-night my baby upon my breast,
And her mother may be a dunce,
But she means to rock her and croon her to
rest,
A baby's a babe but once.

Margaret E. Sangster.

HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

YOU ask me to tell you how I paint my pictures of cats and kittens. How do I keep them still? Really, keeping them still, I had not thought of; in fact, I would not like them still. I have met with best results by studying them in their various movements until a definite impression of an action or pose fixed itself in my mind, then turning to my canvass, with a piece of charcoal I try to give form and shape to the mental record. I have found it fatal to the first impression to look back at the living model, or to be called from my study of the one problem then in view.

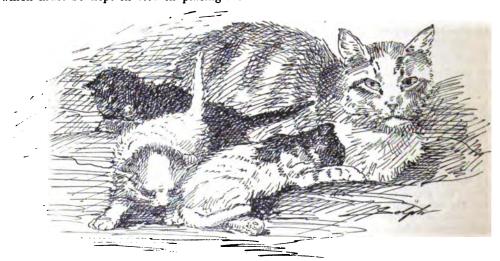
It goes without saying that one must know the subjects so fully as to be able to draw them in any and all positions with something more than sight knowledge. Aid can be brought to bear in memorizing positions in action by the application of some geometrical figure that will embody the general lines of the pose or group—which may also be used in the drawing of the head and all the various members in their relation to the body.

Example: draw the head on a triangle formed from the tips of the ears with the point of the nose or form the outer angles of the eyes with the nose—again, a circle of the entire head with another, half the diameter, placed inside the larger, at the bottom, will give the position of the features of the face proper with great exactness.

The various poses of the head will give these diagrams different planes of perspective, which must be kept in view in placing the



features of the head in position. vertebra may be considered the base line in all important action, careful consideration should be given in its relation to force, momentum and fulcrum. Knowledge of the minor details can best be obtained by careful studies of the model in repose or asleep -note the direction of the hair and fur. The great possibilities of action of their prehensile feet, their expansion and contraction should be well studied—the movements of ears, the expression of the eyes, in fact, all that goes to the interpretation of the moods and characteristics of this interesting subject, born to a life without labor, sensitive, passionate, luxuriant, true to its instincts, grateful for kindness, but resentful of injuries. If not so commonplace, the cat would be more studied and better appreciated—as it is, Pussy's friends—though perhaps not so numerous as the dog's-are ardent and J. H. Dolph. sincere.





THE ART OF BEING A GRANDPARENT.



O relation in life is more lovely than that of grandparent and grandchild. The cares, the struggles and the anxieties of bringing up a family, and guiding and guarding, con-

trolling and teaching the children of the household have all passed away. One by one, "the children," as they are ever called by the fond parent, go out into their places in the world. There is yet much thought for and undying interest in the absent ones, but the heavy burden of parental responsibility is lifted. The old home is lonely for a while. But soon a fresh group of little ones gather around the hearth-stone and the silent rooms echo again with the calls and cries, the merriment and noise of the children's children.

Their coming brings the rosy tints of youth and innocence and hope to crown the autumnal sunset of the grandparent's life, and the welcome given them is full of sweetness and tenderness, free from ambitions and anxious anticipations.

The parent loves his child, but in the love is constantly mingled a desire for and a looking-forward to the coming years when the tiny lips can speak, when the little feet can walk; to the school-days, to the lessons and to the mental and moral growth that each small head, black or brown or yellow, is to achieve, sheltered by the family love.

But the grandparent welcomes these little ones with a two-fold warmth, made up of the special love for the child, and the renewal of happy memories, both brought afresh by each wee new comer. The help-lessness and delicacy of these grand-babies is most touching to the grandparent, who has lived and learned the lesson of life

nearly to its close and, when the little face reproduces that of a loved daughter or the tiny voice repeats the tones of a noble son, what wonder that the love pours out in an almost uncontrollable flood?

The grandparent is satisfied with the present good, and, although there may be wonder and a great interest in what the future has in store for the 'child, the grandparent feels no haste, but rather regret for the changes and development that the days slowly and surely bring.

The parental responsibility, which the grandparent gradually relinquished as the children went out from the home, is not resumed for the grandchildren except in rare cases where, sadly enough, the grandparents are called to fill the parent's places. conscientious parent is a heavily weighted being and, although the care and training of a family is a tremendous responsibility, is quite too apt to think that the whole business must be shouldered every day and at once. It is well for children to feel the care-free love of the grandparents supplementing that parental love which is sometimes so overburdened with anxiety for the child's welfare as to check the free flow and expression of affection.

So it sometimes happens that "grandparents' babies" are spoiled. The childish innocence and "cuteness" disarm even the wisest grandparent, and the tiny fingers wind themselves inextricably in the heart strings. "The king can do no wrong" is the grandparents' motto. The child soon learns to look for constant adoration. He knows almost before he can talk that there is limitless capacity for indulgence in the grandparents' hearts and turns to them as allies whenever parental caution would limit the pranks, the wishes or the whims. In this way the little will attains a constantly growing momentum which is doubly difficult to manage and guide from the love which so unthinkingly helps on its growth.

The mistakes of government which parents

are apt to fall into, -mistakes which come too often from the anxiety that strains the bow too far, forgetting or not appreciating the very human, weak and childish natures, -seems an added reason to the grandparents for letting the pendulum of their affections swing so far in the opposite direction.

But, as the grandparents cannot assume the care and correction of those faults of character and temper which unthinking fondness tends to foster, there should be a wise control of that love which links them to the little ones. Grandchildren ought not to be looked upon as playthings to be frolicked

with, regardless of consequences.

The grandparent has no right to be so indulgent as to handicap parental control. Grandparents do not owe any especial responsibility to the grandchildren, but they do owe it to the parents. To exercise this forethought and self-control doubtless is not so pleasant to grandparents' hearts as the untrammeled pouring out of loving attentions to the children who make the world so bright for But wise, thinking grandparents know they owe as much help as this to the parents,—not to nullify those endeavors to bring up the children to noble manhood

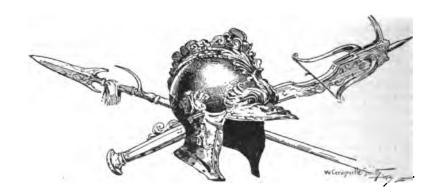
and womanhood, -which will indeed be a crown to their old age and added lustre to

their good name.

The grandparents ought to be willing that their affection and approval should be used as an incentive to aid the parent in correcting faults of temper, manner or habit. But, unfortunately the feeling, either silent or expressed, when the parent says, "Grandfather won't like this" or, playfully, "Grandmother will be after you if you do so,"is "Do not use me to correct your children! no no make an ogre of me!"

To the young eyes an illusion, better than that hanging over fairy-land, surrounds and covers the grandparents, to whom the children ever turn their faces and reach out their To the older eyes the halo trusting hands. of youth and hope makes bright the faces of the little ones. Let each grandparent strive to make this relationship more ideal, more helpful, and more truly loving, that each may be said to be the best of grandparents, because each uses the love so wisely that the little children are never harder to guide when under the grandparents' influence.

Agnes B. Ormsbee.





A FADED LEAF.



FASHIONS IN LINEN.



OMEBODY savs, and truly, that there is not a housekeeper in the land who does not experience a genuine thrill of pleasure at sight of dainty table linen. Even the girls and brides who

have not yet homes of their own look longingly at snowy damask for the table, and heavy linen for the bed-room. Each year adds new beauties in this line, and no more acceptable present can be given to mother, sister or friend, than cloths, napkins, doy-Perhaps it may be of help to lies, etc. housewives living in the country, and whose purses are not very heavy, to know some of the prices of really good linen, and to learn how reasonably dining-room and chamber can be supplied with this luxury.

A handsome tea-cloth is of satin damask, in double Barnsby linen, with napkins to It has a border of alternate medallions and stars. It is three yards long and hemstitched. Price of the entire set, \$12.50. If desired, tray-cloths may be had in the same design. Cheap fringed damask lunch cloths of fair quality are plain white, or white with ecru or red borders. These are not large, but will suit a small table. range in price from \$1.25 to \$1.95, according to size. Smaller lunch-cloths, in plain linen finished in three rows of drawn work, cost \$1.50; those that are of finer damask and hemstitched, sell for \$2.50. tray-cloths in damask, with a Grecian border, have a design stamped in each corner. By embroidering these herself, the housekeeper makes a beautiful cover for at least one-half the price she would be obliged to pay should she buy the article already worked. By snatching a few minutes here

and there in the busy day, many dainty devices can be made on linen at home, and much money saved thereby. A medium quality of Barnsby or German linen, sells for 50 cents per yard, the latter being the However, a better quality at 60 or 75 cents. lasts so much longer that it more

than pays the difference in price.

Finger-bowls and cake-doylies come in great variety, both plain and stamped. One set in momie cloth with knotted fringe has a different floral design stamped on each doy-There are pansies, wild roses, thistles, forget-me-nots, daisies, clover blossoms. nasturtiums, cyclamen, etc. These should be done in outline-stitch in wash-silks, the color of the several flowers. A centre-piece, also stamped with a floral device, completes this set.

Napkins twenty inches square complete cost from \$1.75 to \$3.00 per dozen; twentytwo inches, from \$2.50 to \$4.50; twentysix inches, from \$6.50 to \$25.00, and thirty-one inches, from \$12.50 to \$30.00. Initials are still worked on napkins. Long satin damask dinner-cloths cost \$27.00 and \$30.00. Centre-pieces are still very fashion-They are oval, oblong or square, white or colored, finished in hemstitching or Russian embroidery, and worked in linen floss or wash silks.

Carving-cloths should be about a yard For every-day use those etched in outline-stitch are the most serviceable. A monogram in the upper corner is pretty. Often there is a simple design across the top or on each side, as, for instance, a carvingknife and fork crossed, or a spray of colored leaves.

In this day of pretty, cheap counterpanes, there is no excuse for covering a bed with the hideous patch-work quilt used by so many country people, the colors of which are enough to give the coolest-headed sleeper under them the nightmare. In the long run they cost more than the white honeycomb

bed-spreads, which are to be had from \$1.10 to \$1.35. These will wear well for five or six years. The Quincy spread, in Marseilles pattern, is larger and costs \$1.65. Good Marseilles counterpanes range from \$3.50 to \$12.00. The new dimity counterpane is neat; price, \$2.00.

Linen sheeting from eighty to ninety inches in width, is worth from 90 cents to \$1.50 per yard. Pillow-case linen is from forty to fifty-four inches wide, price varying from 50 to 90 cents per yard. Fortunate is the woman who can afford hemstitched pillow-cases and sheets, or whose time is so plentiful or her eyes so good that she can hemstitch her own linen. Yet, nothing is handsomer than a heavy linen sheet with the initial or monogram embroidered just above the plain wide hem.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR FASHION-EDITOR:—
Will you kindly tell me, through the columns of your magazine, if, in addressing a letter to a married woman, one should always use her husband's first name instead of hers? For instance, which is proper, Mrs. Ellen Hallet, or Mrs. Geo. L. Hallet? 'By answering this question you will oblige A Subscriber.

Answer:

In directing a letter to a married woman, use her husband's name or initials. You should address your envelope to Mrs. Geo. L. Hallet. or simply to Mrs. Hallet, not Mrs. Ellen Hallet, unless she is widowed, or divorced, or separated from her husband.

QUERIES on Fashions, Etiquette, etc., should be addressed to the Fashion Editor of The Home-Maker. 19 West 22d St., New York.





MY WAY WITH HYACINTHS.



E brought our hyacinths out of the cellar on Christmas Day.

We have done this on the same date for seven consecutive years. I do not know that there

is especial virtue in the anniversary, yet our success with hyacinths and our love for them make the little ceremonial a matter of importance in a small household. Ours is a small household, in more senses than one. Our means are small. Our family is not large. Our dwelling is a seven-roomed two-story-and-extension brick in an unfashionable street. It is brimfull of us. It is also crowded with such love, peace and simple delights as would suffice to glorify every one of the eleven hundred rooms of the Vatican.

Just now the front windows are filled with hyacinths in bud. In less than ten days the fragrance of sweet bells will pervade every inch of parlor, dining-room, halls and stairs. I am not a florist, much less a horticulturist. Nor yet a botanist. I know the botanical names of but two plants in the world. One is reseda odorata. A florist called mignonette by the polysyllabic insult once in my hearing. The outrage to the modest cottage darling seared the name into my memory. I was poisoned, one autumn, by the treacherously-beautiful leaves of rhus toxicodendron. That, too, may be said to have been burned into my mind.

I know how to raise hyacinths, but not how to disguise the process under a mass of technical talk. Frankly, I have never learned anything from floral guides and "Every Lady her own Flower-gardener." and the floricultural corners of periodicals. Some people must, or said corners would be ironed straight, or trimmed round. The reader will therefore excuse the absence of artistic merit in this paper. I shall tell my

story as I would describe how I knit a sock, or make buckwheat cakes.

On the fifteenth of November I gave two hours to potting hyacinths. Last spring I took them out of the window as soon as half the bells on each stalk began to fade, clipped every stalk down to the root and set out the plant in the back yard. When the leaves were dead I took up the bulbs and buried them in a box of dry sand in the cellar. These dried bulbs were disinterred in November (on the 15th), examined carefully, and of the sound ones each was transferred to a separate pot of its very own, packed about and hidden in fresh garden mould and remanded to the cellar.

I ought to be able to tell the ingredients of said mould. I suppose loam, sand, etc., enter into it, in certain (or uncertain) proportions. In fact I know nothing on these All I can say is, the soil comes out of the back yard. It must not be wet and cloggy. It ought to be light and mellow. We dig it up in a dry spell and cart it into Before potting the bulbs I melthe cellar. low the earth by shaking it through an old We choose a dark corner of coarse sifter. the cellar for the six weeks' resting-spell of the bulbs.

On Christmas-Day they are brought up into the light. This year, out of seventyeight, ten had not peeped out of the earth, but none had died. The roots had been busy underground. Some had filled the pots and poked white fingers through the drain-holes in the bottom. For each window-shelf we have boxes of yellow pine, varnished outside and in. Florists would line them with zinc. So would we if we could These have lasted seven years afford it. without a sign of decay. In the spring, when the blossom-season is over, we empty the boxes and set them away in the attic.

On Christmas-Day we fill them more than half-way to the top with mould, set the little pots in this, and fill in the interstices with more earth until it is even with the edge of the pots. After sprinkling well with tepid water, we cover all except the inquisitive noses of the peeping hyacinths with moss gathered in the woods. A special excursion is undertaken on a "soft" day in December for the purpose of procuring this green-and-gray velvet durel.

How the pretty things rush up to the light after their long fasting! The life pulses from the vigorous roots, and the lusty leaves make returns in sun-warmed sap to the hidden members. We could see the green blades grow, if anybody in the house had

time to watch them.

They have sunny windows. Upon that they insist. They are watered every other day. Like well-trained children, they expect nothing between meals. A square of oil-cloth, kept for the purpose, is laid under the shelves. I have a small tub nearly full of water rather more than lukewarm, and feed the plants liberally with a big sponge dipped in this. I can hear them drink as

the liquid trickles down to the roots. While watering them, and for an hour afterward, the holland shades are kept lowered between the plants and the sun. On cloudy days, the precaution is needless. On cold nights the shades defend them from the window-draughts. If the night be very severe, a layer of newspaper is added to the holland. Hyacinths are hardy, and grateful for even tolerable care.

They are also democratic, although they look patrician, and do not stickle for scien-

tific handling.

Sometimes, about half of my bulbs refuse to bloom two years in succession, or, if they blossom, bring forth single bells. I make allowance for these humors, by having more than would fill my boxes were all equally amiable. In burying them in sand for the summer, I mark those which did not bloom the preceding season, and expect double bearing the next winter.

Judith Smythe.

CELERY GROWING IN THE NORTH-WEST.



HERE are, without doubt, many
of the readers of
THEHOMEMAKER, who eat
with relish the
white, crisp
stalks of this succulent table
dainty without
one thought as to

when, or how it is grown.

They feel that it is as much a part of the Christmas dinner, as the delicious, brown turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie and plum-pudding, but probably know little of its extensive cultivation, and less of its origin.

Celery is a native of Europe, where it grows wild and luxuriant in ditches and other damp places, but it is entirely unlike in its uncultivated state, our own table relish. In fact, in its natural condition it is considered a poisonous weed, rank as to both smell and taste. It has been grown for many years in this country, but never in such

enormous quantities as during the past ten or twelve years. By far the greatest celery producing state in the Union, is Michigan. Its fame among celery dealers extends far and wide.

When this lake-bordered State was in her infancy, one of the greatest drawbacks to immigration was the vast amount of marsh land to be found within her boundaries. This dank, black muck was so completely water-soaked that it was utterly untillable, and before the forest were cleared away, the pestilential breath from these marshes swept over the whole inhabited part of the State, often prostrating entire families with the various forms of malarial diseases, ague, fevers, &c.

About twenty five or thirty years ago, Southern Michigan began to be settled by the Dutch, who came over in large numbers from "faderland." The marshland was cheap, being sold at first for a mere song. These Hollanders were so poor, that they were forced from necessity to buy the cheapest land they could obtain. They therefore settled in the marshes that surround

so many Michigan towns and villages. built their little homes on this water-soaked land, and then with the Dutchman's persistent determination, began to rid the land of surplus water, ditching it as they had done

in their own country.

At first, the attention of these Hollanders was called to market gardening, and such fine specimens of beets, cabbages and onions were produced in the marshes, that some enterprising Hollander ventured, by way of experiment, to put in a crop of celery. The black, rich muck proved the right soil for this moisture-loving plant, and now, thousands of acres are in cultivation, making one of the most profitable crops raised in the State. The experiment proved that celery could be raised much cheaper on the lowland than on the high, and this fact has increased the price of marsh-land until it exceeds in value that of the best upland in the State, bringing from one hundred and fifty, to one thousand dollars per acre, according to location.

Celery was first grown only in sufficient quantity to supply the local markets, but so gigantic has the enterprise become of late years that enormous amounts of celery are shipped from this State to New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis; in fact, Michigan celery finds its way to every State in the Union, and is often sent across the Atlantic to London, Paris, and other European

cities.

Kalamazoo was the first Michigan city to undertake celery culture, and so great did her reputation become in the growing of this vegetable, that thousands of boxes are said to have been dispatched to distant cities labelled "Kalamazoo Celery," that was not even grown in the vicinity of this town. Kalamazoo can no longer lay claim, however, to superiority in the quality of her celery, as her sister cities, Tecumseh, Grand Haven and many others now vie with her in producing a fine variety of this favorite relish.

Since the business has proved so lucrative. many Americans have taken it up, and now the marshes, so unsightly a few years ago, have been made, with careful ditching and cultivation, a most beautiful and attractive sight. Certainly Minnesota and Dakota, with their broad belts of waving grain, Mississippi with her vast cotton plantations, or Illinois and Missouri with their fields of luxuriant corn, cannot rival our own beauti. ful Michigan with its broad acres of long, even rows of green, pungent, odoriferous celery.

Formerly it was grown only for late fall, or early winter use, but for some years past there has been great strife as to who should be first in market. The first planting is fit for the consumer by the fourth of July, and it is often ready a month earlier. season it was offered at my door the first day of June, and was beautiful to look at, white and crisp. To many palates, however, the early celery is not agreeable, as it has a rank taste, entirely unlike the sweet nutty flavor it possesses a few months later.

For the very early celery, the seed must be started under glass, but for the main crop it is sown in a bed outside, and these plants are considered much the safest to set out, as those grown in hotbeds have a tendency to go to seed. The first sowing outside should be made as soon as the soil can be worked. In case of extreme drought after setting. plants should be liberally watered, as celery,. more than other plants. requires a great deal

of moisture.

In warm weather it takes but from eight to ten days to blanch celery, but in cold weather, four or five weeks are required. A new plan of blanching in warm weather, is now adopted by some of our best growers, and found to work admirably, as it saves time, and there is by this process, less They half-hill-as danger of rust and rot. it is termed—with a hoe, or small one-horse plow, throwing up a little ridge of the soil on each side of the row; they then take inch boards, ten inches wide, and lay them along on each side of the row crowding the lower edge close up to the bottom of the plants. The grower next takes hold of the outer edges of the boards and brings them up nearly together, placing over them clamps made from No. 9 wire, so arranged the boards will be about two inches apart, or a little more, if the celery is large.

When ready to be dug, the celery is usually taken up with a long-tined spading fork, first throwing aside some of the soil, that the fork may run straight down close to the The earth is thus thrown out easily,

without injury to the plants.

A boy usually follows, pulling off the rough outside leaves, and cutting off the roots. The celery is next taken to the washing shed, where it is thoroughly cleansed and tied in bunches of about twelve heads to the A convenient mode of doing this is to make a rack by boring four holes in a board the right distance apart to make the bunch of proper size; put in the holes wooden pins about eight inches long. Cut strings the right length and lay on the board the proper distance apart for tying. Lay in the celery, and tie snugly with two strings, one around the tops and the other near the bottoms. Some trim the bottoms off square, but it gives the bunch a neater appearance to leave the bottoms cone-shaped.

From July until December, wagons loaded with celery ply constantly between the fields and the express offices, giving employment to hundreds of men, women, and children.

The boys in the families of the celery diggers receive a limited education, as they are usually taken from school by the time they are ten or twelve years of age, and put at once into the celery fields, where they set plants, cultivate, strip leaves, and, when the crop is harvested, start out daily by six o'clock in the morning, a basket on each arm and peddle their vegetable from door to door.

The girls also, become "bread winners" at an early age, and can be seen with as much regularity as their fathers and brothers, peddling up one street, and down the other. It is a hard life these children lead, going out into all kinds of weather, yet their cheerful little faces and sturdy figures indicate both happiness and health.

Annie Curd.



(The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Florine Thayer McCray. Funk and Wagnalls: New York and London.)

The long feebleness that has succeeded Mrs. Stowe's severe illness of two years ago has given ample time for the compilation of the facts necessary to make an accurate and readable life of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Authorized, not only by Mrs. Stowe herself, but also by her son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, Mrs. McCray has conducted what was truly, with her, a labor of love. The completed work contains a full account of the private and family life as well as of the

public and literary career of the distinguished author. The members of this generation who have no memory of the *furere* excited by the appearance of this book, will read with interest and wonder of the sensation it produced, of the praise and obloquy it gained for Mrs. Stowe, and of the ovations it was the cause of on her tour through Great Britain and on the Continent.

While due importance is given to everything connected with Mrs. Stowe's best known work, her other books receive their full share of attention. A digest is given of the contents of each, as well as a sketch of the circumstances under which it was written

and the reception it met with from the critics and the general public. The Lady Byron episode is delicately touched upon, and the pictures of Mrs. Stowe in her home and among her friends are especially natural and pleasing.

(Children's Stories in English Literature. By Henrietta Christian Wright, Charles Scribner's Sons: New York City.)

Miss Wright's Stories for Children are well known and have a deserved popularity. This, her latest work, is not less interesting than those that preceded it. Beginning back of real English literature, she gives a brief sketch of the British bards, and follows this with an outline of some of the first Saxon songs. The Norman period is described, and the principal writers who preceded Shakespeare receive their share of attention. The book stops there, in an abrupt sashion which causes one to surmise that the work may be continued later, in another volume. With no marked attempt at writing down to juvenile understandings, the language used is clear and simple, and in the stories taken from the noteworthy work of that period, the most is made of those picturesque fortunes which would most quickly captivate childish attention. The book may be read with pleasure and profit by older persons than those for whom it was written, and will form an attractive introduction for the young reader to a more exhaustive study of English literature.

(The Heroes of the Crusades. By Amanda M. Douglas. Lee and Shepard: Boston.)

A gorgeously bound volume, containing a history of the Crusades, adapted to the comprehension of youthful readers. It is plentifully illustrated, and interesting sketches are given of such heroic figures as Peter the Hermit, Tancred, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard the Lion-Heart, Saladin, St. Louis, and several others. The book ought to delight the heart of any adventure-loving boy.

(Among the Cannibals. By Carl Lumholtz, M. A. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. Chas. Scribner's Sons: N. Y.)

This volume is a worthy companion for

the magnificent Viking Age, published by the same house. It is an account of four years' travel in Australia, and of camp-life with the aborigines of Queensland, by a distinguished member of the Royal Society of Sciences in Norway, and is presumably authentic. No man of Professor Lumholtz's reputation as scientific student and author. would dare draw upon imagination for what he tells in these wonderful pages. Tells in very plain phrase, too, with realistic details that add vraisemblance to a story as intensely interesting as it is marvellous. The cuts help us to believe in the existence of people who eat their superfluous children, and fight duels as an indispensable stage of courtship, who have no religion and never pray, and who have at least one social tenet in common with the highest exponents of American civilization — aversion to large families.

The chapters upon what may be called the "small deer" of the cannibal's diet serpents, larvæ, beetles, lizards, etc., are horribly amusing; those upon the treatment of children and women, horribly fascinating. It is an extraordinary book, and will have an immense sale.

(History of the United States, during the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson. By Henry Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons).

The two volumes which bear the above title hold in masterly grasp the period of which they treat. That period is presented to view from every point of observation, with a philosophic consideration of antecedent conditions, intellectual distinctions of the Northern, Middle and Southern colonists, and the development, under these forces, of the political and social peculiarities of these sections at the time of Mr. Jefferson's first accession to the Presidency.

There is not a dry page from title to finis. One scarcely appreciates that, under the graphic recital of events, the succession of anecdote and incident, he is perusing a History. The times and the men speak for themselves, and they do this so characteristically that the book becomes a vivid drama, rather than a narrative. To one who wishes to be in the fray, and to have his blood quickened as an interested spectator, there is an opportunity given here not only to know how the people felt in those stirring times, but to feel with them. The incidents

are so numerous, the stories so well told, the scene of encounter and the personelle of the actors so realistic, that the effect is not unlike that of the instantaneous photograph. The contents are seen rather than read. A premium is due to one who has put the details of a political era into so charming a form.

(Convenient Houses with Fifty Plans for the House-keeper. By Louis H. Gibson, Architect. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: 13 Astor Place, New York).

Practical advice upon the subject of house-building is such an important element in home-making that the architect who gives it should be accounted worthy of double honor. This book is a splendid exemplification of this rare gift. The drawings are intelligible, and not disheartening as to detail and cost; the subject-matter is a model of conciseness and fullness. Each chapter has a mission and fulfills it.

(Sforza. A Story of Milan. By William Waldorf Astor. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York City.

"Sforza," like "Valentino," by the same author, is a carefully studied and accurate picture of Italian mediæval life. The names of most of the characters are familiar to the student of that period, and the language put into their lips, if somewhat stilted to modern ears, is of the style usually deemed appropriate by the writer of historical novels. The action of the story seems rather encumbered to the casual reader, but there are numerous interesting episodes scattered through it.

(The United States: Its History and Constitution, By Alex. Johnston. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Prof. Johnston certainly possessed the gift of condensation. His earlier volume, entitled "American Politics," historical in character, and furnishing to the student the issues out of which the great principles of the government developed, is fitly followed by this equally succinct "History of the United

States, and its Constitution." Possibly it would better be styled "An Analysis of the United States and its Government." It must not be supposed, however, that its brevity indicates a partial and inadequate treatment of eminent points in the nation's life. On the contrary, it may as safely be taken as a hand-book of the country's progress in all important interests, historical, legislative, commercial, domestic, as is the traveler's Bædeker to the lands he visits.

The time has come for condensed monographs, containing the results of discovery, legislation, conflict; that, in this period, prolific of literature, and of extended descriptions of momentous events and the actors in them, furnished us by our magazines and general periodicals, the student may turn to the final and satisfactory word. The "Publisher's Note" informs us that the matter of this volume was prepared for the Encyclopædia Britannica. That statement sufficiently announces its character, and assures the reader that he will find the outline of all the essential facts. The book may be heartily commended as a text-book for our Colleges and Higher Schools.

(Said In Fun. By Philip H. Welch. Chas. Scribner's Sons: N. Y.)

The pathos of the concluding days of Mr. Welch, tinges for us with melancholy this posthumous volume of humor. The bravery that could wrest entertainment for others from the outside life, while within his own chamber, with weakening frame, he was facing the inevitable, disposes to a cordial reception of the book before one has tasted the fare. Its contents present the better specimens of Mr. Welch's humor; some of them are already familiar to us, others appear now and in appropriate form for the first time. licacy of the wit that never over-reaches the bounds of good breeding, and is often fuller in its happy suggestion than in expression by word, will make the book an acceptable gift in homes where the author has been heretofore unknown, as well as in those which will greet him for auld acquaintance The style of letter-press and pertinence of illustration are in keeping with the quality of the contents. It may be assumed that the hands that wielded the facile pencil in these etchings wrought in sympathy of admiration and love for the author.

FOR VALENTINE GIFTS.

(The Landscape Calendar with Bits of American Scenery in Colors.

The Calendar of the Seasons with Fac-Similes of Water-Color Designs. By Maud Humphrey. Frederick A. Stokes and Brother: New York).

One cannot have too many calendars, and he who has not one in each room in his house may congratulate himself that he can supply the need by purchasing one or both of these equally dainty, yet dissimilar specimens of the useful family. Niagara, Lake Memphremagog, a snow-scene in the Adirondack woods. Arch Rock on Mackinac Island, the Natural Bridge in Virginia—are a few of the exquisite bits in the Landscape Calendar, while each of the Seasons is illustrated by a comely lad, a bonny baby or merry girl.

(Lucile. By Owen Meredith. With 100 New Illustrations by Frank M. Gregory. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.)

A new and tempting edition in white-andgold, of a poem of which the world never grows weary. Mr. Gregory's pictures are charming.

(Gondola and Palace, With Facsimiles of Colored Photographs of Venice. Frederick A. Stokes and Brother: New York).

One of the choicest gift-books offered this Winter to people of moderate means and artistic taste. The facsimiles are warm with color and so faithful to the originals that a study of each revives recollections of the City of Song and the Sea in the hearts of those who have floated in the gondola past the Palace of the Doge, and beneath the Bridge of Sighs, and gives to him who has still this joy in anticipation a true conception of what awaits him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.







March.

THE HOME-MAKER.

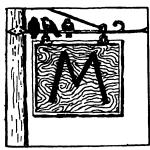
Vol. III.

MARCH, 1890.

No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

PRONUNCIATION PERPLEXITIES.



Y dear," said the wife of a popular preacher to him, as they walked home together after morning service one Sunday—, "will

you please tell me what possessed you to pronounce the word "vagaries" as you did in your sermon this morning?"

The worthy divine, thus suddenly attacked, had no time to rally his dignity and crush the querist with a weight of evidence (presumably) collated from sundry lexicographers. The truth came plumply from his lips.

"For no other reason under heaven than that I had always been taught as a boy, to say vagaries. So I naturally concluded that now it must be time to say vagaries!"

Unintentionally the good man had touched upon a point that has puzzled other heads than his. The struggles of that man or woman who endeavors to keep up with new and improved orthöepy would verge upon the pathetic if they were not so amusing. Different people engage in the strife in different ways. One accepts meekly the dicta of

the purist and obediently labors to remodel his pronunciation according to the latest received methods as fast as he learns what these may be. Another warmly insists upon knowing the etymological reasons for each change, and demands why he should say prel-ude instead of pre-lude, and con-versant, when at the same time he is told that con-centrate is correct, and advances a multitude of other problems impossible to answer. It was one of this class who came to grief one day over the word "horizon." He haggled over it a long while.

"My father tells me that when he was a boy the old people said horizon, but that at school he was taught that the emphasis was to be placed on the first syllable. He has always said horizon, but when my school-days came, the dictionary-makers had changed back to my grandfather's methods and said horizon again. How is a fellow to know how to pronounce, anyhow?"

The purist, armed mentally and often actually, with Ayres, Stormonth, Smart, Walker, Webster, Worcester, and Goodrich, makes life a burden to the unwary. In the presence of these word-fiends the average student hardly dares open his lips for fear of committing some blunder that will stamp him an ignoramus.

"I feel like a complete dunce whenever I

am with Jennie," confessed a lively and admirably educated little woman. "The only way in which I can get any comfort is by simply ignoring the existence of such a thing as correct pronunciation and going ahead, helter-skelter. I know she thinks me a disgrace to modern civilization, but I can't help it! She was born different! Even her children speak correctly from the cradle, while my poor little unfortunates blunder recklessly along, transgressing all rules of grammar and pronunciation, as their mother did before them!"

One suspects sometimes that it must be true that these perfectionists were born so. Did they ever, even when in long clothes, cry with a flat a where a broad one should have been used, or accent their appeals for food or their protests against colic in the wrong place? Did they not, like Pope, lisp in numbers,—or at least, in correct quantities? Such prodigies are terrors, not only to evil-doers, but also to that large class who long to do right, but who are let and hindered by lack of time or disability of memory from always being informed on the latest fad of orthoepists.

In connection with this subject, how can one help recalling the memory of that unfortunate young school-teacher of whom tradition tells that she spent a whole term in inducing her pupils to say finance, accessory and discrepancy, and having accomplished this, lay down and died of brain-fever complicated with nervous disorders?

In the face not only of this,—possibly an exaggerated case,—but with the thought of the real work to be done in the world, of the valuable knowledge to be acquired, of the strength and energy essential to the achievement of any worthy result, one is tempted to turn away from the vexed questions of orthöepy with the cry, cut bono? Is it all worth the expenditure of so much cellular tissue?

"I will not be bothered with such matters," declares a scholarly man, emphatically. "I hold with that fellow who said that pronun-

ciation was the thief of time. I know three or four languages, and know them fairly well, and my time is worth too much to me to spend it in quibbling over the question of what syllable should be accented in "peremptory," or whether a man must say "e-conomical" or "ec-onomical." I pronounce as my common sense indicates, and if the people who hear me don't like it they can keep away from me."

Yet the public speaker and reader must not allow himself to relapse into carelessness in this respect, any more than the writer for print may permit himself to be regardless of his spelling. And the same rule applies, although in a less degree, to the non-professional man or woman. As long as an uncharitable world judges of a man's great qualities by what it sees of his small ones, so long must the seeming trifles in manner and speech be guarded.

Without setting one's self up as a standard or as a critic of less heedful or more poorly informed people, it is yet feasible for almost any one to attain a tolerable degree of accuracy. The best plan is to secure some compendium which will give the choice of authorities on orthoepy and will enable the seeker after knowledge to perceive at a glance with what mode is the balance of evidence.

The ordinary writer or speaker will not find it safe to rely upon his own discernment in Unless he is a good deal of these matters. a linguist and student, he will be incapable of judging the nice reasons that frequently influence orthöepists in their decision upon the pronunciation of certain words. No one should know too much to consult authorities and to submit his preference to their knowledge. In the words of the English scholar, Skreat, upon a different subject, "Never decide questions of grammar off hand by the light of nature [whatever that may be], but condescend to investigate. So may you be admitted to enter the temple of true knowledge."

THE MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Substantial tokens of the interest felt by the Home-Makers of America in the effort to erect a suitable memorial to her whom a subscriber to the Fund aptly calls. "The Grandmother of Our Country," come to this office from North, East, South, and West.

Another subscriber says: "Herewith find my two dollars. But I don't see how the Home-Maker Company can make money by this enterprise, if seventy-five cents are to be deducted from each subscription."

The Home-Maker does not expect "to make money by this enterprise." Books are

opened at this office for the registration of contribution in money to the fund, and the said deduction is made from each subscription at the earnest request of the Editors, who are deeply interested in the reparation of an ancient wrong done to the memory of her to whom much is due.

At the February Social Meeting of "Sorosis," the largest and oldest Club for Women in the United States, a resolution of sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the Home-Maker was brought forward and carried unanimously. Let the good work go on!



AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

TRAVELER'S REST.



HE exquisite pathos of the ballad"Old Kentucky Home," finds a responsive chord in every human heart, but to the genuine Kentuckians, exiled by fate or circumstance from

home, it appeals with peculiar eloquence. Kentucky cannot boast of lordly domains, the gift of royalty, with their ancient and spacious mansions containing numerous evidences of the baronial style in which the proprietors lived, and many queer old relics of the days of aristocracy, when ladies rode in their coaches-

and-six, and "gentlemen" were in fashion. Such estates were the especial pride of the mother-state, aristocratic old Virginia. These ancient homesteads, many of them dating back to the seventeenth century, were owned by the most prominent families, most of them scions of noble English stock, who finding themselves after the Revolutionary war reduced in fortune, sent forth their hardiest and most enterprising sons to carve out homes, fortunes and independence for themselves in the wilds of Kentucky.

In fact, it may be said, that what the American Colonies were to England, Kentucky was to these Colonies after the Revolutionary war. This wonderful wilderness proved, in truth, a "dark and bloody ground" to the pioneer heroes. It cost them years of toil and strife and blood to

win this fair and favored land, but by every drop of blood shed and every moment of toil and suffering spent in the winning, were their homes endeared to them.

This love of the hardly earned ancestral home is very strong in the hearts of Kentucky men. With the women it is almost a religion—naturally—for to them Home is the blessed epitome of Heaven. No word in the English language is to the matrons of Kentucky so sweet and comprehensive as



Home. So it is, that the sad refrain, to "My old Kentucky Home," appeals with peculiar pathos to the Kentucky mothers and daughters exiled from their inherited homes.

Many of the homes established by the pioneers are still in possession of their families. Especially is this the case in the Blue-grass region, and about them still cling traditions of love, cruelty and heroism, furnishing inexhaustible stores of material, out of which the poet, painter and writers of fiction may fabricate the most pleasing forms of art.

The oldest, and for this reason, the most noted, of the old Kentucky estates, is "Traveler's Rest—" the Shelby homestead. The first certificate of settlement and preemption granted by the Governor of Virginia

was to Isaac Shelby, "for raising a crop of corn in the county of Kentucky, in the year 1776, on the land which Shelby made his farm in 1780."

The name "Traveler's Rest" was given to this "grant" on account of its being the resting place of all the early settlers on their way into the "settlements," and the camping gruond for the friendly Indians who were passing to and fro, to treat and trade with the whites. Isaac Shelby always supplied the Indians with corn when they camped on his place, and treated them otherwise so well, that he was known amongst them as "old King Shelby." The charred remains of the old oak tree still stand, near which they always camped, and under which several noted treaties were signed.

"Traveler's Rest" is in Lincoln county—one of the original counties into which Kentucky was divided in 1760 by the Legislature of Virginia, and is five miles from Danville, the first capital of Kentucky—before it was a State. Here were erected the first courthouse and jail—both built of logs.

It was in this court-house that the numerous conventions were held to consider and decide upon the expediency of a separation of Kentucky from Virginia, and to petition Congress for admission of the new State into the federal union by the name of Kentucky, which was done on the fourth of February, 1791.

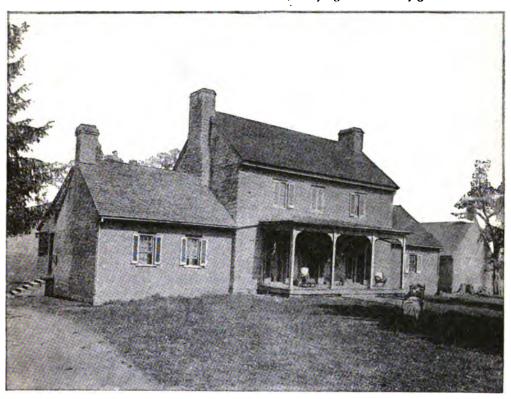
In accordance with the provisions of the constitution of the State, Isaac Shelby was two years after declared Governor, and again in 1812, when past seventy, he was solicited to become a candidate, and only consented on the condition (so honorable to his love of country) that the United States were involved in war. He was elected. to a call for volunteers in the summer of 1813, Governor Shelby placed himself at the head of 4,000 men, whom he commanded in the decisive battle of the Thames. He was awarded a sword by his State for his gallant conduct, and a resolution was introduced in Congress, assigning a gold medal to him and to General Harrison—his ranking officer.

Owing to some prejudice against the latter, the vote was delayed one session. On learning this, Governor Shelby requested his friends in Congress—Mr. Clay and Col. Richard M. Johnson, to permit "no expression of thanks to him unless he was associated with General Harrison." The vote was passed at the next session awarding a medal to each. In General Harrison's report to the Secretary of War, he says: "I am at a loss

how to mention the merits of Governor Shelby, being convinced that no eulogium of mine can do him justice. The governor of an independent State, and greatly my superior in years, in experience and in military fame, he placed himself under my command, and was not more remarkable for his zeal and activity, than for the promptitude and cheerfulness with which he obeyed my orders."

of the bride were a horse, saddle and bridle, a set of blue stone china captured from the English, and some house linen. The wreck of the saddle is still in existence, and several pieces of the china are in possession of Mrs. Grigsby, of Washington City,—a grand-daughter of Governor Shelby.

The newly married couple journeyed from Boonesborough to Traveler's Rest on horseback, carrying their worldly goods in saddle-



TRAVELER'S REST. (FRONT VIEW.)

Governor Shelby was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Monroe, but declined on account of the infirmities of age.

Governor Shelby's wife was Susanna Hart, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart, of Hanover county, Virginia; who was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and was also one of the pioneers of Kentucky. They were married in the Fort, at Boonesborough, in 1783. The bride spun and wove her wedding gown of flax, grown near the Fort. It was two widths of linen, of a texture so fine, that it could be drawn through her wedding ring. The ring and gown are still in possession of the family. The wedding gifts

bags. They went to housekeeping in a log cabin, which stood on the site of what is now the family grave-yard where in old age they were buried.

The year after his marriage, Isaac Shelby began the erection of a more spacious and comfortable house than the rude log cabin. It contained seven rooms, with walls of rough stone nearly three feet in thickness. The wood-work was all made from walnut timber on the "grant," and done by two men who are now amongst the wealthiest and most respected citizens of the State. No cut nails were to be had at that time and the pinning was done with wooden pegs, on the order of shoe pegs of the present day.

Whilst the carpenters were putting on the roof Governor Shelby was obliged to keep a guard of armed men stationed around the house, to prevent them from being shot by the hostile Indians. In this age of progress and improvement, when thousands of capacious and costly edifices go up as if by magic, it is difficult to realize that it took two years of hard and incessant labor to build this modest stone house.

The first addition made to the original house was a very large room at the end of a long back gallery, called the "weaving room." In it were the spinning wheels and looms used in the manufacture of the cotton, woolen and linen goods of which were made all the garments worn by the family and numerous slaves of Governor Shelby. The negro women did all of this work under the direct supervision of Mrs. Shelby. There are in the family to-day many beautiful linen tablecloths, large and handsome counterpanes, and many yards of linen sheeting manufactured by Mrs. Shelby's women slaves from flax grown on the farm.

It was never the custom in Kentucky for the slave women to work in the fields. farmer's wives were expected to find employment for them, and to train them in all domestic industries. They carded, spun, wove, dyed, and made into garments the various fabrics manufactured; they made the gardens, cooked, preserved, pickled and dried in the sun the different products of the garden and orchard; they manufactured by the most primitive method sugar and syrup from the sugar-maple trees, so abundant at that time; they "rendered up" the lard, cured the hams, compounded sausage and souse from the hogs slaughtered; made the soap, starch and bluing for home consumption; raised the poultry, attended to the dairy, and were trained in all household service.

Farmers' wives had also the care of all the sick—white and black, and often of the domestic animals. But they were not expected to read many other books than their Bibles, to know anything of music, French, the different schools of Philosophy or Politics, Prohibition or Woman's Rights, and they were only expected to discuss such subjects as pertained to their "peculiar sphere." They were respectful and obedient wives, affectionate mothers and were indefatigable in the care and training of their slaves.

It is a question, whether the negroes or white women of the South have most reason to rejoice over one result of the war—the Emancipation Proclamation. Yet the very heavy responsibilities and hardships of slavery and the times, combined to make a race of women seldom equalled for strength of intellect, physical and moral courage, and personal endurance. To these qualities in Mrs. Shelby were added others that would make her a remarkable woman in this more polite age. It is said of her, that "no lady in Kentucky has ever filled the elevated position she occupied as the Governor's wife, with more grace and dignity."

There is a portrait painted of her when she presided as first mistress of the Governor's mansion, in which the extraordinary beauty of her hand is remarked by all who see it.

Despite the arduous duties of an unusually protracted official career, Governor Shelby found time to make many improvements on his house and farm. He built a school-house of stone in which his children were educated under private tutors. He also built a dairy, and other out-houses of stone, and put up comfortable "quarters" for his slaves.

One of the chief beauties of Travelers' Rest was the avenue of forest trees, more than a mile long, through which ran a broad, smooth, white pebbled road, over which the trees arched, making it a lovely drive in all seasons.

No home in Kentucky is so associated with the great names of our own country as Travelers' Rest. It was the rendezvous of the pioneer patriots of the State—the Boones, Browns, Breckinridges, Harts, Marshalls, McAfeers, Floyds, etc. Amongst the distinguished guests entertained here were President Madison and Andrew Jackson, Gen. Lafayette, Gen. Rogers Clark, Gen. Wilkinson and Gen. Winfield Scott, Aaron Burr, Amos Kendall, Henry Clay, Felix Grundy and Thomas Hart Benton.

Governor Shelby and his wife lived and died in the home of their youth, leaving a large family and a magnificent landed estate, lying principally in the counties of Fayette and Lincoln. The Shelbys are amongst the wealthiest, the most prominent and influential families in the State.

Many years ago the Legislature of Kentucky erected monuments over the graves of Governor Shelby and his wife, but they are rapidly becoming ruins, and it is hoped that before long their remains will be transferred to the cemetery at Frankfort—the capital of the State.

At the death of Governor Shelby, Traveler's Rest passed to his youngest son, Alfred, who

married his first cousin, Virginia Hart, and died in a few years after, leaving her a widow of twenty-two with three children. In some respects Mrs. Virginia Hart Shelby was the most remarkable woman Kentucky has ever produced. She was gifted with a beauty so exquisite, that it would have been fatal to a woman of less strength of mind and character in the exposed and responsible position in which she was placed so young. Immediately after her husband's death, she modestly, but bravely assumed the management of his large estate, and devoted fifteen years of her life to it with such energy, judgment, and fidelity, that no farmer in the country around was nearly so successful as To-day one can hear from the greyhaired farmers, traders, and bankers stories of her wonderful success in every department of her business. She was considered one of the best judges of stock in the State, and at the different Fairs was awarded premiums on her cattle, horses, mules, sheep, and hogs; on the products of her farm, orchards, garden, and dairy and her own handiwork; also on the linen goods she had woven by her women from flax grown on the farm, and woollen fabrics from the fleeces of her own flocks—many yards of which are still in the possession of her family, as well as numerous pieces of silver awarded her as premiums.

It must not be supposed that she was at all what would be called a "masculine woman." To the contrary, she was endowed with an unusual share of womanly graces, and the sweetness of her voice was as remarkable as the beauty of her face. She was a devoted mother and an earnest Christian, and although a thoroughly successful business woman, there was no woman of her day, in Kentucky, who was so general a favorite in society, or more beloved by her friends and family.

To the surprise of all who knew her, after fifteen years of widow-hood she married her relative, the distinguished divine—Dr. R. J. Breckinridge. Although she gave her children the best educational advantages, dispensed the most generous hospitality, and gave liberally to her church and the different charities, she turned over the estate to her children on her second marriage, more than doubled in value, and to her husband she brought a handsome fortune which she had accumulated for herself.

The only child who survived her was her daughter, Susan Preston, who married Col. J. Warren Grigsby, of Virginia.

Col. Grigsby had spent most of his life



Mrs. Governor Shelby.

(up to the time of his meeting with his wife) in Europe, and had just begun the practice of law in New Orleans, when he was married.

To gratify his wife he removed with her to her ancestral home, to which she was passionately attached, and until the breaking out of the war, they devoted themselves to the improvement and embellishment of the home and farm. The house was enlarged and the interior somewhat modernized. Most of the capacious fire-places, stretching nearly across one end of the rooms, with their huge backlogs and smaller ones of ash piled up on bright brass andirons, gave place to grates in which crackled Kentucky coal, as abundant now as wood was sixty years ago.

But the small deep windows in the strong, thick walls, with a row of port-holes near the ground, give to the whole house still somewhat the appearance of a fortress, and the exterior retains very much of its primitive and venerable appearance.

For years there was not in the Blue-grass region of Kentucky, a woman who dispensed such generous and elegant hospitality as Mrs. Grigsby. Col. Grigsby was a man of rare culture and courtliness, and was strikingly handsome—and no man in the State enjoyed in a higher degree the confidence and esteem of the people generally. He was the soul of honor—trusting others as he would be trusted.

He lived by the proverb of the extinct gentleman—noblesse oblige, rather than by that of the modern man—or land-shark, "business is business." After four years of gallant service in the Confederate army, he returned to find himself in such business complications as to make it necessary to mortgage Traveler's Rest.

This, with already failing health, soon put

were made homeless and penniless, and now amongst strangers, three brave women are making a fight with adversity that proves them worthy descendants of the hero of King's Mountain. Yet like "my lady" in the sad refrain to the song, they long and weep for "the old Kentucky Home far away."

Traveler's Rest is still owned by one of the



TRAVELER'S REST. (REAR VIEW.)

him in his grave. Mrs. Grigsby remained at Traveler's Rest alone with her children during her husband's absence in the army, and she had need of all her inherited heroism to fight the bloodless battles of the war. Her's was a case of exceptional sorrow and sacrifice.

For some years after her husband's death, she struggled heroically to save Traveler's Rest by paying off the mortgage, but the fatal blow came at last. The mortgage was foreclosed, and she and her children

descendants of Governor Shelby, but it is shorn of much of its beauty.

The 3,400 acres that once spread over the rich and magnificently wooded valley, lying about the foot of the "Knobs," have gradually dwindled to one third of the original tract, and here, as elsewhere in the Blue-grass region, the finest forest trees have been felled. There is no trace left of the once beautiful avenue.

Preston Connelly.



SOMETIME.

Sometime, dear heart, sometime, I know not when,

We may not sit together, hand in hand, And watch the sunset colors, up the glen, Play hide and seek along the yellow sand;

We may not sit together, you and I,

And hear the mock-bird chant her evening song,

Ah, me! and talk of days so long gone by, And talk, ah, me! of friends all gone so long.

long.

Sometime dear heart, sometime, I say not why,

We may not sit together, you and I!

Sometime, dear heart, our roses in their glow

Of summer shine may catch the passing air,

And send their kisses (ah! we love them so!)

As now, to nestle in your sunset hair; And one of us alone may then sit here, And hear the distant church-bells' eve

And hear the distant church-bells' evening swell,

And one of us may shed the bitter tear,
Which shall it be, dear heart? I cannot
tell!

Sometime, dear heart, sometime, I say not why,

We may not sit together, you and I!

Sometime in after years, the silent star Which shimmers yonder in the quiet sky, May shine as now it shines, and ah! how

May we then be apart, dear, you and I? And o'er our threshold here at even-time Strange steps may come and go, we know not of;

We may not listen to the church-bells' chime.

And talk together of the friends we love. Sometime, hear heart, sometime, I say not

We may not sit together, you and I!

Sometime, dear heart (it may not be for long),

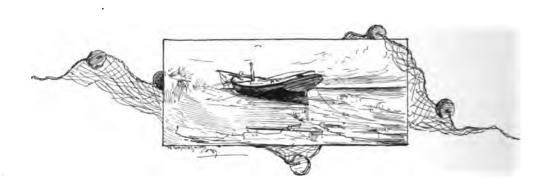
We shall not sit together, hand in hand, It is the flush of evening-and its song Comes o'er the water and its yellow sand;

It is the time of evening, and I hear

Sweet voices, that I have not heard for years-

Like to a lute-string on the twilight clear— I listen, and my eyes are wet with tears; Sometime, dear heart, when eventide goes

by. May we two sit together, you and I! Wm. Page Carter.



"TO THE VICTOR THE SPOILS."

CHAPTER V.



S Leslie and Ada rode on side by side along the cañon, the two ranchmen discreetly dropped behind out of ear shot. Leslie, turning to her glowing face with a

voice still trembling with excitement, said: "My little Diana! I can breathe again freely, for you are safe; but tell me about

We have been riding in all your absence. directions. God only knows what a lifetime it has seemed! Before you came I risked everything from Indians; life had little value to me, but now it is priceless, and when you are in danger away from me I am wild with suspense."

The girl, coloring with joy at the fervent tone of her lover-husband, replied lightly,

hoping to dispel his agitation:

"I've only had a hunt all by my own lone A wolf had the temerity to run before such a good shot as you have made me. I "bagged" him,—or nearly, but Nero was not willing to have a train following him, and had it not been for a gallant young fellow, an officer from the post, I suppose, I

should not be looking at the dearest, truest, handsomest man I ever saw."

Woman-like, Ada made comparisons mentally, and instantly decided that though the young officer's athletic, active figure might be superior, his face was not to be spoken of in the same moment with her husband's. Lovers know that their language can never be too emphatic, too intense, and Leslie's eyes shone with joy, but the next instant he cried out,—"Ada, is our home revealed? are we to be besieged by your deliverer? Much as I am indebted to him, I would rather abandon the ranch and push on to the mountains."

"No, no!" Ada hurriedly replied. "Quiet your fears—I am certain the officer is too thoroughly a gentleman to intrude. He does not even know our names, and I explained that you were not able to see visitors; for though you look the embodiment of splendid health, I know better than any one that it is due solely to your utterly quiet life that you have lived at all. great strain has been on you, my dear onesomething besides what I know-but time and quiet will cure you. And if I have represented you as an invalid, you are the best 'broken reed' to rest on that the kind Father ever sent to a woman." And, with many more tender words, the girl and her husband rode along the cañon until they came to a path entering the ravine, carefully hidden except to eyes familiar with the ground.

At some distance from the summit the path diverged to the right and ended suddenly at the stockade, placed in a thick growth of chaparral and stunted trees. The logs composing this wall about the hidden retreat were about fifteen feet high, set deep in the ground perpendicularly; the entrance was a gate, massive, and with rude bolts, hinges, and bars that were strong, but evidently wrought by an amateur at a blacksmith's forge. A light tap on the iron latch and the gate was unbolted and opened by a tawnyfaced squaw, who did not smile in response. to Ada's greeting, but gave a significant grunt that meant a volume from the taciturn The ponderous gate swung to and was again barred, shutting out the two ranchmen, who, after a respectful farewell, pursued their way along the river.

Inside of the stockade was the dug-out in the side of the bank for the home, and near it a similar one for the horses. As night came on, and the fire crackled in the huge fire-place, for it was chilly, and the lamp lighted the room where Ada and Leslie sat on a lounge covered with the dressed skins of animals they had shot, it would have been difficult to realize that the habitation was made of blocks of sun-baked clay, and that the floor, on which more furs were spread, was really mother earth. The refining touches of a woman's fingers had converted the place into a home, and Leslie, radiant with happiness, told the girl over and over again, by look, by caress, by spoken word, what a paradise she made him.

It was by no means an idle life for Ada, for it was impossible to teach the squaw to cook well, so that her husband's dinners, necessarily frugal as they were, were prepared by herself. Of course, her needle was in frequent requisition. The house consisted of the little room for themselves, the long living room, the kitchen, and what was little more than a closet for Mah-wis-sa, the Indian woman, who had been brought by the ranchmen from a tribe temporarily at peace The poor creature had with the white man. been terribly misused in her tribe, having been superseded by a favorite wife. peace she found in the new home made her quick to learn domestic duties, in order that she might retain the rest the refuge afforded, and escape cruelty and over-work. The active life in-doors and out had given Ada rich color and superb health. hands were hardened by it all—holding the reins of a powerful horse, managing the boat they had on the river, hunting and fishing. Her desire to share every occupation with her husband had induced her to learn the use of the carpenter's tools, while there was nothing in the little shop, half given up to the forge, the rest to the implements Leslie used in fashioning their furniture, that the girl could not manage to assist him with

Her wrists were like steel, so supple and strong had they become, while her light body, accustomed daily to the use of every muscle, might have belonged to the trained gymnast who taught her at school, a woman skilled in her profession from childhood. Ada recollected how like that of a Greek goddess this woman's waist was; but, much as the girls raved over her, no one wished to emulate its circumference. Leslie said to her, laughingly, "It would never do for me to have 'matrimonial infelicities, 'as the papers say euphemistically of domestic rows. With such daily physical development as yours, I should come off second best."

while he worked.

"Yes, and may that keep you harmonious,

you darling old monster!" and running to him, she stiffened her arm and added, "Feel

my muscle and be warned!"

The moment after the rigidity of the arm had been tested, his broad neck was encircled, an arch face looked up into his, and a question was put: "Is not the arm, when it is not in fighting trim, still useful for something else, although its muscle is grow-

ing so terribly masculine?"

One day, late in the autumn, several months after the unusual episode in their quiet life, Ada sat waiting for her husband, full of impatience and anxiety. She read for a time, threw down her book to take up her sewing, wandered to the shop, then to the stable to caress her horse, and flew up the steps to a little look-out that Leslie had made at a corner of the stockade, that she might gaze for a short distance toward the trail running along the river and catch the first sight of his approach. Coming down the steps from a fruitless search for her husband's return, she saw that the gate was unfastened and slightly ajar. Except from her position descending the stairs it would not have been perceptible. Leslie's orders were so strict, and all his injunctions so imperative, on account of Indians, that Ada could not imagine how the usually careful Mah-wis-sa had neglected this duty. She ran quickly down and drew the great bolt, proud that what was once an effort of strength was now easy.

Then she sought the Indian to caution her against a second neglect. The kitchen was empty; the little room in which the squaw slept had none of her belongings. searching the house, the stable, the shop, Ada could come to no other conclusion than that the woman had deserted. Evidently in some of her employer's long hunting expeditions the Indian had been called outside of the stockade by some of her tribe and induced to return to her people. Doubtless she had waited until that day to escape in

her master's absence.

The desolation of her position was at first hardly noticed by Ada, but as night approached, the anxiety of the afternoon became almost frenzy. Never had Leslie remained away so long. He so arranged before leaving home that the business of weeks could be transacted in an hour. wrote out necessary directions for his men before he started, to be left with them, and concentrated all it was absolutely necessary for him to say into terse, telling sentences, which in a country of bluff people with few words were perfectly understood.

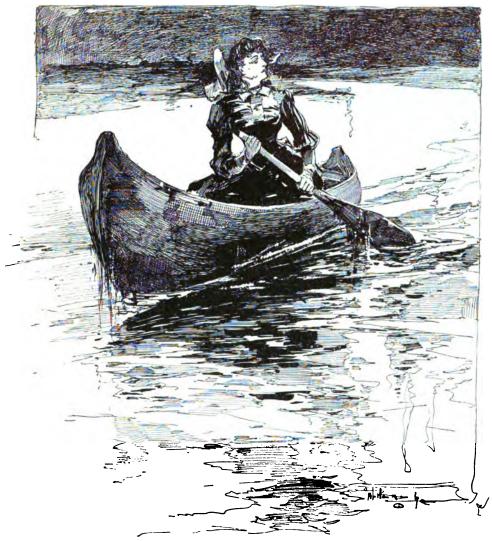
Hours had now elapsed beyond his usual time of return. The five miles were nothing to his fleet horse; besides, he rode like the wind. These hours of suspense were months to the agonized woman. She rocked herself to and fro, and moaned with pain, as every dreadful suspicion of Leslie's danger came trooping into her disordered mind like legions of fierce demons. A hundred times she heard his voice—she was sure that he gave the signal on the iron bolt that only they knew. She could not be mistaken in believing that the sound she heard was the click of his horse's hoofs, and ran out to the gate, only to return with drooping head.

Thus running back and forth to prepare to open the gate at an imaginary sound, or flying up the little staircase to try to discern the familiar form in the fast-gathering twilight, her ear strained to listen for some familiar sound that would herald her husband's coming, hardly shortened the time a moment to the distracted girl. Still, still, another slow hour dragged away, and left her without hope. There were no circumstances to explain the delay, as there would have been in a city. The ranchmen would There was have come had he fallen ill. absolutely no ray of light for poor Ada.

Like a flash came to her a serious talk they had soon after she had arrived. Dreading to anticipate evil, he asked her to give close attention and he would promise never to allude to the subject again. Now every word came back to her as if shot from a field-piece. She shuddered, and flung herself on the rug, kissing with mad vehemence the lounge where Leslie sat when he told her what she now recalled so vividly.

It was a plan for her escape should the very delay in his return happen which had occurred to-day. The underground passage, which is the refuge of the frontiersmen who live on the plains, was pointed out while Mah-wis-sa was asleep. It led from the shop, and the entrance was concealed with a cunning that would match that of an Ada remembered that it was Indian. through that dark and narrow passage to the river that she was to flee; there to take the boat hidden in the underbrush and try to reach the post. "For," said Leslie, to make certain she would save herself by his appeal, "you may, my brave little girl, save my life, which you may know is in danger if I do not return promptly, if you set out instantly and make an effort to get assistance."

It was well Leslie's devoted affection had



"THE PITYING MOON STILL LIGHTED HER WAY." (See page 464.)

remembered to put his appeal in this form, for no one can tell what this desperate, despairing woman would have done had she been left to carry out her own mad schemes for his rescue. With a hundred bitter reproaches for waiting thus long, the wife tore away the rough heap of iron, wood, and rubbish that covered the entrance to the passage-way, and, lighting a lantern, stepped into the damp aperture, shuddering as if it were an open tomb. It was slow progress, for the earth had fallen in some places, and she inwardly blessed the strength that enabled her to clear a path. The moist soil, where some rivulet in the side of the cañon had found its way, made her feet slip, throwing her against the side of the sepulchral road; the air, damp and mephitic, suffocated her. Her lantern seemed less than a firefly in the dense blackness, while all the while her soul was filled with such anguish as only a wife can experience who is torn by apprehension for her husband's safety.

The long transit through this horrid avenue of escape came to an end. The moon looked kindly down on the trembling fugitive and lighted her way to the boat Fortunately, the river was not high. Had she tried to push her little craft into the boisterous rushing of the rapid current after a storm, she would have been swept into eternity. Now, skill, quickness, strength, were needed to avoid the snags, to steer away from the eddies that swirled about her with a rapidity

and power which threatened to engulf the frail bark.

The pitying moon still lighted her way, and, nerved to superhuman strength, the woman veered her boat here and there to avoid quicksands, pushed herself away from the threatening trunks of trees by thrusting out an oar, took advantage of a smooth bit of water to shoot swiftly on, thus avoiding obstructions in her dangerous passage, until finally she recognized the roofs of the buildings of the post. She recollected seeing them

as they came up the river on her first journey. Touched here and there with the moonlight, they were a welcome sight—a blessed haven.

The difficult landing on the steep, muddy bank seemed impossible, but desperate resolution won, and, leaping on shore, she ran up the incline, across the few acres of level ground that seemed miles in extent, guided almost by instinct to a light which shone from the nearest house of the garrison.

-Elizabeth Bacon Custer.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

I.

A ship, full-rigged, adrift upon the sea,
Destined to anchor in a fairer land,
But lacking still the helmsman's guiding
hand!

II.

A flower, that might have bloomd in wondrous guise,
Drooping in foreign soil, where blossoms fair
With fainter perfume, scent the wandering air.

III.

A bird, whose song had echoed to the skies, In the close covert of the forest deep,— Imprisoned, his sweet melodies asleep!

IV.

Saddest,—a soul of finest fibre born,
With all that makes brain genius, man
divine,
Without the power, to grasp, and call it
"Mine!"

Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

LA CANAL DE LA VIGA.



T begins at the great lakes, away up in the country among the flowers and market gardens, winds in and out of the low hills and hollows, stopping at the various Aztec towns with

the unpronounceable names. Then it takes a turn into the little holiday village of Santa Anita where the flower-crowned peones dance every feast day and Sunday, waters the edges of the *chinampas*—the floating gardens of the ancients overgrown with weeds and anchored by neglect—flows past the almost deserted paseo de la Viga, holding half-way its length the dilapidated bust of Guatimotzin, the last of the kings, and so on down to the City of Mexico.

All sorts of water-craft loaded with all sorts of merchandise float up and down its windings: wood boats; market boats; flower boats; canoes filled with Indians; flat-bottomed barges roofed over with a rude awning amidships—barbaric gondolas, crowded with merry-makers thrumming guitars and clicking castanets—a steady stream of life, with the current set towards the city.

Here it is swallowed up like many another fresh young life joyous from the green fields. Here the city pounces upon it and defiles it. Every bit of stray refuse, every scrap of offal, all the filth, all the dirt, all the scrapings and castaways of the great city are thrust into its pure waters. Even the narrow little bridges take a hand in the villainy; crowding and jostling as if bent on choking it up forever. Soon it reaches the slums—the very dregs of its pollution—the stables; the dyehouses and the sewers; the slaughter houses where the brown backed peones, naked to the waist, lean over rotting logs cleansing the reeking hides fresh from the shambles. Every indignity is heaped upon it, every touch befouls it. Still it struggles on, cringing like an outcast, slinking under the bridges, crouching through dark waterways, edging along rotting embankments, buoyed up and strengthened by the thought of the bright pure waters of lake Texcoco glistening in the sunlight a few miles away.

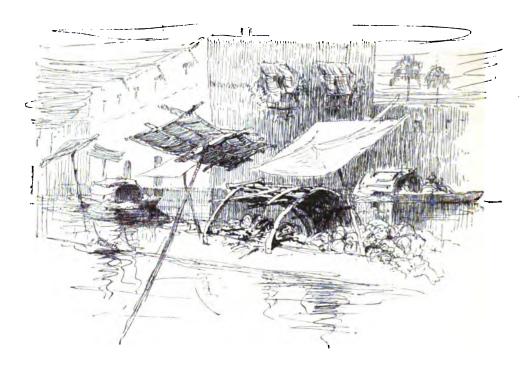
You follow down in and out, crossing and recrossing the little bridges, hugging the shadows of the tall pink and yellow washed buildings, their balconies trellised with flowers and hooded with awnings, until you come to where the water widens out, washing a broad flight of stone steps that lead up to four great columns supporting the entablature and roof of an imposing structure quite classic in its design. This is the Mercado del Pulquerria.

If you will cross the little bridge above, pick your way through the crowds of venders in the street, push through the Babel of buyers and sellers on the floor of the market, and walk out into the blinding sunlight on the very same stone steps you saw from across the canal, a sight greets you that exists only in one spot the wide world over.

Beneath, in a solid pack, their sides touching, is a great fleet of canoes loaded to the water's edge with masses of flowers, heaps of vegetables, piles upon piles of fruit, one solid carpet of blue larkspur, bright marigolds and carnations, poppies, roses, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, melons, grapes and figs.

You forget the ninety and nine smells, the seething bubbling hides, the ooze and slime of the sodden logs, and revel only in the sunlight, the palms waving over the low walls, the blazing, dazzling white of the great building opposite, the deep blue of the sky overhead, and the superb carpet of color dotted with figures beneath.

Crawl behind one of the great pillars within a few feet of the nearest boat. The bow is a mass of blue larkspur and ragged sailors. Amidships is a great square of carnations, intermingled with every variety of reds and yellows. In the stern stands a peon girl, her head covered by a wide-peaked sombrero of yellow straw, throwing the richly colored face in shadow. The sunlight falls on her bare arms and back, and glistens on the white chemise, half concealing the full outlines of her lithe figure. About her hips is folded a square, blue cotton blanket, girded by a red sash. In her ears are large silver An armlet of copper binds one arm near the shoulder. She stands erect, steady-



ing herself with the oar in one hand, which in turn steadies the boat, keeping it in its place in the pack. Her other hand is filled with fruit and flowers. This she lifts up to the clamoring crowd, tossing them every now and then a "hand" of radishes, or bunch of carnations in exchange for their copper coins, which she catches dexterously in midair.

If you think grace died with the Greeks, watch this girl for a moment. She is barely sixteen; her eyes are dark and luminous; her hair a purple black, tied in two great braids down her back; her teeth, white as milk; her neck, arms and bust exquisitely modeled; her fingers, small and tapering, and her feet tiny enough to dance on Persian carpets. She has a skin that is not the red of the Indian, nor brown, nor quadroon; it is the light though transparent copper, if such a thing could be. Every movement is That she comes of an indolent grace itself. race only adds to her beauty. Minutes at a time she keeps perfectly still, even to her Then she shifts the oar, throws her eyelids. weight on the other hip, her beautiful bare arms fall to her side and she is more entrancing than ever. She is absolutely unconscious of your admiration. She has but one thought in life—to sell her cargo before the hot sun shall shrivel it up.

Suddenly, above the din of the traffic, you

hear a sharp cry. The girl starts forward, drops the oar and falls on her knees in the boat, among the greens and flowers. When she rises she has her little bare, bronze baby in her arms. At the same instant, from underneath, there crawls out a shaggy-headed peon rubbing his eyes. He has been sound asleep. Long before the grey dawn, and many weary miles from here, he had poled the canoe alone; past the sleeping villages, and the *chinampas*, while the mother and child rested.

The crowd thins out. One by one the boats drop off, and drift up or down. Soon the bronze goddess, and her baby, and her shaggy-headed husband, float by with almost an empty boat.

You look after them long and musingly, until they are lost in the throng. Then, somehow, you feel a slight pain as of a personal loss. The place seems different, the charm has gone out of it. You begin to note the foul water strewn with waste leaves, decayed fruit, and the offal of the market. You become aware of the stench and the reeking The white wall glows like a furnace, the sky is molten brass, the palms hang limp. You turn in disgust and enter the stifling market, where bare legged peons are drenching the foul stone flags, with fouler water from the Canal, and so on through and out into the narrow street, dodging under the

awnings, and skirting close to the strip of a black shadow stencilled on the sidewalk.

Soon you reach your garden, and the cool of your quiet siesta.

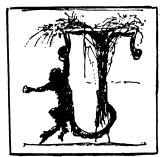
Over your coffee you recall but one thing

—the grand figure of that daughter of Montezuma, radiant in the sunlight, her hands full of flowers.

F. Hopkinson Smith.



A MONKEY THAT LIVES ON THE MANTEL.



HE most unique of mantel ornaments is a comical-lookinglittle fellow who usurps the place of brica-brac in my house—porcelain and pottery, curios and carvings,

all swept out of sight, and the whole length and breadth given up to an eight-inch burlesque upon humanity whose "tricks and manners" have been household entertainment for months.

There he is at this moment, sitting inside a low box, covered with a blanket shawl, his funny little hands with fingers wide-spread resting on the edge, and quaint face peering out from under the gray shawl to see that nothing happens without his knowledge. With his coal-black complexion and long silvery hair lying smoothly back over the top of his head, as though held by a "round comb," he exactly resembles a very black old lady, with a very white cap and dirty white gloves.

Nor is the illusion quite destroyed when, in a moment, something interests him, and he gracefully lifts the shawl and steps out in full sight. The rather long fur of the arms and under parts give him the appearance of wearing a white, long-sleeved apron over his reddish-brown dress.

The home, the eating and sleeping place of the beastie, whose name, by the way, is Nidas Adipus or Pinche (though why Œdipus no one but the name-makers can guess), is on the mantel, but he has, by way of change, and to afford a chance for outings, a highway to the floor in the shape of an old-The piece of carving fashioned easy chair. at the top is his favorite seat, from whence he looks upon the strange human world he finds about him. Descending to the arms, he has on the left a cushioned seat before the bright grate fire, and on the right a somewhat distant outlook into the sunshine through the windows. On rare occasions he goes to the floor, and makes efforts to climb the slender leg of an upright piano, across the fire-place from his chair. A laughable figure he is too, his white arms clasping the leg, and his queer black face turned toward me to see if I intend to allow it. So far, and no farther, is his range, defined for him by

the length of a cord attached to a belt around his body, and very seldom, indeed, does he attempt to take a step beyond his limits.

On one occasion, there being no fire, a center-table was moved nearer than usual to the mantel, and quite unexpectedly, as I sat beside it reading, the monkey came with a bound upon it. I was alone and he was not startled, so he proceeded to make careful investigation of everything upon itbooks, papers, and lastly a small Japanese tray, on which was fastened a bronze frog about half an inch long. After some study of this creature he cautiously approached and pounced upon it with both hands, showing that he was familiar with the precautions necessary in catching insects. While he was busily lifting the corners of newspapers, as if looking for something he had lost, I happened to turn suddenly, when he made one tremendous bound and landed on the mantel, four feet away, I don't know which of us two was the more startled.

From his mantel or the top of his chair, our South American guest—as I said—looks on at the life about him, and expresses his views of the same with great freedom. He knows every one of the family, and has his opinion of them too, and he considers a stranger a phenomenon entirely uncalled for, and not to be tolerated.

He watches him very closely, with a grave air of suspicion, and generally ends his scrutiny by a vehement harangue, which, although in his native tongue, and, so untranslatable, leaves no doubt of his meaning. His manner at the time is most droll. He turns his head over one side in a sentimental attitude, though his feelings are far from sentimental, and begins a low chattering in a sweet, bird-like tone, which rapidly increases in volume, with varying inflections, notes higher and lower, longer and shorter, and passages trilled and slurred, with mouth sometimes contracted to a small, round open-It is a truly musical performance, surprising indeed from the mouth of an animal.

During the delivery of this song—as I must call it—he turns his head from side to side, ludicrously suggesting the studied airs of a professional singer, and lastly, gives a bewitching piquancy to the whole by a whimsical little jerk of head and body, first one side, then the other, as if trying to "show off." Sometimes this jerking movement goes so far as to become "weaving," throwing his whole body on one side and bringing his hands to the mantel, then doing

the same on the other side. This he keeps up for several minutes, his venerable looking face with its eager expression and large dark eyes, swinging through an arc of perhaps six inches each time. Now and then he delivers this tirade to a mischievous youth in the family who is prone to trifle with his dignity by seizing his temptingly long tail, or peeping under the corner after he is curled up for a nap. The mere glance of this tormenter he hotly resents, in fact he much dislikes to have any one look at him; it seems to give him a nervous shock. Sometimes, too, he thus reproves even his mistress, when she offends his sense of the fitness of things by putting on eyeglasses, or a bonnet.

From a certain weird performance of his own, and from the unnatural actions of a dog before he came to me, the little fellow had established the reputation of being "uncanny," and received the extraordinary name of Mephistopheles. The dog-a very intelligent spaniel—looked upon him with peculiar suspicion and constantly growing disfavor. He plainly longed to shake the life out of him, as he did with a rat, but his master not allowing this he restrained himself, at the same time declining to make friends with him as he had with other pets in the household. He treated the monkey always with the same reserve, and at last refused even to go into the room where he was kept, although it was his master's studio, and had been his favorite retreat. would stand at the door and whine, and cry and wag his tail to show his friend that he did not lack affection for him; but over the threshold he would not step.

The curious and unexplainable action that gave the monkey his name is this: He appears to see something, or somebody about him, invisible to our eyes, but evidently so vivid and real to him, that it gives his human observers the grewsome feeling that there must be something in the room. In observing the ways of birds, I have noticed the same thing; a display of strong emotion, sometimes simply interest that struck them all dumb and motionless, sometimes alarm

amounting to panic.

The marmoset—for he belongs to that family, though not in the least like the stupid common marmoset—often sits on his chairback and locks intently into the air above our heads with the most absorbed interest. He turns his head this side and that, eyes fixed immovably on some point that changes, sometimes moving slowly, again with a quick jerk; now around and around, and then

down to the floor, where he leans far over to follow it. It is exactly as his eyes would follow the movements of a fly going about—but no fly is there! Then again he chatters at the invisible (to us) object, and several times he has been overcome with sudden terror, and shrunk back with a scream, just as he behaves when one of us attempts to put a hand upon him. It is a most remarkable performance.

Not a movement or sound in the house escapes the notice and the comments of this acute observer. A glimpse of his own reflection in the polished marble or the glass of the book-case always sets his head twitching, a strange, quick, jerking motion, that seems to be involuntary. When a hand-glass was placed on his mantel, he twitched as he caught sight of himself in the beveled edge, but when he came into full view he showed no curiosity about the marmoset before him, but an absorbing interest in the room "through the looking-glass," at which he stared in silence so long as the glass stood there.

No elderly maiden with "notions" was ever more "set" against change than the monkey on the mantel. A gentleman putting his feet upon a chair he considers highly improper, and speaks his mind at once in a sharp, though musical chatter. On one occasion of sudden company where the youth of teasing ways had to sleep in the room, he was so excited and annoyed by the innovation that he positively could not go to sleep. Drowsiness overcoming him. he went into his box and made preparation for the night; then at the last moment he cautiously lifted his blanket with one hand to see if the intruder were still there, and seeing him, popped out like a Jack-in-abox, to remonstrate and scold and demand in his way that things be restored to their usual order. He takes great offence at any change in my dress, and if it is marked, as from a black to a white dress, he utterly refuses to take his food from my hand, but chatters and "weans" at me across the room.

A striking peculiarity of the odd little beast is his refusing to become familiar with us. Although he has been in the family room for about four months and taken all his food from our hands, he is still scared out of his wits if we attempt to touch him. I never before had beast or bird who did not after awhile cease to be suspicious, even without any attempt at taming, so that while they might not allow liberties, they were not

afraid. But this strange fellow so long with us, persists in regarding us as enemies, and resents our slightest touch with shrieks that are truly appalling in one of his size. I attempted once to give him a treat by carrying his box with him in it to the window, so that he could look out. At my first movement he shrieked with terror, as if I were murdering him. He could not make a greater outcry if I actually attempted his life.

Never was a four-handed fellow creature more inquisitive than this one, and his attitudes are curiously human as he daintily lifts one corner of a cloth or paper, and leans far over to peer beneath it. He is suspicious that there's a mystery concealed under the towel I spread over the cold marble for him, and he seems convinced that a terrific bugaboo will yet appear through the door that looks into the dark hall.

Unlike the common marmoset which destroys every thing it touches, he is naturally gentle. A white moth, which was once given him to eat, he took in his dainty fingers, examined it closely on all sides, and then let it go without hurting it in the least.

Sleepy-time comes as early as five o'clock, and he requires no coaxing to go to bed. Off he starts on a gallop, but on reaching his box he pauses, stands upright, raises the blanket cover with one little hand, leans over and peers in, with a comical air of looking under the bed for a burglar. Finding things all right, he glances around the room to see that all is safe there, then dives under the blanket, resting his feet (or hinder hands) on the edge of the box a moment, while his long tail curls itself up from the tip like a watch spring, and passes in under the body, when he instantly drops under the cover. Often as we have seen this performance, it never ceases to be extremely funny.

Once inside his bed with his cherished tail, he sits down with this member standing up before him on edge, like a wheel, thrusts his head down between his knees beside it, and thus arranged in a compact bundle, almost as round as a ball, he sleeps; the top of his head on the floor, and his nose buried in his fur. How he can breathe is a problem. Soon after he is in bed we hear the most tender, sweet, and bird-like calls and cries, which are really touching, for they seem like lamentations for his mates, or dreams of home.

The diet of my pet was at first exclusively bananas, and his pranks with this food were simply intolerable on a mantel, however they might do in his native woods. He takes a thin slice in his hands, bites off twice as much as he can manage, and at every movement of the jaws, thrusts the mouthful out on his tongue. After two or three "chews" he gives his head a quick toss that flings the surplus off into the universe, which, in his neighborhood, consisting of carpet and wall and furniture, is soon ornamented on every side with small wads of sticky banana, hard to remove. After a long siege of housecleaning, I began to experiment, and found that the naughty rogue will eat many things, so banana is no longer on his bill of fare.

This funny tenant of my mantel never washes face or hands, and pays no attention to his coat, leaving Mother Nature to take care of her own, with perfect indifference,—with one exception! his tail. This apparently useless appendage, twice as long as he is, which usually hangs straight down, or stands straight out, gives him much concern, and is evidently the one point on which he prides himself. To dress it, he brings it up before

him, holds it with one hand, and combs it violently with the claws of the other—the wrong way of the fur. When he gets too far up in his operation to reach, while sitting (for the tail towers above his head like a flagpole), he rises to his feet, and stretches up in a ludicrous way. It never seems to occur to him to draw the prim tail down. In fact he acts as though it belonged to somebody else. He often sits and holds it up before his face, contemplating it with an air of grave interest and curiosity, as who should say "what is this that I see before me?"

In fright, the beautiful silky hair of his head rises so much as to change his expression, while that on the tail stands out all around, and in anger the member itself is "swished" like that of an angry cat. In fact, although he is afraid of people, when he is really cornered he becomes savage, and shows that, notwithstanding he is a pet and lives on a mantel, he might be a very unpleasant beast to manage, a genuine wild monkey.

Olive Thorne Miller.



SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?



EGAR DING this question as dispassionately as a woman can regard other women's opinions who disagree with her on what they consider a vital sub-

ject, I perceive

that their great

and perhaps sole argument is that if women could vote, the laws which now seem oppressive to them would be set aside and juster ones take their place. It is a matter of complaint, to begin with, that women by these laws are set in a condition of hopeless inferiority to man.

For instance, "according to Blackstone, she can neither sue nor be sued." It seems in the light of common sense that the immunity of this edict quite atones for the power which it abrogates. What a safety is this impossibility of being hauled into court "will-ye, nill-ye," to answer for debts and peccadilloes and the like! Who would not give up the dear delight of "lawing" one's enemy for the dearer security of an assurance that one's enemy could never turn and rend him, legally?

"Know that in this checquered state The one is worth the other."

Then comes up the ancient and threadbare decision of Mr. Justice Buller about the husband's right to whip his wife if the stick used was no bigger than the Justice's thumb. Does it not show the conscious power of women, even under those venerable laws, that the women of that circuit immediately sent up a petition for the exact measure of that legal thumb?

Again, if a woman broke her leg, or any other bone, she could not require damages from the town for the defective highway that caused the accident.

"It was her husband's leg." So much the better for her! Her husband had to pay the doctor's bill: she did not have to toil, to get up early, to rack her brain and tire her muscles to pay the surgeon. How many of

us are there in these enlightened days who prefer to pay our own bills?

And again, it is considered a hard thing that women should not in law own the money or property of any kind that they have earned or inherited. Let us grant that: it is indeed a crying injustice; but who has ever known the average woman refuse to let her husband have her property if he needed or wanted it? The private history of women and their affairs would reveal a state of things. in this respect that would convincingly show how useless law would be to protect women's possessions, when they either loved or feared their husbands. I do not think one woman in a hundred would refuse to give her husband her last cent if he should ask her for it. I think some legal or supernatural process to reconstruct and elevate the character and nature of men would be more practically useful in this matter than a female suffrage; but, alas! such a process is much further out of reach than the ballot-

The truth is that the average woman needs to be educated and enlightened as to her own powers. I have known a woman refuse utterly to have her property settled on herself and her possible children when she was about to marry, saying, "No! if I can trust a man with the happiness of my life, I can trust him with my money."

She very shortly discovered that he was not fit to be trusted with either, and lived out her days in regret and poverty, saying to her daughter only a few weeks before her death:

"I hope I shall outlive your father, for your sake: it will be so hard for you to care for him, he is so utterly and entirely selfish."

Is there no lesson here for woman? So long as they lose their reason and their common sense under the influence of passion, and refuse to provide for reasonable contingencies, just so long no code of laws, even if it were stricter than the proverbial code of Draco, could ever protect them—against themselves.

Well is it for the girl who has hard-hearted guardians or relatives who insist, against her will, in tying up the principal of her property; for it is a melancholy fact that women in general, from the washerwoman who gives her husband her hard-earned dollar to get drunk with, up to the cultivated, wellbred, luxury-loving woman whose inherited thousands are frittered away in business or speculation by the husband to whom she gives all her wealth freely and confidingly, will always be incapable of keeping for their own use their own property, law or no law.

In another case: A woman whose husband has relatives likely to grasp his possessions, as relatives generally are the moment that death allows, should insist on his making an irrevocable will in her favor as soon as they are married, and keeping such will in her own possession. I think it would be a good thing if no marriage ceremony were allowed either by the Church or the State without this testamentary disposition being as

imperative as either fee or license.

For a woman who marries again when she has a family of little children I have small compassion: she shows herself an unfit guardian for them by the act itself. But for a man who would deprive his wife of her children during his life or her widowhood I would have or advise no sort of mercy; I think these are exceptional cases, and need exceptional treatment. In a long course of observation I have known but one instance of a child so taken from the mother's care, and, as in that case the mother "ranked with idiots," if not "with felons," being the silliest and weakest creature on the outside line of absolute folly that could be, it was certainly for that child's good that the father abducted her—he having previously deserted the mother—and put her in a school where there was a chance that the blatant folly and indulgence of her maternal parent might not ruin the girl's character entirely.

In the matter of taxation; when we reflect that taxes are for the good of the population in general, is not a woman's property just as much the better for good highways and pavements, street lighting, sewers, and id

omnes genus, as a man's?

Her troubles here arise from the fact that the women cannot vote for or against these taxes, and thereby regulate them according to their own ideas. Were this to become customary, with the vague ideas most women have on this subject and their notably fluctuating conditions of mind about all things, the utter confusion of a town meeting where women voted would be something indescribable, and even humiliating.

It is the old cry of "taxation without representation;" yet it is not women alone who suffer from this; for though men nom-

inally regulate the representative power by their votes, yet the majority of men at town meetings, as at the polls everywhere, are men who pay no tax on property, because they have none. Some of them are even exempt from the poll-tax, and, being the majority, they regulate the taxes of which they reap the benefit, and the minority pay the cost: their votes being useless, while their money provides for the aid and comfort of the whole town. This masculine minority protests just as vainly against unjust taxation as the clamorous women who have not even a nominal representation.

When the complaint is made that "a woman may be fined, taxed, imprisoned, or hung under the law,"—law which they have no voice in making,—it is equally true that men are liable to the same pains and penalties under the laws which they do make, however strenuously they, too, object to these various disagreeable situations. It is yet to be proved that women would be more reconciled to these experiences if they ordained them by becoming themselves law-makers.

I think it would be with them also the forlorn case of the eagle pierced by an arrow from his own wing—

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel, He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

There are several reasons why women should not vote: some personal, some social, some moral. The first personal reason is her physical inability. If a vote is worth anything it should be dropped on the day of election, under all circumstances. An honest voter who desires the good of his country, or his own State or town—the typical freeman-will allow no stress of weather or crowd of contending roughs to keep him from the polls. None of the average women of America would on Election Day expose themselves to pouring rains or blinding They could not do it in common justice to their health. Whatever they may wish and intend, they cannot set aside the frequent physical disabilities, disabilities inseparable from their sex, which unfit them for exposure to climatic conditions such as men can brave with impunity. Nor can any woman contend with the crowd of rough, indecent, profane men who infest our voting places, and make them unpleasant to the better class of men.

"Their dynamic reasons of stronger bones" are not for women to encounter without harm and insult: no womanly woman could wish to do so. That this especial objection could easily be done away with is a matter of course; but would a crowd of the same class of women be any more agreeable to encounter? The fishwives of Billingsgate, the dames de la Halle and petroleuses of France, answer that question.

For social reasons women should not vote, because they are too sympathetic by nature or too little discriminating to keep their politics and their social relations apart. It is possible for men to differ radically in their political opinions and yet be courteous acquaintances, and even good friends. is a necessity to their social intercourse with other men, but women could never attain to this abstraction of opinion from conduct. The power and the weakness of women lie in their tongues: they will, so long as time endures, say certain things for the mere pleasure of saying them, that they must know by the slightest exertion of thought or reason they should not say. Those who have differed in opinion publicly, either by writing or speech, from women who have some "ism" or some "cause" on the brain, know by experience that their opponents will visit on them the wildest vituperation and personal slander because they dare to hold an independent or a differing opinion. To a certain extent this is equally true of men, but the man who abuses another in speech or print for political reasons to-day, will be cordial and friendly whenever they meet, outside of a caucus or a party meeting, tomorrow, while under the same conditions women would refuse courtesy or recognition to each other. Whenever women become active politicians, society will degenerate into a squabble, and good-breeding be a lost art.

Women should not vote on moral grounds. More easily influenced in their sympathies than men, the dishonesties and chicaneries of politics which so degrade masculine politicians would take a more rapid and deeper hold on the less resistant and independent characters of women. The letters and memoirs of old French and English history show us what intriguing women were; how modesty, purity, even decency, never stood in the way of a woman who desired to meddle with the destinies of nations and direct the sceptre of government. It is rational to argue that modern politics would be no less demoralizing, for humanity is still

The mistake that women make in clamoring for such rights is, as the very reverend and very sensible Cardinal Gibbons recently said, that they cry out "for equal rights with men, instead of similar rights." Those which belong to them as women are quite as powerful and useful as the more aggressive privileges of man. And, women-like, they make the mistake of desiring that all women should have the ballot because a few exceptions to the race, women of strong character and masculine minds, desire to vote. But it is the rank and file of women, the uneducated, prejudiced, undisciplined sort, who will carry elections, being the majority, right over the heads of their wiser sisters; just as the like majority of ignorant and depraved men rule our country now: for it is not wit or wisdom, but numerical strength, that is the motor of a republican form of government, and will some day demonstrate itself to be the fatal fault and final destruction of all republics. For women to vote would not either insure better laws or a more righteous government, for the woman who would vote except as her priest, her husband, or her small personal spite would influence her would be the rarely exceptional woman, not the majority. And why should women desire to vote? Have we not each and all our measure of that best of powers, the "power that lies behind the throne?"

As long as women can educate their boys to be just, honorable, clean-minded, and true, they have a power in their hands infinitely greater and diviner than the power of suffrage. They make the rulers of the nations from the plastic clay of the babies they bear and nurse. Can there be a more awful responsibility than that which rests upon the mother of men? or a loftier power than that which fits the cradled infant for the governor and guide of a people? And what woman worthy of the name does not exercise over her husband, her brother, or her male friends that quiet influence of pure and rational womanhood that makes every man within its reach instinctively desire to be better, more noble, more fit to mate with such a creature, who is to him "a little lower than the angels?" To women also it belongs to be home-makers: to create a place of peace, rest, and holy security for the strengthening and consolation of men; to set up in all the mists and tempests of this evil world a steady-burning beacon that shall throw its rays of hope and cheer far out to guide the wandering and the weary. Oh! what more can women ask for than what God has given them?

If only we would rouse ourselves to understand that womanhood is not granted us for pleasure, for luxury, or for mere flaunting of power and place, but for loving and serving, and so living that we illustrate and expound that Gospel that has delivered women and declared their souls to be as dear to their Maker as the souls of men! Were we not

"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave?"

Oh, my dear and impatient sisters!—none the less sisters and dear because we cannot think just alike on every theory—let us look up to Him for our guidance and teaching who showed to the prophet of old that God was not in the strong wind, nor in the earth-quake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice that asked: "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Rose Terry Cooke.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF NONSENSE.



NE bright woman has said that "fools rule the world," and proceeded to prove her statement by declaring that while the wise were debating, the fools rushed in and acted, and then the

wise, rather than cause additional disturbance, abided by their decisions.

Just after the Crusades one of the essentials of court life was the jester, whose business it was, according to ancient authorities, "to entertain the household with amusing sallies." Was the wearer of the cap and bells a fool, or a philosopher long in advance of his time?

All the world knows the sovereign power of a laugh, and the desideratum of all research—the truth—is spoken by children and fools. There are many who, like the Ancient Mariner, transfix us with a glittering eye and keep us "from the guests who're met, and the feast that's set, and all the merry din." They tell us that they are the philosophers of life, and that knowledge is the only good—if so be, we may know what knowledge is—and then, after "woful agony," we find that they never thought so, and wonder if they had better not.

The literature of the sweet nothingness of naught springs from that old anxiety to determine how many angels can stand on the point of a needle without falling off, and does a spirit, in passing from one point to another, go through intermediate space? We thrill, and throb, and quiver, only to discover that the soul that is in us is not ourself, but an identity, working out a past, of which we have no remembrance. We may be our grand-mother, or, delightful possibility, our own mother-in-law.

This is philosophy; but the nursery rhyme of the poor, bewildered old woman, who

says: "If I be myself, as I suppose myself to be, I have a little dog at home and he knows me," that is nonsense. Where one begins and the other leaves off, who can tell? The lips of wisdom ask: "Is life worth living?" and the jester cries: "Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree, whoever can guess what I may be?" It is folly that touches the truth that the solution of the problem is purely personal. "Is marriage a failure?" this interrogative age demands, and in our tattered copy of Mother Goose we read: "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb; I sat him in a pint cup and there I bade him drum." The measure of incompatibility has been filled.

Again we are told that the great world around us is only an idea of our own brain; that unreality is the law of all things, and the only central point in the universe is our own thought. Then chimes in the fool: "There was a crooked man who went a crooked mile; he found a crooked sixpence by a crooked stile." Where did the crookedness lie? in inanimate objects, or in the mental make-up of the man who could not see straight?

A worthy sage has put on record this truth: "A man is just as strong as that to which he entrusts himself," and when we were babies we knew about those "Three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl," and that "if the bowl had been stronger the tale would have been longer."

Students tell us that, as there are waves of light and sound in the natural world, so the law of ebb and flow prevails in spiritual and mental existence. And the ignorant little child sings, "See saw, Margery Daw."

Some master-minds picture humanity's proper position as that of expectancy, and exclaim "all things come to him who will but wait." And as old as time is that advice of the fool to "Little Bo Peep," mourning for her vanished sheep, "Leave 'em alone

and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."

The voice of knowledge says, "I will show you how to be happy, though married," and a ridiculous rhyme gives us the picture of "Jack Sprat, who could eat no fat, and his wife, who could eat no lean"—and between them the matrimonial platter, licked clean, with no scrap of incompatibility, no bone of contention;—a clear-cut epitome of the law of contrasts and respected individuality most unphilosophically expressed.

From the summer school of Philosophy comes the oft repeated thought—"Man is organized law, the being in which the natural law of the universe finds expression"—and "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, and Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again." Humpty Dumpty is only a polite term for the first man, Adam; his history is that of our progenitor, his elevation, fall and its unending consequences, and as "In that fall, we sinned all," we are in the family of Dumptys and liable to assist history in repeating itself on the slightest provocation. Conspicuous position Elevation sometimes intensifies defeat. costs us our mental equilibrium—we grow dizzy with success, and end in fragments.

Is it wise to be foolish, or foolish to be wise? Is the philosopher's stone really the bell on the cap of the Jester? Or is the Jester a deformity? "What fools these mortals be!" cried Puck, and yet "tis folly to be wise."—

While Justice is blindfolded and truth is in the well, and reasoning runs in circles, and philosophy fills our hands with salt to put on the tails of countless birds, which all ought to be caught, it is, at least, pleasant to stay within the sound of the Jester's bells, in the care of that especial providence which watches over the lame and the lazy, and has a kindly eye on the doings of a fool.

Helen Jay.





And the little maiden wandered
Through the halls where clung the breath,
And the dampness of the garments,
And the mystery of Death!

She could not divine the reason Of the stillness and the gloom; But wrote to him come lately To his heritage,—the tomb!

She wrote, "You should sleep no longer; In the dark house joy is none; And our mother, weary of waiting, In her chamber weeps alone."

She filled the letter with rose leaves, Less fragrant and less fair Than her missive, in secret yielded To a courtier, pledging care.

Ah! such is the mind of children; They know not why we weep; They marvel that we should sorrow For those who only sleep. And we,—are we any wiser
For all our earthly lore?—
Because we see the mystery,
Do we comprehend it more?

"She is not dead, but sleepeth!"
So spake the Master well;
And still in our day unnoted
Is wrought the miracle!

Yet so is it meet to sorrow, For grief all sense defies; Nor can I believe the Father Would have it otherwise.

In all lands heads are bowing Beneath the hand unseen; And the goodwife's wailings mingle With the moanings of the queen!

Alike the Specter cometh
To lowliness and pride;
Nor differs Death in the cottage,
From Death, the Regicide!
S. F. Quintero.



MRS. CATHERTON.



ITTLE MISS
DIMPLE sat
at the machine,
and wiped and
dusted and
wiped, and then
with her head
perched on one
side like a little
wise sparrow,
she chirped out.

"Florence, nobody would think I'd had this a year now, would they? It's just as good as the day we bought it."

Florence looked up from the flounce of

the dress she was making, and in an answering bird-like voice, said—

"No, Sarah, they wouldn't. No-o," looking from the machine to her sister with alternate admiration, "that they wouldn't! But nobody but you could have kept it so, my dear, but then it's just like your clever way of doing things, just like you!"

Now, little Miss Dimple and big Miss Dimple were two sisters, whose name subjected them to the puns of the neighborhood, and whose child-like simplicity gave them entrance. unsought, into the hearts of all.

Miss Sarah Dimple, the elder by two years, was short, round and good-natured,

with bright little grey eyes that twinkled when she laughed and twinkled when she cried, and were quite like two bright stars, altogether.

Miss Florence Dimple was tall, thin, impulsive, enthusiastic, tender-hearted, believing in her sister's superior wisdom as in the

sunlight.

Two stray children of the morning, whose bodies had grown, who had passed through the years, but whose souls were as fresh as the dew on the roses.

Just then a knock came at their room door.

"Well, Mary?"

"Mrs. Catherton, mum, would like to say ye, if ye plaze."

"Show her up, Mary."

Mary disappeared, and in a moment a musical voice was heard, saying laughingly up the stairway; "Is this the place where Dimples can be seen? Are you sure, Mary, that Miss Florence and Sarah Dimple live here?"

"Yes mum," Mary was heard to answer stolidly, out in the hall, "shure theyr'e in

there, beyant!"

"Thank you, Mary, much obliged, I'm sure. If it were not that you re-assure me, I should say it was a pit-fall of another kind I had stumbled into. Ah! here you are!" said Mrs. Catherton, reaching their room at last, and evidently bubbling over with amusement, "here you are!"

"Yes, here we are," laughed big Miss

Florence, in sympathy.

"Yes, we are here!" dimpled little Miss Dimple, like a twinkling of ripples, "Oh, yes, we are here!"

And then all three laughed together heartily, with that infectious merriment that

requires no wherefore.

Little Miss Dimple said—"Your dress is about done, and we've done our best on it. It seems plain-like to us, but then you always look good in anything."

"Thank you for the compliment," said their visitor, "but if you have made the dress as I said, I'm sure the sewing on it will

be perfect. Let me see it."

Mrs. Catherton was the young wife of the richest man in Stoneville. She was by birth a lady, if several generations back of refined ancestors count for anything; she was by education a lady, if familiarity with the minds of others teach one aught worth knowing; and she was by birth-right a lady, if pure soul and kindly heart can count in this world at all.

Her husband was no better and no worse than half a dozen other men you can count on your fingers—and she of the more fragile clay and finer soul, was his own, his every-

day wife.

John Catherton, Esq., had dark brown hair, bright blue eyes, was tall and of fine form. He was strong, hearty, aggressively healthy in his appearance—always suggestive of good dinners and good wines. With the setting that money can put around the poorest gem, he attracted the attention, admiration and envy of his fellow neighbors. He owned a good many houses in the town, he was a man of prominence and position. That he was a man of brain no one denied, but that its quality was fine, no one thought. A moral man—a good husband, said his neighbors, and surely they ought to know!

"There!" said Miss Florence, holding the dress up, "that's right, isn't it, Mrs.

Catherton?

"Yes—that'll answer very nicely," said their visitor, as she looked the dress over, "that will do very well. How neatly you finish off your work, Miss Florence," she went on, "it seems a waste of good things to put so many beautiful stitches where none will see them. By the way, did you have a girl come here lately telling a pitiful story of a sick mother, three small brothers, and no food, and no money?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Sarah, impulsively "we did! and so sad as she was, poor thing, and so young! I never felt so sorry

for any one in my life."

"You helped her, of course," said Mrs. Catherton, while a curious expression trembled around her mouth.

"Did we, Florence?" said Sarah, knitting her brows, as is to recall some fact long forgotten, "did we? It seems to me we did do something for her, didn't we, dear?"

"Yes—I—I—think we helped her a little," answered Florence, blushing as if taxed with

some terrible crime.

"Oh!"—said Mrs. Catherton, with a repressed twinkle, "Oh—only a little, you say! then it must have been somebody else she was speaking of, when she said in the cars on her way to Graysville, to a friend, "What do you suppose I've got? See there! Three dollars besides buying my ticket! And the big one gave me a bonnet—such a looking thing! And the little one gave me a dress, and—what do you think? some little boys' jackets that were Tom's, when he was a boy!"

"Oh!" gasped big Miss Dimple.

"The wretch!" broke in little Miss Dimple. "What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Cath-

erton, innocently.

"How could she? Oh, how could she?" cried big Miss Dimple, wringing her hands in distress.

"How dared she? Oh, how dared she!" flashed little Miss Dimple in anger.

"You seem vexed!" said Mrs. Catherton, mischievously, "it is not surely possible that you two were the people she was laughing at, who had readily believed her story and helped her on her way? I really hope," said their visitor, with solemnity more solemn than necessary, "that you have not been beguiled by her plausible story into helping a fraud?" And she stopped and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

Big Miss Dimple said, "Sarah, you ex-

plain.

Little Miss Dimple said, "No, you tell Mrs. Catherton about it, Florence. You saw her to the Station."

"But you told me to—to buy her ticket!" stumbled big Miss Dimple, appealingly.

"Well," said little Miss Dimple, shame facedly, "we may as well tell you, Mrs. Catherton. Those are our Tom's jackets that girl has taken away with her, and it was our money that she laughed over so spitefully! I don't see why it is that tramps and frauds of all kinds seem to know that we are fools," cried little Miss Dimple, with a tear of vexation in her eye—"seems as if we are always being taken in by somebody!"

"Well—you won't lose so very much this time," said Mrs. Catherton, "See here—here's your money, and the clothes are in a bundle which I'll send to you to-night. I was seated just behind the girl in the train, you know, and I taxed her with fraud and she grew frightened, confessed, and begged for mercy. Very foolishly I let her go—but I have your things for you all safe."

"Oh! how good you are!" cried Miss

Florence.

"You're always kind!" said Miss Sarah.

"One thing is certain," smiled Mrs. Catherton, merrily,—"If your hearts were only smaller, your bank account would be much larger! As it is, I'm afraid you'll never learn wisdom, you two. But, dear me! how late it's getting. I must hurry home—it'll be dark. And you will send the dress home to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, that will be time enough."

"Good-bye, don't help any more young

girls with half-a-dozen small brothers until I see you again!"

And with a merry laugh and a cheery nod and smile, she was out of the room and gone.

"Isn't she an angel?" said Miss Dimple, sentimentally.

"Yes, she is," assented little Miss Dimple, solemnly.

As soon as Mrs. Catherton left the little dressmakers' and was on the road towards home, all her merriment faded.

A dreamy, serious look came over her face, and she walked slowly, looking at the dark grey masses of evening clouds. She went mechanically homewards. The double life that one may lead and yet be honest, the things one does from a sense of duty with no heart in them, the surface words one speaks and yet is sincere, are strange facts in the consciousness of many. To her husband, Mrs. Catherton was a practical, sensible woman.

"Not quite so sensible when I first married her, you know," he would say goodnaturedly, "but now, she is a good, sensible woman, with no nonsense about her."

So he saw her, and saw her every day. Inside, however, what a different life she led! What a store of thought and longing, pleasures and desires lay there beyond his ken!

He was quite contented with his married life, and thought she ought to be. What

else could she want?

A good husband, plenty of leisure, an elegant home,—surely she was favored. And yet there are hearts so formed, that they thirst for the spirit more than the matter, for the soul more than for the body.

Always, with a never-ceasing unrest, she longed for what was not—ever with an intense and passionate despair, she clenched her hands in secret, and with a horrible reality went through agonies of tragedy. Had her husband seen her, he would have thought her mad. But that was—alone.

To the world at large she was merry, pleasant, charming.

To her household, an even-tempered mistress. To her husband—well, his wife!

Reaching finally the gate-way that led into the grounds around her home, Mrs. Catherton lifted up the latch and walked inside. At the window of the dining-room she saw the figure of her husband, reading the newspaper.

She stopped and looked at him critically. "He is handsome, he looks even like the ideal of my youth. Perhaps—perhaps—sup-

pose—supposing now, I should wake him up," she said to herself, whimsically. "Surely, that graceful outline of head, that height of forehead and king-like poise, are not the property of a clod! Perhaps it is that I have never gone the right way about it to charm him; perhaps, if I tried again—" and then, with a sudden flashing of eye and curious feminine change of mood, the woman, so shortly since sad as night and as despairing as death, was all aglow with a new resolve.

Hastily walking up the path and going in by a side entrance, she hurried up to her own room. She flung open the closet door. Which should it be—blue cashmere, black

velvet, grey, wine color?

With beating heart she held the different fabrics up against her face. She chose a long train dress of silver-grey silk, and put it on. She fastened a few pink roses at her waist, and a bud among the waves of her hair. Then she stood and nodded approval at herself in the mirror.

"What a pretty little doll you are!" she said, half-aloud, mockingly. "You really

look very nice."

Turning away and hurrying down stairs, catching her breath with a big gasp at the dining-room door, she turned the handle. Her husband was still reading the paper. Walking swiftly across the room and reaching him, she said, brightly:

"Did I keep you waiting? I am a little

late.

Looking up from his paper and seeing a pretty picture before him in silver and pink, he smiled, and said, carelessly:

"You can have supper sent in. That's a pretty dress you have on. Where did you

get it?"

This much of direct interest in her was flattering, and her heart throbbed a bit faster.

"You like it? The Misses Dimple made it for me last month. They are excellent at following out one's instructions, but they can't originate anything, you know."

But alas! her lord's interest had been but fleeting, and the end of her reply was unheard as he scowled over an article in the newspaper. Her heart fell, and she smiled an odd little smile of self amounts.

odd little smile of self-amusement.

A few moments of silence. Then unconsciously she tried to offer that sort of entertainment that she thought would please him.

"Come, Matthew, dinner is ready."

Laying aside his paper and stretching up both arms with a big yawn, Mr. Catherton took his place.

"That style of coat is becoming to you,"

she said, looking at him admiringly across the table.

"Yes, I think so," he answered, contentedly squaring his shoulders a little further back. "There's nothing like the cut of a coat, after all."

"I think you look nice in any sort of a coat, you know. You have such a good

figure," she said, winningly.

"Well, yes, I have," he smiled back at her. "The tailors say so, too, so it must be so."

Even this smile of gratified vanity was sweet to the wife, she was so proud of having

pleased him.

"By-the-way, Robinson was in the store to-day about that lot, you know. He offers me seven-fifty, but I won't take a cent less than eight hundred, and he needn't think it," said Mr. Catherton, decidedly.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Catherton, sympathet-

ically.

"You see," went on her husband, "money is money, and a dollar is as much to me as to any other man, even if I am Matthew Catherton."

A few moments of silence, while both were

eating

"Are we going to the Hall to-night?" asked Mrs. Catherton, pleasantly. "You know Mr. Bailey is to lecture this evening."

"Bailey? He's that literary chap, isn't he, that lectures on old fossils, and such like?"

"No, he lectures on great men, usually. To-night it is to be Sir Walter Scott, I believe."

"Oh! an old fogy this time, and not an old fossil then," said Mr. Catherton, chuckling at his own wit, "not much difference as far as the present age goes."

"But some people still read Scott," said Mrs. Catherton, while in her eyes a curious

light began to shine.

"Oh, yes," answered her husband indifferently. "I suppose so. There's always plenty of fools who want to waste their time."

"But"—said his wife slowly—"but he has written some fine things, you know."

This decided opinion caused her husband to glance at her a moment in a speculative sort of way, then smiling sarcastically, he said, "I suppose that means you want to go to-night?"

"Oh, no, not particularly, Matthew-not

unless you wish it.'

"Humph—well, I don't wish it, not by a good deal. Through? If so—let's adjourn to the library; it's hot in here."



"THAT'S A PRETTY DRESS YOU HAVE ON."-See Page 480.

Rising from the table he stalked into the hall, and across the library. Mrs. Catherton rang the call-bell for the servant and waited a moment behind him.

Her heart was aching and a feeling of complete despair took possession of her. Would he never understand? Was it always to be himself and never anything for her? It was not the going or not going, not the doing,

or not doing of certain deeds that she craved, but only a little fineness of soul—only a little care—only a little love—only a little of something besides meat and drink and clothes!

Leaving the dining room to follow him into the other room, again the deceptive picture of a man among men was before her eyes.

"Oh, the earl was fair to see!" she whispered low to herself as she stood in the door-

way.
"What's that you say?" said her husband, turning around, "If you have anything to ask me, say it quick, for I want to read the paper."

With a sudden return of her coquetry, a gleam of fun coming into her eyes, she advanced and made him a sweeping courtesy.

"I was but murmurimg my admiration,

my Lord!"

"Humph," smiled her husband, "so you think me good-looking, do you?" with the vanity of a man blind to everything save

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Catherton, the smile still on her lips, "I do-think you -good-

looking.'

"Much obliged, I'm sure, but I won't disagree with you." Smiling, he took up the paper again and read on steadily.

Mrs. Catherton got some fancy-work, and drawing a rocking chair close up to the table, sat half in the shine and half in the shadow of the lamp.

After about fifteen minutes of quiet, Mr. Catherton laid down the paper with a yawn.

"Ho-hum! No news; 'seems to me everything's stupid. Guess I'll go down to Brown's for half an hour. If I should stay

late, don't wait up for me."

Rising from his seat and getting a cigar from off the mantelpiece, he lighted it and gave a puff or so, to make sure it drew all right, and, going around to his wife, bestowed on her a careless kiss, strongly flavored with tobacco.

"Good night, my dear. What a blessing to you women that fancy-work is! wouldn't know how to get along without it, would you? Wish sometimes I could do it myself. Well—ta-ta!" and nodding carelessly, he left the room.

Mrs. Catherton sat as he left her, her smile gone, her hands idle. Suddenly starting up she went out into the hall after him. helped him on with his overcoat and then

said timidly: "Matthew!"

"Well I"

"Will you—give me a kiss?"

He stared at her.

"A kiss? Why, certainly! did I forget to kiss you good night? I thought I had!' He bent towards her.

Drawing back quickly, she exclaimed, "Why, yes--so you did!" breaking out into a hearty laugh, "I'm growing old, and my memory's failing me, I guess. Good

night! Oh!" drawing further back, as she opened the front door, "Oh-it's cold!

Good night!"

The door was shut—he was gone. The wife, left alone, walked slowly back into the Such a pretty room as it vacated room. was. Such a cosy look of comfort and refinement! Handsome furniture—paintings a grate fire on the hearth, and dashes of crimson here and there, put there by a woman's artistic hand. Books and magazines covered the centre table, and enticing chairs suggested the pleasures of leisure and their companionship. But the mistress of all this stood still in the middle of the floor and All seemed a looked bitterly around. mockery of her misery, the shell of comfort without the kernel. Sitting down in a chair she fell dreaming. Not of another than her husband? No-she was a pure soul, and too highly tuned to enjoy a broken harmony. No morbid, unhealthy fancy held its sway in her heart; but a dull, heavy conviction that had been slowly gathering shape for some time past, was pressing fatally in upon her. Rising up from her chair, and turning out the lamp on the table, she mounted the stairs to her room. With a sad little smile of self-pity, she took off the silvery grey silk, and removed the pretty pink rose from her hair.

"Poor little rose! He did not want you? No? Never mind, sweetheart—he did not

want me, either!"

It was the month of June, and a brave, bright, sunshiny day. Mrs. Catherton was just coming out of her house. Her face was pale, but she was smiling, and nothing indicated the strange resolve that was in her She had come to the conclusion that the hardest thing in this whole world was to be alive, and that death would not hold greater misery for her than that she now endured. That superhuman agony of despair that it is given to the few to suffer, might surely decide, without a question of brain soundness, the necessity for relief; for cessation of the torture, in whatever shape it offered itself.

Mrs. Catherton was not insane—never were her faculties brighter, than when on this lovely June morning she decided that life was no longer worth living. According to Take a fish out one's nature, one's needs. of water and he will gasp for life in the free air; put the robin in the sea, and you hush his song forever. What to her husband was food and life-to her was barren fare and stifling vapor.

As Mrs. Catherton walked along the road, she glanced back wistfully at the lovely green of the lawn—the flowers here and there in their beds—and at the house, which after all, had been her home. In her throat a choking sensation swelled, and an overwhelming wave of feeling made her dizzy for the moment. She staggered and almost fell. Arousing herself, she walked on briskly. At the turn of the road she met a fashionable

acquaintance.

"Why, Mrs. Catherton! Good-morning! Such an age since I saw you! Out for a walk this lovely morning? And isn't it just too lovely for anything? Why don't you come and see us? Oh, yes, I know the days do just fly, don't they? I know just how that is. So often one has good intentions, but can't fullfil them. But I shall expect you soon. I see that you are in a hurry, so I won't keep you. Goodbye! But, mind now, I shall look for you very soon!" and with a nod and smile, and a playful shake of the finger, the cordial little hypocrite sailed smilingly away.

As she went out of hearing, Mrs. Catherton laughed. Her sense of humor was ever alert, and something in this woman's chatter gave her amusement. "How she would shriek, if she knew what I was going to do—!"

she thought.

Reaching at last the bridge that crossed over the river, she stood and looked down upon the slow-moving current. With care she looked up and down the roads that led to the bridge—no one was in sight. Walking to the end of it, she crept through a broken portion of the railing that served as a protection to the foot passengers, and then stood calmly, with both arms swinging free. She looked up at the sky, around upon the earth so fair in the June sunshine, and then, with one leap, sank into the water.

One unseen witness, however, dumb with surprise and horror, had seen the act.

Big Miss Dimple had been in the woods that morning gathering flowers, and had come upon the edge of the stream just as Mrs. Catherton was taking her last look at earth and sky. Dropping her flowers, and with a short, sudden cry, she ran a few yards and plunged into the stream also. She was a good swimmer and a strong one. moments she reached Mrs. Catherton. With difficulty she succeeded in getting with her burden to the shore. Standing upon the firm ground, tall, lank, dripping, she laid the unconscious figure down. Then she stood dismayed, looking down at Mrs. Catherton's white face, not knowing if she were dead or no—uncertain what to do.

"Oh! If Sarah was only here!" she wailed. "She is so clever." Then, stooping down, she touched Mrs. Catherton's hands, she rubbed them, she shook her a little, then seeing that she still did not speak, she gave up with gentle weakness and sat down on the green grass and cried. Suddenly she saw that Mrs. Catherton's eyes, wide open, were fixed upon her. With a cry, she threw herself towards her.

"Oh, my dear! My dear! To think that you are not dead! God be praised! You're not dead!"

"Ah—," whispered the stronger woman,

faintly, "I—am not dead!"

Slowly pushing the dripping hair from off her face, and with a faint strength, she finally sat up. No, she was not dead. There was still the bright sunshine, there was still the fair green earth, there was still the song of the birds. Slowly, heavily, she staggered to her feet.

Big Miss Dimple rose too, and said hesitatingly: "Mrs. Catherton—I think—perhaps—we might as well go home and get on dry clothes—what do you think?"

A glimmer of a smile played around Mrs. Catherton's mouth as she answered faintly,

"Yes, I think we might."

They started to walk, but after a few steps Mrs. Catherton sank down exhausted.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" cried Miss Dimple, wringing her hands, "if Sarah was only here!"

Rousing herself somewhat to the situation, although every nerve quivered and her head swam dizzily, Mrs. Catherton said:

"Come—we must not stop here. Help me wring some of the water out of my dress—it will be easier, then, to walk; so—there—that will do. Now let us see if we can get along."

Again they started on their slow walk; this time Mrs. Catherton summoned up all her

strength, determined to get on.

"Mrs. Catherton," said Miss Dimple, hesitatingly, "you are coming home to our house to change your clothes, aren't you? I—I—think," she said, coloring crimson, "that it would be better so—for then no one need know—need know—of your—your accident, save sister and myself. You see," she went on hurriedly, "people talk so about every little thing, and if you just change your clothes at our house no one need know—anything."

With a grateful look Mrs. Catherton said

very low, "Thank you—yes—if you allow

me, I will come."

Fortunately the home of the Misses Dimple was not very far away, and they reached

it safely without meeting anyone.

Some hours later Mrs. Catherton was out of their house and at home again in her own bedroom, and was wondering weakly if it had not been a dream. At the supper-hour she sent down word that she had a headache and would not come down stairs.

After supper, her husband, good-natured, feeling well and strong after a hearty meal,

came up to her room.

"How's your head?" he asked, not un-

kindly, as he came in.

"It is still aching," she replied wearily.

"By Jove! You do look kind of white. Hadn't I better send for the doctor? You're not going to be sick, are you?" he said with interest, crossing over to her and laying his hand heavily on the top of her head.

"Oh, no—" she answered slowly, "I'm not going to be sick—I don't want the

doctor."

"Well," he said, in a matter of fact way, yet with a dull sort of consciousness that she was suffering, "I'm sorry. I hope you'll be better after a good night's sleep."

"Thank you," said his wife, with a slight feeling of comfort that he had for once given her all he had in him to give. "Thank

you, I'll be all right very soon."

Going out of the room, he looked back and smiled and nodded to her. "Goodnight. Brown is down stairs, you know. Hope you'll be better by morning."

The calm that comes after a storm, the hush that comes after sudden cessation of pain—if it be not happiness, is at least a state

of peace that is akin to it.

The next morning Mrs. Catherton passed in quiet, resting upon the lounge, in a state of placid tranquility, with an absence of any feeling whatsoever.

"I am not sorry that I did not die—I am not sorry that I am alive," she mused.

All through her body was a gentle lassitude, not unpleasant, and in her soul was a sense of restfulnesss, that had she been able to speculate upon it, would have amazed her.

The only incident of the day was a pleasant one; a bunch of wild flowers from big Miss Dimple, left at the door with her love.

* * * * *

The minister Mr. Duncan, was making a pastoral call upon the Misses Dimple. He liked to call there, for although their education was limited, their hearts were deep, and

their charity unbounded. Spiritual things took tangible shape with him after listening to their child-like talk, and the man of brain left them strengthened and uplifted.

This time, however, one of them had made of him a curious request; so curious, and so uncalled for, that he was arguing the

point with her.

"Why, Miss Florence," he said, "I was at Mrs. Catherton's only a few days ago, and she was perfectly well and happy—and she must be well now, for I saw her out riding

this morning."

"I didn't say she was sick," said big Miss Dimple, stumblingly, I—I—only said she was in need—and so I—I thought of—your help, sir. And I can't tell you just what, sir, but I know she has some terrible trouble on her mind. And to whom can we go in the day of our affliction, if not to our pastor?" she finished up, triumphantly.

"But what is her trouble?" puzzled the minister, "is she ill? has she lost any near

friend? No? what is it then?"

"Surely Mr. Duncan," said Miss Dimple, soberly, "it is not for me to tell of the sins of my neighbors, and surely it is not for you, a minister of the Gospel, to doubt but what the Lord will put the right words into your mouth when the hour comes."

With a twinkle in his eyes the minister

arose, and turned aside to get his hat.

"Well—Good-bye, Miss Florence. I will go, since you urge it so, but I go completely in the dark."

"The Lord will be a lamp unto your feet,"

said big Miss Dimple, solemnly.

Bowing, and bidding her "good day" again, Mr. Duncan made his way out.

As he walked along with an amused smile

on his face, he thought:

"Pshaw! what a fool's errand is this I'm on! Here I'm going to attempt to comfort a sorrow, the nature of which I know nothing about! Bother it all! Our forefathers' mode of life was much better. Then, if a man doubted, the Parson read him off passages of Scripture on the doom of sinners until he quaked in his boots, and if he was in need of comfort, he read him the 14th Chapter of St John! Now, in these enlightened days the diseases of the soul are so many and so complex, that old-time remedies are too simple and would be scoffed at. Heigho! It is hard to be a minister of the Gospel in this Nineteenth Century, if one is honest and has a head of his own!

Then—the lighter mood leaving him, he fell to gnawing his lips and thinking seriously.

"What can be this woman's trouble? What am I to do to help her? What is it? I do not know what to say to her. Oh, Lord! give me thine aid!" prayed the young man, fervently.

Finally he reached Mrs. Catherton's home. Going up the steps of the stately mansion, he rang the bell. While seated, waiting in the parlor, he smiled and thought of the amount of subtle jugglery he would have to exercise before he could help a soul that stood in need.

Almost he was tempted to take the citadel by storm, and openly declare his colors to this odd enemy of peace—but the sudden entrance of Mrs. Catherton routed his bravery completely. Sweeping gracefully into the room in a long trained dress of black silk, she cordially held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Duncan! This is kind of you! So glad to see you. Here, take this chair—it's more comfortable than that one. I was just wishing for some one to come and have a little chat, but I had no idea of this good fortune. See here—isn't this lovely?" showing him a vase of roses, "they are, after all, the only flowers one can love—you like them?"

"Yes, I love all flowers, and all beautiful

things, I think."

"Oh, that won't do, Mr. Duncan!" laughed Mrs. Catherton, merrily, "you are too Catholic, by far! I don't approve of love by the wholesale, or in fact, of anything where the individual is lost in it! If you love all flowers, you don't love my roses, that is plain," she said, placing the vase back upon the table.

"Doesn't the greater include the less?"

he asked, smiling.

"In mathematics—yes—but in real life—no! If your love is divided into so many portions that all beautiful things have their share in it, I wouldn't give much for any one part, sir!"

"All love is sympathy, and it enlarges, not contracts, by the giving. You know that. Tell me, you do much for the poor; did you ever find that by helping one poor old body to be a bit more comfortable that

you had less left for the next one that came along?"

"Yes!" twinkled Mrs. Catherton, irrepressibly; "sometimes the flannel gave out, or there weren't enough old shoes left to go

round!"

Then both laughed, and Mrs. Catherton, ever restless, ever changeful, turned the conversation upon a serial that she had just been reading.

"One Woman's Work," she said, "have you read it?" It's all very fine, but suppose a woman is married, no such sphere of usefulness is possible to her. I can't leave my husband and turn nurse, and do such a great and noble work. A book like that always angers me! It's no solution to the problem, for it is but one way, and a rare way, that a woman can walk in! Why don't these novelists show a road plain as daylight and possible to the masses? What are we poor married women to do?"

She finished up, jestingly, with a graceful

little speech-making gesture.

"I had fancied," said Mr. Duncan, slowly, "that the 'poor married women' had their work in their homes, had their road plain to

walk in, right there."

"Yes, the 'poor' have; but we 'rich married women'—what are we to do? Now, no platitudes, I like common sense, and just Here am I, one of a crowd, remember! who am crying for some work to do; my servants shut me out from the sweeping and dusting, the washing and the cooking; my dressmakers keep me from making my own dresses. If I trim a bonnet, I know it is but a mere caprice, there is no necessity that I should do anything; there is no work for me; I am not needed in the world. My husband, she went on rapidly, "I know what you would say, but really, you know," here she gave a musical laugh, "neither of us is sentimental, and to be honest, I contribute very little to his happiness in life. You see, no sacrifice on my part is needed to bring him comfort; so I am a pleasant companion in the same boat as himself. Neither of us needs to row along the stream; we are rich, we own a steam yacht, you know! If we were poor now—I—I—shouldn't be grumbling! Don't laugh, I know that sounds absurd, but I think it's true all the same. as life now stands, what are poor, rich married women to do? There is something wrong about us; we are of no necessity; we are not needed in the general economy. I have sometimes thought, that the best and only solution was death.

While this woman had been talking the man before her had read, with a pang, the story she did not tell. With that fineness of intelligence that can take a long bird's-eye sweep and gain a view impossible to the duller-visioned, he saw this woman's restless, fiery, noble, longing nature, and read her misery, although she gave him smiles and laughing words and jests. To help her! He must do it! Suddenly he rose from his

chair, and walking up and down the room excitedly, said abruptly: "Wait a moment!

—I must speak to you!"

Gazing at him in amazement, for in every-day-life strong feeling is so much repressed that the sight of it in another startles us—Mrs. Catherton murmured, mechanically, "Oh, yes, certainly," and sat dumbly staring.

Stopping in front of her, while his eyes shone and his face worked, he said tensely:

"Listen—I am a man, and you are a woman, and I do not know you well, but I speak to you with all my mind and heart and strength This wild and pas---and you must listen! sionate despair of yours—you must conquer it. It comes to all strong natures sometimes, be they rich or poor, married or single! That loneliness of soul is frightful. I have known it. Yes," he said, as Mrs. Catherton started, "I speak to you as if we were both at the edge of the grave. To the poor—yes, necessity is the goad—to the rich—the rich in mind and soul—there should be inspira-You have no necessity? Make the You have no inspiration? necessity. me tell it you—don't lower your own self-res-Those are large words and hold years of effort if you understand them. Your self-The necessity laid upon you of raising, not lowering yourself, the necessity laid upon you to be strong, not weak, to be brave, not a coward. Ah, it means much! It

means—help, help, to all others. You know what I mean-a woman of your calibre knows well how, and in what way to Alms, reproof, kind words, watchfulness, guidance, but to all—uplifting. dare not sit aside with folded hands! Can you not see that your subtler powers and finer fibres were given to you to use—and not to abuse? Oh, let me plead with you to save yourself from yourself! You!—nothing to do in the world? You !—have no work? The work of helping tohers to do their best, is not that long, and hard; sweet and divine? Mrs. Catherton," said the minister, "I speak to you without ceremony—life is too short, and sickness of the soul too real for that—but I speak to you from the depth of my soul. Tell me, do you understand me?"

Here he paused in his torrent, and Mrs. Catherton, pale and trembling, stood up before him. She clasped her hands together and cried:

"Oh! I understand you— I understand you! and I will be brave!"

The dark eyes of the minister glowed like fire, and a sweet smile quivered over his face. "God help you so to be—God help you!"

He paced up and down the room once or twice like a man who sees and hears not, then in a blind sort of way he tookup his hat, and without another word, he left her.

Isobel H. Floyd.



EMILY'S LOVERS.



UY HARRIS was one, and Fred Rice was another. No doubt there were more, but these were the ones I knew the best, and was interested in.

I first met the Marstons at the

Catskills that Summer; and our introduction was by Mr. Marston kindly offering to filter my drinking-water for me—he having a pocket filter.

"You can't depend on the hotel people doing it," he said, "and one shouldn't run

more risks than necessary."

We became quite friendly, and since I am something of a dyspeptic myself, we kept each other company in wondering how the human race had managed to exist so long, what with the alum in the bread, and the beans in the coffee. I liked all the family, but I became especially fond of Emily. She was twenty then, with beautiful, soft brown eyes and the loveliest complexion, which her father assured me, when I mentioned it, was entirely due to her having eaten cracked oats every morning of her life, and to his never allowing any grocer's powdered sugar to come into the house.

"That is true," Mrs. Marston confided to me; "and it makes my life a burden. course there are adulterations in food, and you ought to be on your guard, but when it comes to pounding the sugar and boiling the water and weighing the milk, you don't know how hard it is to keep a servant. Now, of course, Emily's health, and therefore her complexion, are partly owing to our being careful about her diet, but more, I think, to my never allowing her to breathe impure air. Nothing poisons the blood so I took her away from six schools quickly. before I found one where the ventilation was perfect; and I have always insisted upon her sleeping with the window open, an inch down from the top, and an inch up from the bottom, on the coldest nights.'

As we grew more intimate, Mrs. Marston told me about Guy Harris, and how disappointed she was that Emily wouldn't have him. He appeared to me rather a mollycoddle, but Mrs. Marston assured me that he was an excellent young man, and the family were all old friends. Emily, however, was a girl who knew her own mind; and Mr. Harris left the very morning of the day that Fred came up; so the rivals did not meet.

Fred was as nice a fellow as you can find anywhere, and my nephew; so I naturally felt interested when I saw how things were going, within two days after he came. Before the Marstons returned to the City, he and

Emily were engaged.

I live with my brother's family, and Fred was glad enough to have some one who didn't get tired of his eternally talking about Emily, and Emily was glad to write to some one by whom she could send messages to Fred, (as if a letter every day wasn't enough!), and they have told me about it since; and so I am prepared to explain about the hairbreadth escape which the course of true love encountered.

The lovers lived a hundred miles apart, but Fred's business often required him to spend a week in New York. On the next of these occasions the Marstons invited him to stay at their house, and Fred accepted with alacrity. If he had known what was good for him he would have gone to a hotel, and only called in the evenings; for Fred has an unhappy knack of putting his foot in it—inherited from an Irish great-grandmother.

"Fred," said Mrs. Marston, at breakfast; "I didn't get a chance to ask you last night if you ate oatmeal, or crushed wheat, or mush, or what kind of grain for breakfast. I suppose you have a preference, and I don't want you to have what you don't like."

"Oh no, thank you," said Fred, hastily, under the impression that Mrs. Marston was apologizing for the absence of these articles. "I assure you I can't bear any of those things. Nobody eats them at our house but my aunt, and we are always making fun of them. 'Chicken feed,' I call them, and Al calls them 'brain sustainer,'—I believe they're

said to contain a great deal of phosphorus, or what is it? and Grace calls them 'hospital food, and considers them fit for nothing else-

Here Fred broke off suddenly. Tom laughed, Emily stifled a giggle, and the children didn't stifle theirs, Mr. Marston looked stern, and Mrs. Marston distressed; while, as if they had practised doing it in concert, every one took the cover off the little dish that stood beside him, and revealed to view at least six different kinds of "hospital food;" oatmeal, rolled wheat, wheat flakes, grainlet, mush and hominy. It appeared that Mr. Marston insisted upon all the family. beginning their breakfast with these nutritious articles, and each of them hated the kind any of the others could eat.

Tom, indeed, had rebelled, and as he was over twenty-one, his father had conceded the point; but his mother still had some oatmeal cooked every morning, in the vain hope that he would eat it, and ward off some vague This morning she had ordered a double quantity of everything cooked, so that Fred could have some of whichever he preferred; and the poor fellow's face was a

However, the combined tact of the family put him at his ease again, and breakfast proceeded.

"Put on your warm coats, children, when you go to school," said their mother; "it's cool this morning. I suppose, though," she went on, addressing Fred, "there is not so much danger of any of us catching cold as of people who do not have a house properly ventilated, and breathe bad air, and then go out."

"No, indeed," said Fred; "it's horrid, how hot and stuffy some people keep their houses; yours feels just right, Mrs. Marston."

"I hope you always sleep with your window open at least an inch from the top and bottom all winter?"

Fortunately Fred did, and said so.

"Don't be forever harping on your inch from the top, Agnes, when there are so many more serious things to claim your attention. Just listen to this: I never heard anything so horrible.

Mr. Marston had been reading the paper; he had thrown it down tragically, and now picked it up again. Fred expected to hear about a railway accident with loss of life; he hated to breakfast on horrors, and thought Mr. Marston ought to know that that sort of thing was bad for the digestion. But this was the item:

"Of thirty samples of milk examined by the Health Board yesterday, only one-only one," repeated Mr. Marston, glancing impressively around the table—"was found to be up to the standard."

None of the family made any comment Perhaps their feelings were too deep for utterance. Fred was trying to decide whether to make none or to risk making a wrong one, when Mrs. Stoll addressed him.

Mrs. Stoll was a widowed sister of Mr. Marston: she was a mysterious-looking lady who wore spectacles with a green shade attachment, which had a very terrifying and depressing effect on Fred.

"I understand you have to travel a great

deal in your business, Mr. Rice?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do. I have always thought it a dreadful bore, but just now I am very glad of it;" beaming rapturously at Emily.

"I hope you are careful about not getting

cinders in your eyes?"

"Why, of course its an awful nuisance, but one can't prevent it sometimes; it is so stuffy to keep the windows shut."

"Yes, it is," assented Mrs. Marston.

"Men," said Mrs. Stoll, severely, "are criminally reckless with their eyes,'

"Oh, do you think so?" said Fred. "Now it always seems to me that you see more women with eyeglasses than men-

"Statistics," said the lady, with a frown, "prove that I am right. Besides, you can Do not men almost invarisee for yourself. ably read papers in the horse cars? Nothing could be worse—nothing. I always feel inclined to tear the papers out of their hands, or at least to remonstrate with them.'

"Did you ever do it, Aunt Sophia?" asked

"Yes, once or twice I did. I happened to be alone in a car with a gentleman once who was reading a newspaper. I began to talk with him about it and gave him some I asked if he had a wife and famstatistics. ily, and begged him for their sake to desist."

"And did he?"

"Yes; he was very kind and polite, and consented to relinquish the paper, and even to let me throw it out of the window; but I regret to say that I saw him reading again the next day when the car was crowded, and I couldn't get at him."

"You should have got him to sign a pledge while he was in that softened mood," said

"Yes, I wish I had," said her aunt. "But unfortunately the interview with him had encouraged me and I tried again with another man who proved not to be a gentleman'and who was very impertinent indeed to me.

"I feel strongly on the subject," said Aunt Sophia to Fred, "because my dear husband died of a cinder in his eye; and I always wish to warn people to be careful of their eyes."

"Died of a cinder in his eye," exclaimed Fred. "Why, I never heard of such a thing."

"Nonsense, Sophia," said her brother.
"You know very well that William died of fever, probably brought on by impure drinking-water or adulterated food. It's a wonder we are not all dead."

"I don't consider so at all," broke in Mrs. Marston. "He was getting better, when he caught cold and had a relapse. You always kept the room so hot, Sophia, that when you opened anything to air it, a draft came in."

"Of course he had the fever, and of course he had a relapse," said Aunt Sophia. "All I say is, that this cinder in his eye, some days before he was taken sick, had such an irritating effect upon the nerves that it weakened his system, and he was not able to throw off disease, as he would otherwise have been."

Poor Fred was quite shocked as he listened to this discussion, which must be so trying to the feelings of the widow. He was unconscious that it was of about monthly occurrence, and that Tom and Emily were keeping silence because they were mischievously leaving him to his fate.

"My husband had to travel a good deal, like you, and I used to try to persuade him to wear a veil, but he never would. If men had the moral courage to wear veils, no matter how they looked, their eyes might not suffer so much."

Fred was suddenly tempted to say: "You might make a joke about that; something about a veil and the vale of tears, you know; how he had a happy escape from it if that's the way he was nagged." He struggled with it and finally succumbed, hoping no one but Emily would hear. To his horror the little pitcher on his other side prepared to repeat it, when, providentially, Fred thought (but, alas!) Mr. Marston handed his cup.

"Pass my cup, please, Fred. Another cup of coffee, Agnes." Then suddenly arresting it—"I am not sure, though; haven't I had two already?"

"I can't remember, Robert," said his wife. "I think I gave you another, but I am not certain."

"Can't remember," said Mr. Marston, in an awful voice. "Really, Agnes, you are extremely careless, it appears to me. It is certainly your place to remember."

"I should think you would remember best yourself, Pa, when you are drinking it," said the small pitcher aforesaid. Mr. Marston gazed at the offender in sorrow and in anger both, and ordered her from the table; relieving Fred of an immediate anxiety.

"But what does it matter, anyhow, Mr. Marston," he asked innocently, "if you want another cup, whether you have had

one or two?"

"It matters very much; too much coffee

is very injurious to me."

"I should think," said Fred, "it would be an excellent plan if you had some counters, Mrs. Marston, such as you have for games, you know; and every time you pour out a cup of coffee or tea, or anything, pass one of them with it; and then Mr. Marston would be able to calculate—"

"Great Scott! What did you say that for?" asked Tom as they went out together. "Of course the governor makes himsel ridiculous, but you had better keep on the

right side of him."

"Does poor Emily have to be nagged at,

all the time?" asked Fred.

"The governor," went on Tom, without replying directly, being full of a grievance of his own, "won't allow a pie in the house. We will have one occasionally, but it has to be bought and eaten when he's away from home. I'm going to bring some home tonight, and Emily and you and I and the kids will eat them while the elders are away at the lecture."

"Well, I've eaten pie all my life and it

doesn't hurt me."

"Of course not. Emily told father once that Emerson ate pie—he's a great admirer of Emerson; and he replied that Emerson was dead. He apparently supposes that he died in consequence of eating pie, and there's no use following up that line of argument."

This deprayed programme was carried out that evening, and a select party proceeded to heat and eat mince pies around a table

which was seldom so profaned.

"Verily, pie eaten in secret is pleasant," said Emily. "Doesn't Solomon say something of the sort?"

"Yes, isn't it good?" exclaimed Kitty,

with a sigh of pleasure.

"It is that," said her brother. "It's all a mother's heart could wish."

"Oh, do be quiet," said Emily.

"What's the joke? Tell me!" said Fred.
"I'll tell you," said Kitty the terrible, in

spite of frowns. "Before you came I heard Mamma and Aunt Sophia talking about Mr. Harris, and they wished that Emily had taken him instead of you; but Mamma said that Emily seemed to be perfectly infatuated with you."

Fred had frowned at mention of Mr. Harris, but his expression now changed to one of the most beaming delight; while Emily blushed

violently, and ran out of the room.

"She'll come back," said Kitty sagely, "but I'll tell the rest while she's gone. Mamma said Mrs. Harris had always told her what a comfort her boy was; he was all a mother's heart could wish. And now, just because I told Tom, he says it about everything."

"His family are said never to have had a moment's anxiety about him since he was

born," said Tom.

"Miserable prig!"

"Because," said Kitty, "he never eats anything indigestible; and Mrs. Harris said he always wears rubbers and put on his thick flannels himself the first cool day without being reminded."

Tom roared.

"And they said his wife would be a happy woman; at least she wouldn't have any anxiety"

"You're not all a mother's heart could wish, Rice, and you see Harris has plenty of backers. You had better mind your Ps and Qs. Cut me some more pie, Kitty."

Emily came back, of course; to get some more pie, she said, though Kitty distinctly announced her opinion that it was because

Fred was there.

"I think I should be willing to belong to a foolish ignorant family, where one could eat pie every day without feeling like a criminal," said Emily. "No doubt, it's wrong to teach the chidren to be disobedient, but I've been rolling sugar all the afternoon, and that makes me feel desperate."

"Rolling sugar?" repeated Fred.

"Yes. Don't you know father considers that the ordinary powdered sugar that is sold is made of marble dust and several other unpleasant things? So he never will allow a pound to be brought into the house. We have to get lump sugar, and roll and pound and siftit. Servants won't do it; if mother insisted, they would leave; it's more than we can do to make them boil all the water we drink; so I have to, and oh! I hate it so. I feel as if I should be quite willing to be poisoned. I shall be twenty-one soon, thank goodness."

"Young ladies are not generally willing to tell their ages," observed Tom.
"Rubbish!" said his sister. "At any

"Rubbish!" said his sister. "At any rate, I am. I rejoice every month to think I am so much nearer emancipation. You see, father is a very just man, and he admits that when we are of age we have a right to take our lives in our hands, if we choose, even to the extent of eating buckwheat cakes and pie. He will reason with me about a third cup of coffee, I suppose, but he won't forbid it."

Fred was on the point of declaring that she should have buckwheats and pie for breakfast every morning when they were married—being in that condition in which every wish of his idol seemed sacred; but checked himself with a gasp, remembering that pie was pie after all, and love was love, and one

shouldn't be profane.

Poor Fred felt in a vague way that he did not get on with Mr. Marston; but he was not prepared, on the evening before his departure, for that gentleman summoning him to a private interview and announcing that he feared he must withdraw his consent to the engagement.

"It is not only that you eat between meals and have a cold now in the beginning of the winter, but you seem to be reckless and ignorant in every way. My daughter might die of pneumonia in a year under your care."

"I assure you, Mr. Marston, nobody in the world could take better care of Emily.

You don't know how I love her."

The stern parent was somewhat softened by Fred's emotion.

"My dear boy, perhaps you would intend to, but you really don't know how. You don't seem to be acquainted with the first principles of hygiene."

"Emily must know enough for us both," pleaded Fred. "She could teach me."

Mr. Marston frowned. "There is no more fatal mistake than for a woman to marry a man for the sake of reforming him. I will not allow a daughter of mine to do it."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Fred indignantly. "I don't need reforming. I don't think I have any bad habits. I am not a prohibitionist, but I hardly ever touch

anything to drink.

"Young man," said Mr. Marston solemly, "do you suppose that is the only bad habit? To drink something intoxicating once in three weeks is no worse than to eat something intoxicating once in three days. Liquor has killed thousands, but indigestion ten thousands. I heard you speak to-day of

tripe—say you liked it; perhaps you would wish it on your table after you were married. Do you suppose I wish to see my daughter in danger of eating tripe? Do you know how

long it takes tripe to digest?"

"I think, sir," said Fred, angrily, "that you are talking great nonsense. If you have any reasonable objection to me, you might tell me so. If you have no more than these ridiculous ones, you have no right to expect me to regard them. Emily will be twenty one in a few months and then she can do as she pleases."

Mr. Marston admitted that that was so, but insisted that his daughter should have those months for reflection. And so the

lovers sorrowfully parted.

"I could stand it," said Fred to me when he got home, "if it wasn't for that brute of a prig of an idiot of a Harris. He's the pet of the whole crowd of them, it seems to me, and perhaps he'll appear when my back's turned, and they will persuade her to have him."

"You ought to be able to trust Emily," I said, indignantly.

But Fred was very downcast and miserable, and was wearing away to a skeleton.

Towards spring, however, he seemed to revive a little, and ceased to refuse his oats. I mean this in two senses, for he helped himself to a teaspoonful of my oatmeal every morning, and ate it with many grimaces. He also took to reading and writing a great deal in his own room, except on the evenings when he attended a course of chemical lectures; and he offered to do the family marketing for his mother.

What in the world these things had to do with one another, and why they should be any solace to Fred, we none of us could understand; but we agreed that anything that took the poor boy's mind off his troubles

could do no harm.

The evening before Emily was twenty-one Fred rang the bell of the Marston domicile, and requesting to see Mr. Marston, placed in his hands a manuscript, begging his opinion of it.

"I have been interested in this subject lately, sir," he said; "and have been moved to write this paper; and I do not know anyone more competent than yourself to advise me whether it will do any service to humanity."

The paper was entitled "How Long Can We Live Thus?" and contained a masterly analysis of the common turnip, showing how lacking in nutrition this vegetable was; also statistics proving how many turnips were raised every year, and how many therefore must be eaten, and the probable effect on the vitality of the country if this sort of thing continued.

"It is a very small effort toward enlightening the world," said Fred, modestly; "and perhaps you will not think it worthy of publication; (I couldn't get any money for it

anyhow; I have tried.)"

"It is more than small," exclaimed Mr. Marston. Fred trembled; this was a very ambiguous beginning; but Mr. Marston

proceeded:

"I mean that no such effort should be called small; and although this paper is not very original, for the subject was exhausted last year in the pages of the "Voice of Caution," it restores my confidence in you. For this reason, and also because Emily's mind appears to be inflexible, I will no longer oppose your marriage. She has again refused Harris, and she has lost her appetite and is growing thin."

"And, Mr. Marston," said Fred; "I want to tell you that I have taken to eating oatmeal lately, and please tell Mrs. Marston that I have worn rubbers all winter."

"Emily," said Fred, sometime after they were married; "I think it is very singular that I never saw that other lover of yours—Harris. I begin to mistrust that he was a sort of Mrs. Harris, gotten up to intimidate me."

"No such thing; he was very much in love with me, and I understand that he has left off his rubbers and is going into a consumption."

M. Helen Lovett.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER X.



HE pedestrians had visited, and Bertie, at Gem's or der, had probed, as far as a twelve-foot pole would reach, the mysterious fissure that bisects the Island, the mossy sides of

which are overhung with creeping plants, while the unfathomed depths are choked with the fallen leaves of centuries. had peeped into, without entering Henry's Cave where the white fugitive from the Michilmackinack Massacre in 1763 passed his first night in hiding without suspecting that what he had lain upon in the darkness was, as he tells us, he discovered at "daybreak,"-nothing less than a heap of human bones and skulls, which covered all the floor.' Gem, sure-footed as a chamois, had climbed with Bertie to the Devil's Oven in Sugar Loaf Rock, and the divergence from the high-road to Scott's Cave was proposed by the same tireless explorer.

"Her tastes being ca-a-v-ernous, as well as osseous, you know," remarked Bertie, resignedly, as she knelt to peer into the black recess. "Henry's Cave would have filled the bill exactly had not the skeletons been carted off by her fellow-ghouls. She hopes against hope to find mortuary meme-

e-ntoes here, -don't you know."

Without deigning reply or glance, Gem ducked her pretty head and disappeared in the cave. In a twinkling Bertie darted in after her, and before Clara could look virtuously aghast, Mrs. Dumaresque gathered her skirts about her, and, stooping low, followed them.

"May I have the pleasure?" said Mr. Romeyn, extending his hand to Mrs. Morgan, as he might ask her to dance.

"Thank you! I prefer open air and sunshine,"—with politeness that was bitingly punctilious. "But do not let me keep you."

He bowed and vanished into the wide, low mouth of the rock.

Husband and wife were left to themselves without the crevice, from which issued a hum and jumble of reverberant voices.

"Let us go in!" pleaded fun-loving Emmett. "It is part of the programme."

"I shall stay here, by your leave. One must draw the line somewhere!"

Gem's face, alive with glee, showed in the aperture like a nodding daisy thrust out of a rabbit-burrow.

"Have you a newspaper, Mr. Morgan? We have dry leaves and matches, and are going to build a fire. Do come in, Cousin Clara!"

Clara shook her head with her faint semismile. Emmett produced a morning paper, and proceeded to cut balsam and cedar twigs for fuel. He was on his hands and knees, passing them in to the fire-builders, when his wife exclaimed:

"Get up! quick! Here comes a riding

party!"

Three equestrians were entering the irregular vista of greenery, bowing their heads to avoid hanging boughs. As they approached, Mrs. Morgan recognized Captain and Mrs. Dale, and, a second later, the officer with the scar upon his cheek she had last seen upon the yacht.

The situation was embarrassing. The red glare within the cave was that of a furnace or the Devil's Oven in full blast, and as the riders reined in their horses to greet the young couple, Bertie's voice, hoarse and resonant as the drone of a blue-fly in a bottle, was heard reciting—

"Black spirits and white, Red spirits and gray,"—

joined by Gem's dulcet treble in a musical wobble,—

"Mingle, mingle, mingle! You that mingle may."

"Incantations go naturally with caverns," said tactful Mrs. Dale. "How fortunate that we are in time for the illumination!"

And the Captain—"Scott's chimney draws



"GET UP! QUICK! HERE COMES A RIDING PARTY!"-See page 492.

well! Mrs. Morgan, let me introduce my friend, Major Kane."

The Major lifted his hat with the air of a well-bred man, and as Emmett was named, smiled.

"A pleasant episode in our excursion!" he said, taking his cue from his friends.

Then, seeing Clara color more deeply at the shriek of hollow laughter issuing from the grinning rock, Mrs. Dale said a few words of cordial hope that the party would rest at the Fort on their way home, and the three cantered away.

"How horribly annoying! People have no right to subject others to such humiliation!" ejaculated the poor bride. "I wish I had never come out with them! A woman of thirty-four and a man of thirty-seven ought to understand the first principles of decorum. So much for intimacy with fast society women!"

Emmett ceased to laugh. There was a warm spark in his eye while he listened.

"I thought you too good-tempered and too sensible to take offence at a bit of harmless amusement," he said, quietly. "What could Mrs. Dumaresque do but follow those children into the cave, unless she had preferred the rôle of prude and spoil-sport?"

Every word froze Clara into coldness more deadly than her previous show of anger. "Prude" and "spoil-sport" were ugly term in the ear of a month-old wife.

"I beg your pardon!" in her clearest accents. "My antecedents are my excuse for non-appreciation of such exhibitions."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, rise above your antecedents!" began Emmett, when Gem popped out of the rocky chamber, and the other revellers followed.

"It was fun alive!" averred the girl, unmindful of the changed moral atmosphere into which she had plunged. "There was room for a dozen people. We made the fire upon a ledge like a mantel. We couldn't see a flue, but something drew beautifully! And the floor was as dry—"

"As the bones that weren't there!" finished Bertie, teasingly.

It was chagrin, rather than relief, to Mrs.

Morgan that nobody seemed to notice her civil hauteur then and during the tramp through the sinuous paths leading to the lunch-ground. Mr. Romeyn and Karen were the pioneers: Bertie and Gem laughed and quarreled in their wonted fashion, as far behind husband and wife as Mr. Romeyn's faultlessly-clad figure, holding back intrusive branches that Mrs. Dumaresque might pass untouched, was in front.

A loaf of refined sugar bruises the smiting hand as surely as granite. Emmett's temper was sweet and sound but he could be resolute to stubbornness. Clara was behaving foolishly in his opinion. He hoped to Heaven she would not mature into such a pattern of pious propriety, prudence, and prejudice as her mother, Mrs. James Cameron, the first lady of Lisbon. And, since he cherished the belief that if Mrs. Cameron's estimable spouse had assumed command of the domestic forces early in the campaign it would have been well for wife, husband and children, it behooved him, Emmett Morgan, to profit by the experience of his worthy but henpecked papa-in-law. As a beginning, he would leave Clara to find her senses, unhindered and unhelped by him. Not that he nursed his righteous indignation, or showed symptoms of sulking. Before they came in sight of the lunching-place, he espied an element of the ridiculous in the recent "spat." He had impatiently advised Clara to rise above her antecedents. In cool patience, he decided the counsel to be excellent. A few more lessons to this effect would cure her of sundry ways and notions unworthy of so noble a creature. He did not in the least divine that her petulant disapproval of the prankish episode of the cave bonfire had deeper root than in prudish dread of escapades that threatened every-day proprieties. The tone of the festal party was not discordant to him. He fell in readily with holiday freak and fancy, knowing the participants and their order-which was his own-too well to fear lest either should be carried too far.

It was a disagreeable surprise when Clara met, with eyes green and shallow with cool disdain, the sunny look he turned upon her when the spider-like uprights and ladders of the Fort Holmes observatory loomed above the trees.

"We will find our lunch there, I suppose," he remarked. "Are you very tired?"

"Not at all, thank you!"

Each accent might have been clipped out with a metal die.

"You have a good appetite, I hope?"
"Very good—I am obliged to you!"

They had come out into the clearing about the spidery structure. In the shade of the environing trees were a wagon and two car-

riages.

Mrs. Dumaresque and Gem cried out simultaneously with delight. Mrs. Manly reclined in her low-hung phaeton; Mrs. Gillette sat at her side. The plot of bringing the two mothers to the sylvan feast had been arranged between Messrs. Romeyn and Gates, even Emmett being ignorant of it. A cloth was laid upon the grass, and waiters from the hotel had spread upon it a collation brough in the spring-wagon. Carriage cushions and rugs were provided for the ladies: the empty carriage was to convey them home should they desire to drive the rest of the way.

"How admirably you have ordered everything—the weather included!" said Karen, by-and-by, to the senior manager. "We have not encountered even a cross zephyr; the mayonnaise is in the serenest mood conceivable, and the ices are in good form. You might make a fortune as comptroller of alfresco entertainments if you would turn your mind to this important branch of industry."

"Thank you! I shall treasure the compliment, and lay away the hint for serious consideration. The eternal fitness of things should have secured 'Queen's weather' for

us to-day.'

His bow and glance directed the speech—not to the nominal queen and motive of the fête, but to Mrs. Dumaresque. Clara's swollen heart bled slow drops of angry mortification. She had been fooled and used in the service of this unblushing intriguante! Under cover of honoring her as bride, stranger and guest, opportunity was afforded her rival to shine, and to strengthen her hold upon every man there—Mrs. Morgan's husband not excepted.

"My dear Clara," said Mrs. Manly from her cushioned nest, "you are paler than I like to see you. Positively, you shall not walk back, whatever these ultra-muscular

women may attempt."

Blow upon blow! Was she to be credited, then, with nothing which could compare with the accomplishments of her who had never looked handsomer and healthier than as she arose to her feet, and swinging her broadbrimmed hat by the strings while she talked, looked up at the observatory they proposed to climb, apparently deaf to the impending discussion?

"I was never in better health and spirits," asserted Clara, rising likewise and speaking faster than usual. "And, if the sovereign of the day will permit, I will remain with her suite to the end of her progress."

Still Karen did not seem to heed aught save her chat with Bertie and Gem. Cleo-

patra-Skewton accosted her loudly.

"Dearest Mrs. Dumaresque! you lose all the nice, loyal speeches made to you."

Karen turned a face so sunshiny and sweet that even Clara fancied her dart had fallen short of the mark.

"To me! I heard all Mrs. Morgan said. But I supposed she was apostrophizing herself—referring the question to the only authority our queen regnant should acknowledge—her own royal judgment."

Bertie began the clapping of hands that applauded a retort more courteous and grace-

ful than written words can convey.

I would keep before the reader's mind the truth that Clara Morgan was a good woman, a sincere Christian who, theoretically, yet honestly, lived in charity of thought with her neighbor. It is equally true that, at that instant, she, for the first time in her placid life, knowingly hated a human being. The tyranny of social intercourse forced her patent smile to lips that must not quiver. She had no repartee ready fit to offer in payment for the compliment of which she was the reluctant recipient, but her mute blush served her turn as well.

Mrs. Manly patted her shoulder, approvingly:

"Good-bye, love! We old ladies will be jogged back to easy-chair and sofa. But this day will be a star in memory, always. Keep an eye upon my giddy girl, please, Mrs. Dumaresque, and Gem, darling, don't tax her indulgence too far!"

The original party of six rambled around the sunken earthworks, traced the foundation of the ruined magazine and the subterranean passage conducting from it to the officers' houses, and then mounted the combination of trestle-work and staircase which formed the skeleton-tower. From the platform, at the top, a glorious panorama of woods, waters and islands lay beneath them on all sides. Mrs. Dumaresque, one knee upon the wooden bench that ran along the inside of the railing, was looking at a distant point of land through the field-glass steadied for her by Mr. Romeyn, when rapid feet were heard ascending the stairs.

"I saw it very distinctly," said Karen's full, mellow voice, as she stood again upright. "Perhaps Mrs. Morgan would like

to look----"

In turning, she was brought face to face

with Captain Dale and Major Kane.

A gasping groan escaped her; she made a hasty movement backward, which Clara subsequently interpreted into an impulse to cast herself headlong from the tower. At the moment she was so startled by the sudden reel toward the low rail that she sprang forward, and caught her detested rival by both arms.

-Marion Harland.



FORT HOLMES OBSERVATORY.



Edited by Christine Terhune Herrick.

DAY'S WORK.

I Twill throw light upon the "help question," and, also, upon the subsistence question, to consider a moment how much can be done by help for a day at a time. There are in every community—and it is safe to assume that culture will not eliminate them for a hundred years, which is long enough to provide for at one stroke—many women of sturdy frame, and of very moderate intellect-

ual power.

They, themselves, know perfectly that they could not teach school, keep accounts, set type, carve wood, operate the telegraph, or write poetry. But, they are glorious at washing and ironing, scouring and scrubbing, et id omne genus. It does you good to hear their knuckles rumble down the washboard, and to see the folded garments laid swiftly off from their ironing table, with the pleasure that attends all exertions of effective They really delight in the first principles of cleanliness—the waving line of snowwhite clothes—"the floor clean enough to eat from." When they are doing such work, they know they count for something in the world, and that the families they work for are better for their existence. Many of them are poor widows with little children, or wives of toiling laborers, or strangers in a strange land. There is no truer or more helpful benevolence than to give them work—the very work they are best able to do. There are numerous ladies of comfortable means who really sin against God, against themselves, and against society, by doing the work that belongs to these poor women, to save, through false ideas of economy, the wages humanity demands that some one should pay them. Where is the sense, my dear friend, in your bending over the wash-tub, with the headache and the back-ache, obliged to neglect the amenities of toilet and table and speech, till the cat, the husband, and the small boy are oppressed by the environment, and furtively considering ways of escape—then staggering

out under the weight of a basket of wet clothes, to hang them up in the teeth of a north wind—to be so tired at night as to feel that Providence, society, and all creation are in league against your peace of body, and even sleep will not come, because it is needed too much? While, just around the corner, is a strong-limbed woman, looking gloomily on her group of half-fed and half-clad little ones, and wondering where the money is coming from to pay the rent.

Give her your washing. She will snatch up your basket of clothes, and not stagger. She will not be half so likely to take cold from the exposure of hanging out the garments, because her vital force will not be so reduced by the exertion of washing them. She will scrub your floors and porches with a heavy hand, and an honest pride, and go home with a hard, solid dollar—the Medal of the Royal Society of Toil. Tired? Yes, like the Village Blacksmith—just enough for sound, refreshing sleep, with a light heart, because

"Something attempted, something done Has earned a night's repose."

And you, with no rheumatism in the back, nor neuralgia in the face, nor faintness of the stomach, nor fluttering of the nerves, can have time for pleasant reading, or any agreeable work, and make home so winsome that it will take the most imperative engagement to drag your husband out of it, and your boys will come to you with their plans, ambitions and griefs, for wiser counsel than they would get from comrades down the street—and your daughters will have pleasant ideas of home-life, because disabling tasks are not exacted of you, or them. By dividing the toil and the money, you have made two homes happy; instead of making one wretched by doing the work, and the other wretched by doing without it. You never invested a dollar better in your life.

The very thing civilization is for, is to furnish fullest and freest employment for the different capacities of men, and also of women.

To give the poor, but able-bodied woman honest work with honest pay, week after week, is an unspeakably better charity than to kill yourself for months together, in order to keep her out of employment, and then trip around to her house with a basket of goodies at Thanksgiving, or Christmas time. Perhaps it is not wonderful that the poor are not always so grateful as they are expected to be.

This relief of having the severest tasks done by workers not of the family, would be possible for many families who "cannot afford to keep a girl." True, the prudent house-wife grudges to pay almost as much cash for two days' work as she would for seven. But she should consider that she saves the board and waste, which are the heaviest items in the expense of constant domestic help of the average sort. a man with a little country place, needing more work than he can do there without neglecting his business. He can hire a man two days a week for a dollar a day. "Now," he says, "That makes \$8 per month, I could hire him all the time for he says, "That makes \$8 per \$10 per month, and his board."

The good wife promptly answers, "Oh, my dear, his board would be a great item.

Besides, what would you give him to do? Better pay him \$2 cash for the work you do want, and let him take care of himself." Of course, that would be better for the workman, too; for an efficient man could probably fill up his remaining time at day's wages. The case is very much the same with womanly work.

This would make it possible to secure American help in many families, if a delicate girl, skillful and efficient, who could do the house-work easily and well, were not expected also, to do the washing, ironing, and scrubbing, which are really beyond her strength and as unsuitable for her as the work of a porter is for an accountant. There are small families, too, where, by hiring the washing and ironing done out of the house, or in it, and having some strong worker come to do all odd jobs of cleaning one day in the week, the wife and mother could "do her own work" all the rest of the week, and really be freer and happier, simply because there is not enough work to occupy two women all the time.

But, by doing that exhausting labor two or three days, her work is made hard all the other days.

Our undertaking must be, To Make The Best and Brightest Home that can be made with just the measure and kind of power the mistress of the home has to do it with.

J. C. Fernald.

A CHAPTER ON ENTERTAINING.



HE ingenuity of the feminine mind is proved afresh every day by the most novel and charming forms of entertainment, and every day hospitality takes on some new

and lovelier garb. It seemed as if nothing

could be prettier than the buttercup luncheons and pink and violet teas, but when, to the charms that distinguished these, the soft hues and shaded lights, the atmosphere made fragrant with flowers, and the array of delicacies most tempting to the palate, is added the "feast of reason and flow of soul," then, indeed, is the last touch of refinement added. Surely, the art of entertaining never attained a point nearer perfection and left less to be desired, than when all our senses are ministered unto in such alluring ways, and our intellects, instead of being

dulled by the more material pleasures, are brightened and exhilarated by contact with others.

Every hostess knows how much easier is the task of entertaining when there is something to do—some particular thing to be the feature of the evening and engross the attention of the guest, something that will prevent the men from taking out their watches in an underhand and would-be-unobserved manner, and stealing a look at them, and the ladies from yawning behind their fans and wondering how soon it would be polite to go after refreshments. It reminds one of the picture in "Life," which was so true, 'tis

"Slow, isn't it?"

"Awful slow!"

"Let's go home."

"Can't. I'm the host."

Indeed, one hardly dared laugh, lest the joke might be turned against himself the next time the guests were assembled under his roof. Give them something to do, something to listen to, or something to talk about, however, and you need not fear their being "bored to extinction," or their pronouncing you a dull or indifferent hostess.

One of the most charming of New York's many charming hostesses solved the problem most successfully not long ago by having a programme of conversation just as one would have a programme of dances. About forty ladies were invited for the afternoon, and as each one entered, she was presented with a card having a little pencil attached, with a list of the topics of conversation printed and numbered, and a space for a name left after each The quotation, "Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear," was the illuminated text on the outside, with the monogram of the hostess and the date of the entertainment. Partners were chosen for the different topics. and five minutes allotted to the discussion of each, and when the little silver-toned bell announced that time was up, each lady sought her next partner and in a minute twenty more animated téte-à-tétes were in active progress, interrupted only by little bursts of laughter which told you that some bright remark, or witty repartee had just been called forth.

The subjects chosen for discussion should be of general interest, and yet not so deep that every one may not be able to have an opinion and to express it, drawing out at the same time the views of his neighbor. It is remarkable how many interesting things will be said, and often by those from whom you least expect it, and the commonest subject may be the one that will bring in its train the greatest number of good sayings.

Suitable topics to be chosen are such as: Beauty vs. Intellect. Women's Clubs.

The Society Actress. The Weather. Dress Reform. Décollete Dress. Politics from a woman's standpoint. Gossip. The Chape-

rone. The last good novel.

A luncheon or dinner may be made more interesting by having a menu of conversation, after the advice of Mallock, who says in his "New Republic:" "It has always seemed absurd to me to be so careful about what we put into our mouths, and to leave chance to arrange what comes out of them; to be so particular as to the order of what we eat, and to have no order at all in what we talk This is the case especially where most of the people know each other only a little, and if left to themselves would never touch on the topics that would make them best acquainted, and best bring out their several personal flavors. What we want is something that anyone can talk easily about, whether he knows anything of it or notsomething, too, that may be treated in any way, either with laughter, feeling, or even a little touch of temper."

A topic is served with each course, and every one is expected to take part in the conversation and do his share towards making the table-talk that happy combination of the witty, the wise, the grave and the gay, that is the aim of every hostess. If such an elaborate menu of conversation is not desired, a single quotation put at each plate will prove a valuable aid to break the ice that is usually felt a little, more or less, at the

beginning of a dinner.

Another device to while away the hours and fill them with pleasure and entertainment, is to give each guest a card, with ten or a dozen quotations written on it, for them to fill out with the names of the authors. They are permitted to refer to each other for help, in finding out the originator of the quotation which "is perfectly familiar, but I can't think who said it," and stimulus may be added to the pursuit by offering a prize, a bunch of roses, or some article in silver, to the one who first presents his card correctly filled out. It is astonishing how familiar the quotations are, and how surprised we are at finding out that we haven't the faintest idea who said these, unless it was Shakespeare.

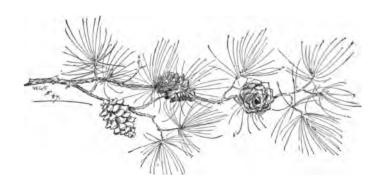
Take, for instance, the quotation "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and how many are there who will not lay it at the door of either Shakespeare or the Bible, and will hardly believe you when you tell them it is not to be found in either, but that Sterne is responsible for it? Or who would suspect Aristotle of having made the remark that "One swallow does not make a spring?"

Pronunciation parties bid fair to be a favorite form of entertainment, and are productive of the greatest fun and merriment, both at other's expense and at your own. A small blackboard is placed on an easel, and one of the company, the "teacher," writes the words one at a time, and the guests seated in rows or in a semi-circle before him, take turns in trying to pronounce them correctly, the turn passing on to the next when one has failed. Or if a word is correctly pronounced the first time, it may be passed on just to mystify the company, and to see what absurd guesses will be made. is kept, and the one who has pronounced the greatest number of words correctly, is entitled to the first prize. A list of words can readily be compiled that will not prove too easy game, without taking those that are very unusual. Take, for instance, the following list of fifty:

Apotheosis, tonsilitis, clangor, illustrate, bellows, nomenclature, acclimate, adept, chiaro-oscuro, desuetude, diphthong, gauntlet, gibbering, allopathy, culinary, ally, roseola, dismay, erysipelas, gallows, gladiolus, näiveté, diversely, enervate, hostler, neither, phthisic, pharmacopœia, absolve, luxurious, luxury, splenetic, raillery, path, quadrille, resoluble, Boston, waistcoat, Terpsichore, Melpomene, sarsaparilla, sardonyx, seamstress, matutinal, halibut, vicinage, pianist, mausoleum, palaver, Michaelmas.

Compare your pronunciation with Worcester or the "Orthöepist," and see in how many instances of which you little dream, you are at variance. It will prove an interesting task and leave you a sadder and a wiser man.

Jeannette Smith.



THE SELFISH HOUSEHOLD.

A FRIEND the other day kindly sent for my inspection the plans for her new house, into the conception of which were woven all the dreams and desires, and cherished hopes of her young womanhood. Looking over the careful arrangements for comfort and convenience, luxurious rooms represented by quantitive $x \times x$, cosy corners by chimneys and under stairways, together with the numerous aids to housekeeping that modern skill devises, I was much impressed by the perfection and charm of this "House Beau-

tiful," and I thought, oh! the pity of it, if by any chance the jewels should prove unworthy of the casket!

Countless new homes are being established every day in charming houses. Should not one see to it that the plans for the life within are as well thought out, and as practical, as those for the dwelling? It is well said, that "every one is the architect of his (or her) own life." But we see everywhere households whose living seems such dreary failure, such a hopeless tangle of chance and self-

indulgence, and evil ways, that we suspect there never were any moral foundations to build upon, nor any beautiful windows to

let the light of love shine in.

There are certain characteristics, to call them by no harsher name, that eat out, like disintegrating mortar, the very foundations of domestic happiness. Selfishness is one of them. A fearful one! How shall one picture such households, where, not only individual members are selfish, (and one selfish person may destroy the harmony of a family,) but families where, root and branch, each is governed by his own desires, and regards not the welfare of others?

We all know some such households. We have stayed with friends where, so to speak,

the air was full of this motif.

Thinking well of itself, it is ordinarily well thought of. It takes its place in society, and supposes it is a large place, and that the world would get on ill without it.

It has no glaring vices, no troublesome sensibilities, it grows by accretion rather than by development, and the cords that attach it to the rest of the world are weak and

conventional.

But what are the fruits that twenty, thirty, or more years have matured on this family tree? What sort of homes will the generation bring forth? Father and mother sat down in their new home, when life was young, to consider themselves and each other, and have never left off. If not in the lintels of the door, they carried deep in the embrasures of their hearts, the worldly-wise maxim, "each for himself," and have lived well up to it. Children found the way an easy one to walk in, and they too gave themselves to acquirements.

They helped accumulate treasures—for

themselves.

They filled full every niche and corner of this fair abode and of their fair selves with rich possessions of material, artistic and intellectual wealth, but for—themselves.

They gave out—nothing. Roses and pansies are said to bloom better for plucking; but who could expect a man to prosper if he did not hold fast what he got? And so the poor human plants proceed to grow a sickly growth out of the cellar of their narrowness, and all the wide world of opportunity is unheeded above them.

Theodora, first daughter of the house, should have brought God's blessings with the "gift," but was it so? Being constitutionally not strong was perhaps the excuse, but the easy chairs were soon habitually

ceded to her use, the most comfortable corner, the sunniest chamber, the choicest tidbits came to be as naturally accepted as if hers by right. No matter who remained at home, she went to drive. Why, I knew a sweet saint who visited Theodora's family and, never once put her foot in the carriage, simply because she had a way of letting others precede her, and they said and believed, "Aunt Mary never liked driving!"

Cares of housekeeping never touched Theodora's shoulders; if there was extra shopping, or sewing, some one else did it.

And yet somehow, Theodora never missed the opera; "Teas" did not tire her; the amount of fatigue in the way of receptions and balls that this young woman could endure was really remarkable.

And then, Theodora wonders how "John

can be selfish?"

He—indulging the mood that is upon him, sits through an evening, perhaps without a word; or if he speaks, it is of himself, what he thinks, or has done, or may do. Even his jests point in, till bored listeners glide silently away. His coming in brings no new element of life and freshness to the weary monotone of a rainy day. 'Like father, like son,'—slippers and newspapers in the library; mamma in the nursery; and the lovely daughter rich in means, and the opportunities they bring for helping others and scattering sunshine, awaits in listless expectancy the arrival of some one to entertain her.

I seem to be depicting most unlovely persons, but like all human nature, refreshing traits redeem even this picture, and unless one can look beneath the varnish, we only

feel the want of tone.

Such are not necessarily unloving families; its members follow one ideal, and so far they live in harmony. Once in a while, it is true, Self takes the bit and runs off in private roads, and causes unpleasantness; but on the whole, they get on well enough. Alas! who gets on with them? Only the most self-abnegating and long-suffering of friends! We do get tired of always sliding down the sides of a funnel towards a given point.

Human nature rebels against Absorption. And so this swift, throbbing tide of Life, with its myriad interests at stake, and its woes and throes of poverty and suffering, flows by and around this arid little Republic and

leaves it to its own indifference.

Do you tell me these people are well enough in their way, which is to live and let live, and they are not after all a bad lot? Are you so sure of that? This evil thing which interferes with high aims, healthful growth, wide reading, moral influence, and all noble thinking and doing, is it not a disturbance of the worst kind? Your judgment comes only by comparisons, but Life, taken at its best, leads so far away from what we have seen, so far, indeed, that there can be no comparison.

And I think, too, the case is hopeless. I incline to believe myself, that there is but one remedy—vivisection. Selecting the fittest; then cutting deep and unsparingly; leaving the old roots to vegetate as they will; setting up a new household, with courage and honest purpose in the heart of the young man or woman who will take this branch from the dead wood of old habits, and self-conceits, and bring it into "sweetness and light" of active sympathy for others. Sharing every pleasure with some one who lacks it; blessing, as they are blest, giving largely of money if they can, but surely of love and tenderness.

This is that liberty whose clear, shining light draws all, like flitting birds, towards itself, but only to refresh, and rest and send forth again. This is, then, that House Beautiful, fair without, and within; here Theodora may even bring into use the training and acquirements of her girlhood. She may gather a class of young girls from among the less fortunate and delight them

with her music, cultivating in their unformed minds discerning tastes and judgments. The portfolios of rare engravings, etchings, etc., should do duty in behalf of curious boys, revealing to their wondering eyes a world as yet undreamed of.

And then, Theodora's carriage. It could as readily draw up before the doors of the poor as of the rich. How delightful to send that weary invalid to church now and then! or to take the crowd of romping children out and give her a quiet hour at home! From Theodora's table dainty dishes in snowy napkins should often find their way to the bed side of a sick child.

One day, at the house of a friend, I remember having seen arrive in the hands of a colored waiter, a large basket, from which we unpacked a dainty, delicious hot dinner of quail on toast, wine, jelly, fruits, etc. It was the first food that had tempted the appetite of a young girl, after a long, dangerous illness.

These are some of the simplest ways in which the sweet charities of life can show themselves. Habitual self-forgetfulness, systematic care for others; these make the heart unfold, and open like a rose towards the Sun's queen of hearts, as the queen of roses.

Harriet M. Symonds.

NO TIME TO READ.



ONTINUING the thread of Mrs. Brown's story where I dropped it, how is a woman, whose time is already so fully occupied, to find leisure to read, or write letters to her friends? The

hard-working women of her class are not always the dull clods, intellectually, that they may appear to the superficial observer. It is true, when the body is exhausted by excessive physical labor, the mental faculties sympathize with it, and a woman who is "completely tired out" by hard, unremitting household toil, may seem dull to the verge of stupidity, and yet be, in reality, a bright, intelligent woman.

If you have ever attended service at a country church, situated in the midst of a farming community, you will remember how all the surroundings tend to woo the tired frame of one who has followed the plow all

through the long, weary week, to slumber most sweet and profound. The relaxed muscles, the unaccustomed quiet, the cool shade, the wide, open windows, through which the warm, soft air, heavy with the perfume of the hay-fields, wanders at will, gently swaying the boughs of the trees outside in a musical rhythm, keeping time with the droning of the bees as they rifle the locust blooms of their hidden sweets, overpower his will, and he yields an unconditional surrender.

The minister frowns darkly over his "sixthly," as he looks up to find many of his congregation fast asleep; but even if a silver-tongued Demosthenes stood in his place, his most impassioned utterances would fall as powerless as the sound of a penny trumpet before the imperative demands of wise old Mother Nature.

And Mrs. Brown, eager to know what the world has been doing in the last twenty-four hours, snatching a few moments from the duties that press upon her, and sitting down with her favorite paper by the brightly-burning evening lamp, is in despair when she finds that her eyelids will fall in spite of the most heroic efforts to keep her attention on the page before her; and, at length, she awakes with a start to discover that in her dreams she has been most industriously teaching the art of crocheting tidies to the South Sea Islanders, and having infinitely greater difficulties in explaining their uses to her benighted sisters than ever a missionary had in his endeavors to instruct their untutored minds as to the requirements of the Christian religion.

Yet Mrs. Brown is a graduate of a seminary that took high rank as an educational institution in its palmy days; and when she left it she carried with her the highest honors in its power to bestow, in the shape of a diploma, declaring her to be a "Mistress of

English Literature."

There are times when she feels such an intense longing to review her old school books that she can scarcely deny herself the exquisite pleasure of it; but that inexorable workbasket, piled high with mending, waiting to be done, looms up before her, and the wish must be put aside, with a pang of regret too deep for words. And oh! what would she not give for leisure to pursue her studies into the higher, broader fields of literature! As she plies her needle at her homely task, her thoughts wander far away into that great world of books, of whose delights she learned at school, but has no time to enter into.

Just here a wise friend at my elbow suggests that Mrs. Brown omit the patchwork and quilting, and take the time heretofore employed in that way for study and reading. I endorse her suggestion most heartily, and say still further—leave all kinds of fancy work severely alone. Crazy quilts and crochet work and all the various embroideries and laces are refined and lady-like employment; but if you are obliged to taboo them, or give up reading, I would sacrifice the fancy work without one sigh or tear.

"But," Mrs. Brown may reply, "I like to do fancy work! I don't want to confine my labor to the dull, prosaic round of ordinary housework!" Well, then, you must make a choice between the two ways. perhaps you might have plainer cooking, and economize time in that direction. When you invite four or five of your neighbors to an informal tea, do not feel obliged to serve four varieties of cake, and six different kinds of preserves, because your visitors have the reputation of loading their tables down with good things when they entertain company.

I take it for granted that your husband would hire help for you if he could afford it. If he has means to do so and neglects to do it, insist upon having all the help you need. Or take a portion of the profits from the sales of your chickens, eggs and butter, and hire a woman to do the roughest work.

I think the best and wisest way is to decide on a line of action, and then systematize your work in conforming with it. Say, "such and such things I will do—these other things I have not time for, and will strike them from my list. They may be pleasant and desirable, but I give them up absolutely that I may have time for the cultivation of my mind; and I solemnly resolve to walk unswervingly, so far as may be possible, in the path I have marked out for myself."

Having your work so planned, you can feel at the close of each day, that all the duties belonging to that particular day have been done, and well done; and not being overtaxed, or haunted by the feeling that there is a mountain of work lying neglected that should be done at once, you can be happy in your work, and not be tempted to call it a curse. For "the labor we delight in, physics pain;" and "blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it."

Elizabeth Dorman.

THE COMING MAN.



E is generally in a hurry, coming home hot and tired and hungry; or cold and cross and hungry; or too soon and impatient and hungry; or

very late and tipsy and hungry—but always hungry, depend upon that! I have yet to see a man coming that is not hungry, whatever else he may be.

Sick or well, young or old, good or bad, early or late, you can count on the yearnings of that man's stomach.

Much has been said or written from a scientific, diagnostic, and philosophic point of view, about this coming man. It has been declared that he will be a two-handed creature, with no distinction between the accomplishments of his right and left hands; that he will be able to think one thing, and say another, while each of his hands, at the same time is writing on entirely different subjects,—one a sentimental sonnet, the other an article on the tariff, and that on no occasion will his right hand know what his left hand is doing; that one of his eyes will take in the view on one side of the street or river, and the other, on the opposite side; that he can, with one side of his nose, smell the delightful odor from the bouquet of tearoses in his wife's boudoir, and with the other side, discover if Bridget has put any onions in the stew; that he can, with one ear, hear every word of Talmage's sermon, and with the other ear, hear every syllable of his wife's criticism on Mrs. Smith's new outfit; that with one foot he can waltz, and with the other, at the same time, polka.

A wonderful piece of machinery he is to be! A twin unit, a grand dual one-ness; a two-fold, manifold essence of prodigious and voluminous capabilities, compressed into one whole and perfect man,—but oh, thank Heaven! he is to have but one stomach, and one mouth wherewith to nourish it! This is

the only comfort a poor woman has in contemplating this grand, superior creature that is to make his advent into her future home and life.

Now everything depends upon how you look at a thing—the stand-point, the focus, and the education of the eye. Take, for example, a field of corn: a little child sees only the silken tassels streaming from the full ears, and only longs to grasp them in its chubby hands, for playthings; a poet looks on, with fancies of whispered stories that the waving blades tell to each other, and notes the love and laughter they portray; the artist's eyes sparkle with keen appreciation of the beautiful colors and symmetrical curves of this sea of green, and loves to watch the cool rain pour down the green throats uplifted to receive it; the farmer looks on, and counts up the many bushels of corn, and the stacks of nice fodder, and thinks only of the actual money they represent, with never a thought of anything beyond; a mule, also, comes upon the scene, and blinking his eyes lazily, thinks only of the delicious taste of the green corn and broad blades, spread out to tempt his greediness.

Now, as "comparisons are odious," I will not say which of the above-mentioned women resemble in their contemplations of the coming man; whether the child, the poet, the artist, the farmer, or the mule. Men may decide this for themselves and we won't care!

We are supposed not to know enough about science, philosophy, logic, or politics, to look at him from any of these promontories that jut out into the sea of Deep Knowledge; therefore, it is wisest and best that we regard him from the only standpoint, which, it is generally supposed, we are fully able to command, and that is from the practical and domestic point of view. this, and since his coming greatness does not fill up all our space for thought, we will acknowledge and accept the sphere allotted to us, and study man at an angle of his stomach, and we are safe in confining ourselves to that, for it is here to stay, already developed and matured. It has encroached on all the region of the heart for its own, till

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heart and stomach are blended into one; it can never be double, nor larger, nor crave nor demand any more, and surely it can never hold any more!

And now, since the plain truth is known and stares us in the face, it becomes our duty to submit cheerfully to the inevitable, and learn how to successfully treat, humor, and flatter this same feature, that, through its pacified and satisfied yearnings and cravings, the coming man may be kept in a state of blissful and smiling good-humor.

There is no use trying to argue or educate him out of this: it is his nature, and must be made the best of. Don't shut your eyes to the fact that your "dear Jack," or "precious old Tom" will be mortal enough some day to want good eating and plenty of it, and that he will be cross if he doesn't have it.

After all, it is a great pleasure to prepare something nice to eat for one that you love, and you may rest assured that he does appreciate it, even though he manifest his gratitude in a crude way, or in a manner altogether different from that you had expected.

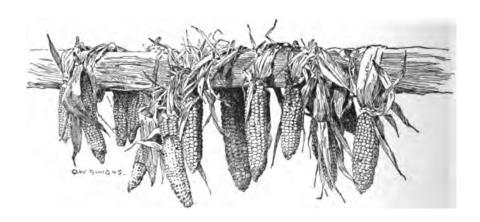
It pays, always, and you will say so, long before the end—and this is just the point I have come to: I believe that any and every man can be reclaimed, reformed, and remodeled, by tender solicitations, systematic efforts, and prompt, loving, cheerful and persistent attention to the whims and cravings of his appetite. Don't dissuade him

from eating fried cabbage, because it doesn't agree with you, or because you think it a plebeian dish, since that will not make him like it any less, and render its presence an embarrassment; but prepare it ever so nicely —don't leave it for Nora to dump, uninvitingly, on a dish, but prepare with your own loving hands, garnish with parsley and fancy pickles, and you will be surprised at the amount of real pleasure it will afford you Surprise him with dishes that you know he is fond of, and set them before him when he is hungry and tired and depressed, and like the charm of music, it will soothe the savage that may be rising up within him, and believe me—he will love you for it!

If this course be pursued, the coming man will never be known to live at his club, or dine out five times a week with his chums, or stay out late at night. No, he will be our home-king, or veritable household god, bringing with him, always, smiles and happiness and good cheer. What a joy it will be to have him at home, too, with all his wonderful and multiplied accomplishments,—we could never tire of him!

But remember, girls and wives, it is all to be done through the stomach—keep it a secret, if you like, but it is worth the trial, and I, for one, feel proud and thankful that we are to do so much toward the advancement of this grand, two-handed, superhuman coming man.

Margaret Andrews Oldham.



SOLVED: A NEW PROBLEM IN CUBE ROOT.

REQUIRED, BISCUITS, SHORTCAKE, FRUIT-Puddings?

TIME in making, 15 minutes. Time in baking, 20 minutes.

1 quart of flour.

3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

I teaspoonful salt.

2 tablespoonfuls lard or butter.

3 gills of milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, into a bowl containing the lard or butter, rub these together, and then add the milk; roll out half an inch thick, use biscuit-cutter, and bake in a hot oven.

Answer.

"Common Sense in The Household," the last of many parting gifts, was placed in my hands just before leaving the old home, its friends, and dear associations; and sailing for the new with its pleasures and ex-

periences still in the future.

Separated from the "Mother's house" by the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, which seem so trackless and terrible when lying between the old friends and the stranger in the strange land, the book proved more than useful, and became companion and counsellor in many hours that would otherwise have been weary and homesick. To be sure, semi-invalidism, and the making of little garments, a caseful of new books, and an excellent English cook, prevented any active personal application of the recipes it was a delight to read over and ponder upon, but the chatty tone of the preface, and the comments running through the book were a genuine help, and in time of household perplexity there was always an unfailing friend close at hand.

Not until the week before Christmas, the eventful time of plum-pudding making, did I venture into the kitchen, armed with my friend, to try my skill in cooking. raisins were stoned, the currants washed in many waters, eggs beaten, the white and gold separately, butter and sugar creamed, the other ingredients added, and then all stirred vigorously by each individual member of the family, according to the old time English custom, and then it was put over to cook. Certainly it looked a large sized pudding, but we were to have homesick Brooklynites from lodgings and hotels, to take dinner with us on Christmas day; and did not my book say it was equally good fried on

the second day?

Christmas came, but with it one of London's densest and yellowest fogs, when indoors the gas burned sickly all day, and outof-doors pedestrians wandered in circles, and the cabmen attempted the difficult and dangerous feat of driving into brick walls or through public buildings, and of our invited guests only two gentlemen, by means of the underground railway from Charing Cross,

braved the dangers of the weather.

At dinner, in its proper course, appeared the plum-pudding, blazing with lighted brandy, and accompanied by mince-pie, not the tiny individual ones of English make, but a genuine New Englander of Thanksgiving time, and both pudding and pie received the best of praise, a request for a second slice. But alas! enough of the former was left untouched to be warmed over by frying, not only for the next day, but for the six succeeding ones, and at each dinner the requests for plum-pudding grew fainter and weaker, and we longed for Mig's convenient family, that we might be saved from the sin of wastefulness, and the table spared its daily visitant.

Since then application of the rules of proportion is the first step in testing a new recipe, and the rule made to make too little. rather than too much, even of a very good

thing.

Not until the land of the Sally Lunn and crumpet was left behind, was there any occasion for further practice in cooking, but in the home of the free, where month's notices are unknown, and a verified good character or recommendations is a secondary consideration in the securing of servants, times and opportunities for culinary skill presented themselves at most inconvenient seasons, and the familiar companion of my exile became that best of blessings, a friend in need and in deed.

For a long time it was my ambition to

make biscuits like Mother's, light and snowy, but the note of warning that rang through the recipe in my "Common Sense," and a lack of self-appreciation were obstacles not to be overcome without pressing reasons. But the time came when the cook left, and I had my first dinner to prepare alone. ing the two little folks with "Papa," I escaped to the kitchen to prepare the roast biscuits and floating island that beef. formed a portion of my modest menu. Keeping the family waiting a little past the usual hour, to add an edge to their appetite, a dinner was placed before them which was pronounced excellent, the roast beef just right, the gravy free from lumps and of a rich brown, and the biscuits equal even to the expectation of my adviser, the cook book.

Knowing the value of one thing learned perfectly, the practice of biscuit-making was continued until success was unqualified and guaranteed, and then to my delight I found I had the basis for short-cakes, boiled fruit-puddings, meat and chicken pies, baked and boiled, wholesome and toothsome dishes for

everyday family use.

The recipe is so simple, in these days of baking powders, and so easily divisible, that it can be readily adapted to the wants of small households, and to those housekeepers who cook for two.

Using for a family of six the whole recipe, make one half the dough into the always welcome biscuits, and use the other for a shortcake to be baked in an ordinary-sized jelly tin. When done, split in two, and butter generously. Strawberries are a first choice for filling, using the crushed berries with sugar for the between layer, and large whole ones for the top, sprinkled with powdered sugar. In the autumn use peaches in the same way, being careful, however, not to slice the fruit until just before the short-cake is sent to the table, it being of so perishable a nature. Oranges can be used by way of variety, and pineapple in season also.

The same quantity, one half the recipe, will make an excellent fruit-pudding. Roll

the dough into one large sheet, one quarter of an inch thick, fill the centre with sliced apples, rhubarb, or best of all, huckleberries, in their season, tie up tightly in a well-floured cloth, leaving room for growth, however, and place in fast, never-to-cease boiling water and cook for an hour and a quarter or an hour and a half. It is well to place in the bottom of the cooking utensil an old saucer to prevent the possibility of the cloth becoming scorched to the detriment of the pudding, and the disappointment of the diner.

With these puddings eat a creamy sauce, made of one cup of sugar, one large table-spoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and one of brandy, though the sober-minded can substitute one teaspoonful of vanilla for the flavoring, if it is

thought desirable.

Of the making of many recipes there is no end, but the experienced housekeeper of abundant means delights in the opportunities afforded her by her monthly magazine to place new and attractive dishes, however difficult of preparation, before her family and friends.

And every year the ranks of the home-makers are recruited, not only from the bogs and green fields of Ireland, and from the banks of the fiords of Norway and Sweden, but from seminary and college, where the student has bent all her energies to preparation for a teacher's or professional life, yet stepping from her Alma Mater, has found a lion in her path, some one who will not take "No" for an answer, and the school room or profession was resigned for the duties of the wife and home.

It is more especially for the latter number that these suggestions have been thought out, with a pleasant sense of comradeship, and the hope that some one to whom Trigonometry and Algebra have been a delight, will take the same satisfaction in reducing to perfect solution some of the x's and y's of good housekeeping that have hitherto been to her the unknown quantities and problems in life.

Betsey Beeswax

EVERY-DAY RECIPES.

SPICE CAKE.

1 pound of flour.

1/2 pound of sugar.

1/2 pound of butter.

4 eggs.

I cup of sweet milk.

2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder.

I tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

CORN BREAD.

I cup of flour.

2 cups of Indian meal. Butter the size of an egg.

Sweeten and salt to taste.

1 teaspoonful of soda.

I cup of sour milk or buttermilk.

WHITE CAKE.

2 cups of sugar.

2 cups of flour.

½ cup of butter.

½ cup of sweet milk.

Whites of 5 eggs beaten very light.

I teaspoonful of cream tartar, ½ of soda.

Gold cake may be made by the same recipe, using the yolks of the eggs only, and less butter.

FRIED CAKES.

2 cups of sweet milk.

I cup of brown sugar.

1/2 cup of lard.

2 eggs.

3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Salt and nutmeg. Use flour enough to roll out a soft dough. Cut out and fry in hot lard. Sift powdered sugar over them while hot.

BREAD CAKE.

1 teacupful of dough.

I teacupful of brown sugar.

½ teacupful of butter.

ı egg.

1 teaspoonful of soda.

Raisins and spices to taste. Work, and let rise with the bread.

BROWN BREAD.

2 cups of sour milk.

I teaspoonful of saleratus.

1/2 cupful of molasses.

I egg.

Add Graham flour and meal until it is as soft as Johnny cake. Steam two hours, and bake half an hour.

PINE-APPLE CAKE.

1 cup of sugar.

1 cup of flour.

4 teaspoonfuls of milk.

1 tablespoonful of butter.

2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Mix this, and then beat in three eggs, whites and yolks together.

Bake in 3 layers.

Filling.

I cup of granulated sugar; add 3 table-spoonfuls of water. Boil until it threads, and then sur it into the beaten white of one egg. Add to this ½ a teaspoonful of pineapple extract, and spread the frosting between the layers.

Pop-Overs.

3 cups of milk.

3 cups of flour.

3 eggs, and a little salt.

Drop into hot fat and they will pop over. They are very nice.

AN EXCELLENT FRUIT CAKE.

I cup of butter.

I cup of brown sugar.

I cup of molasses.

I cup of sweet milk.

3 cups of flour.

4 eggs.

1 ½ teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.

I teaspoonful of soda, (scant).

2 pounds of raisins (stoned).

I nutmeg, and a little brandy.

Will keep from four to six months.

COFFEE CAKE.

I cup of strong coffee.

I cup of lard and butter (mixed).

2/3 cup of molasses.

3/3 cup of brown sugar.

2 eggs.

I teaspoonful each of pepper, cloves and

I cupful of raisins; add from two to three cups of flour. After baking, wrap in a cloth to prevent the aroma from escaping.

CONFECTIONERY CAKE.

2 cups of sugar.

1/2 cup of butter.

I cup of water. 3 cups of flour.

Whites of four eggs.

3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. To one-half of this mixture, add 1 large tablespoonful of molasses, I cup of raisins, stoned and chopped, I teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, ½ a teaspoonful of nutmeg, I tablespoonful flour.

Bake in four layers, two of each kind and

put together with boiled frosting.

CORN YEAST.

Tie one cupful of corn and one handful of hops in a bag, and boil one hour in water enough to cover them well. Add to this six or eight boiled potatoes, mashed. and the water in which they were boiled. Add one teacupful of sugar, and one of When cold, add one teacupful of baker's yeast.

SUET PUDDING.

I cup of chopped suet.

I cup of raisins (stoned) or currants.

1 cup of molasses.

3 cups of flour.

I cup of sweet milk.

I teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, soda.

This is steamed two hours, and baked half an hour, and then served with sauce.

Cough Syrup, (from a professional nurse).

1/2 pound of flax-seed.

3 pints of water boiled to a quart with the flax-seed.

Strain this through a very thin and strong cloth, and then add:

2 lemons.

1/4 of a pound of rock candy,

2 ounces of gum arabic.

1/2 cup of sugar.

Boil all together until dissolved.

Drink half a cupful at a time.

This is especially good in typhoid fever.

HOW SOME WOMEN EARN MONEY.



OMEN are bebegining to depend on themselves, and many are doing business, as a means of selfsupport. The women all over the country are asking and answering the

question,-What can we do best to earn money?

One woman in a large city, who had a sick husband, resolved to do something to support her family. She leased a large block and rented out unfurnished rooms for more than the rent she paid for the whole block, collecting the dues herself, and had quite an income left. An old lady calling herself Grandma Patch, who lived near a young ladies' school, did the darning, mending and repairing for the girls, and received a good compensation and was indispensable to them. A Mrs. W-, who had the gift of being a good cook, supplied a dozen families with warm rolls, in a village where there was no bakery, and others can do the same, even where there are bakeries, as most people prefer home-made cooking. Another woman makes a specialty of doughnuts and

supplies a Woman's Exchange.

One young lady who had been a governess several years in the South came North to her friends, only to find the mother an invalid and the family in reduced circumstances, dependent on her brother's salary. She was not long in deciding that she would do something to be self-supporting, and the lesson and practice she had while she was a governess were soon put to account. consulting with her mother's physician, she established herself in a rented room down town, and put out a sign which attracted attention, -- "Diet Kitchen"-and inserted a notice in one of the daily papers, that Beef Tea, Gruel, and other foods suitable for the sick, would be furnished at reasonable rates. She engaged a competent boy to assist her, and soon made it a paying and profitable business.

In many of the town and cities of the West, American women who have some property in their own right, buy real estate as a business investment, and it is conceded by business-men that where women have given their attention to the buying and selling of real estate, they have proved themselves careful speculators. If women do not reason as well as men they seem to have intuition, or some other faculty, which serves them instead.

In California many women own nurseries, fruit-farms, vegetable and flower-gardens. Three women in Kansas bought four hundred and eighty acres of railroad land, paying five dollars per acre. After farming successfully five years, they sold it for sixteen and two-third dollars per acre, and realized a profit of five thousand six hundred dollars.

A few years ago four teachers formed themselves into a company and purchased one hundred acres of land near Fresno, California, for the purpose of raising fruit. Only two continued teaching, while the others superintended the hired men and assisted on the ranch, planting vines, picking, packing and shipping fruit. They now have a very large business, shipping quantities of fine raisins every year.

One woman, whose kind husband died ten years ago, had been supported in comfort while he lived so that she did not have to think where the money would come from for the winter's coal, or house-rent. She had not saved anything for a rainy day, and she

found herself with four little girls to support. She was lady-like and had been taught to do well whatever she did. She went among her acquaintances and did fine ironing for many She excelled in some kinds of cooking, making coffee, preparing salads, oysters, bread for sandwiches, and cutting meats; therefore she soon had plenty of calls to not only assist, but to take charge of menus for tea parties, lunches and weddings; soon the different churches engaged her services to assist at their sociables to make coffee, etc., and cut the cake and superintend generally. In these ways she has been enabled to earn a good living. Another woman who was left a widow, was a first-class cake baker, and was in great demand for parties and weddings, as no one could excel her in baking or cutting cake.

One young lady who was at a boadingschool and had a limited supply of "pin money" and wished to replenish her purse, had the moral courage to put a card on her door, that read: "Shoe buttons sewed on at 10 cent a doz. Darning and repairing done neatly, at reasonable rates." I need not say she had all she could find time to do.

I have known several women who supplied a few neighbors with home-made bread twice a week. Another one made yeast-cakes and furnished them to large grocery houses for years, and it was, and is still, a paying business. Some make a specialty of working buttonholes and one would be surprised to know what a demand there is for women that can and will make good button-holes, by the dressmakers. It is work that can be done at home, and many shops will send the work out. It is a much better paying business than other sewing.

There are many families who do not keep help, who will gladly pay a good price for a competent, trusty woman who will go one

day in a week to sweep and dust.

It is said that the last census gave the number as fifteen thousand women that made their living by canning fruit and vegetables.

About two years ago a Miss Cassey of Oberlin, Ohio, got her uncle to make a plating machine to plate silver ware with. She says it cost nine dollars, and did the work well. At the time she wrote the letter she had worked twenty-two days and cleared \$94.00. Her address at that time was Miss M. F. Cassey, Oberlin, Ohio. She offered to give full directions to any one for making and using the machine to plate gold or silver, that would send her specimens of stone, shells, old coins etc. for her collection.

About four years ago three sisters, whose father had left them five hundred dollars apiece, went to New York City to find work. They had no trade, and were unused to work At last they found employof any kind. ment in one of the largest dry-goods houses -one receiving five dollars per week, and the other two four dollars each. lived like thousands of others, had a small room on the top floor, a gas jet, baker's bread and tea,. They had to have car-fare and clothes, and it did not leave much for the table. One thing they resolved—not to touch one penny of the little fortune their father had left them; no matter how poorly dressed they had to go, or how hungry they

One girl took charge of the handkerchief counter, another sold stockings, and the third sold buttons. There were seven hundred women at work in the establishment. The girls had a scheme; one of them conceived the idea that it would be a paying business to start a Working Woman's Hotel. They talked it up among the working girls and women, and although most of them had homes (such as they were) it appeared that over fifty would be glad to avail themselves of a cheap, homelike boarding-house, and urged them to go on, pledging their support. They began house-hunting, not feeling sure whether it was quite safe to make the attempt and invest their capital. They were appalled by the high rents, and several times gave up the ideas. But at last they decided to rent a double brick house, on a quiet street; it had a good many rooms, but most of them were small. After paying the rent for the first month, there was not money enough left to furnish the house very extensively, but the girls purchased the most needful things for the kitchen and dining-room and some cheap bedroom sets with the

remainder of the money. There were fifty inmates the first day they opened and most of them had a chair or two, a table, some pictures, and fancy work which helped to brighten the house.

The three sisters left the store and assumed the management of the house, and, after things were in working-order, they did not find it a very difficult task. The house would only accommodate seventy, and before they had been established three weeks they had

seventy on the list.

When the first month of their experiment was over, they had paid the second month's rent and had more in their pockets than if they had remained in the store. Their misgivings were over; it was a success. It has a reading room and a library, and supplies rest and home comforts for from \$3 to \$4.50 per week.

A few years ago a Mrs. Chapman, of New York City, started an industry for women. She began by making large collars for children out of the feather-edge and rick-rack braid, connected by lace stitches with a crochet needle. When the demand was greater than she could supply, she employed other women and taught them. She kept increasing the number of employees, mostly married women, until she had seven hundred on her books, three years ago. They made not only collars, but cuffs, dresses, caps, etc. They supplied one wholesale house one year with seventy-five thousand collars.

One woman in New York City makes a good living as guide to other women who wish to visit the city. She, according to agreement, meets them at the trains, takes them to a good boarding house or hotel, as they desire, and shows them the sights of the city, goes shopping with them and performs the duties that European guides do abroad.

Mary J. Ashion.



CORRESPONDENCE.

An Unsolved Problem.

E DITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:

The sympathy expressed for M. C. S., and the evident desire of your readers to help her, have suggested to me the idea of telling my story, and the difficulties of securing employ-

ment.

Perhaps I may find some opening as yet overlooked by myself and friends, although

our search has been diligent.

Five years ago my husband died, leaving me unexpectedly dependent, save for a policy of life insurance. Had I been able to realize the full amount of this policy my condition might have been less desperate, but the company contested my claim and I was obliged to compromise.

My education, received in the best private schools in New Jersey, was broad and thorough, literature and French being favorite studies, with vocal music under superior New York City teachers as an accomplishment, and for this I displayed decided talent, with a

voice almost phenomenal.

When obliged to join the army of "breadwinners" I resumed my study of the "divine art," which, by the way, had been without interruption after my seventeenth birthday, save for a few years immediately preceding my widowhood. I spared neither time nor money to qualify myself for my profession, and my credentials for "ability" and "faithfulness" are of the highest order.

Just as success seemed laying its crown at my feet I was disabled by an unfortunate sprain, which developed into "water on the knee," and the sum invested for future use melted away into surgeon's bills, medicines, nurses, and the countless expenses attending

helplessness in a boarding-house.

Friends urged me to give up a further trial in a distant city, and indeed my return to my home was a matter of necessity, I having no funds left to meet expenses of living, and my pupils having scattered to other teachers.

There was, besides all this, good reason to hope that my musical talent would find scope for large development, where, by social position and ancestry, I was so well known.

Many were the promises of patronage, and not one bore me fruit, my three pupils coming to me through my individual effort. How do I account for my disappointment?

One woman socially prominent sent for me to come and sing at her house. After hearing and complimenting me, she promised to send her two daughters for lessons, with those of a friend who depended upon her judgment and culture. I have heard nothing from this woman since that day, but am told she denies having had any such intention in my behalf. There is another explanation of her forgetfulness, but of this my pity bids me keep silent.

Others prefer a foreign teacher, or one with the prestige of a European education, and so on; excuses and reasons without end are

offered for my lack of pupils.

With my trio I have been successful beyond my expectations, and the courage of conviction is not lacking, for I know my business, and a good many teachers (?) do not.

Finding my necessities pressing, I determined upon another course, and advertised in the daily, weekly, and religious papers, for a situation as housekeeper, companion, chaperon, amanuensis or secretary.

I also registered my name at the New York agencies for women, as above, and as

teacher of voice culture.

The most desirable position in the family of a noted and wealthy New Yorker was lost by the miscarriage of letters through the post-office. Another time I believed myself positively engaged in a family, where the mother was an invalid, and her growing children needed a companion who would herself be interested in the music of which they were intensely fond.

After waiting nearly two weeks, I was notified that other plans were thought advis-

able.

One man thought me "too young to chaperon" his daughter, although my hair is really and *naturally* becoming quite grey, and another found me "too ladylike" for a saleswoman.

Last of all, dear HOME-MAKER, I ventured upon the "Woman's Exchange" with a sample of a delicious "bisque," prepared from the receipe in "Marion Harland's

Dinner Year Book," and for which I had been famous in my own house. I had made previous inquiry as to my being able to obtain orders for this article, should it be accepted by the committee, and was told that undoubtedly I could make an excellent income from my sales.

So, one day last mid-winter I went to town with my "sample," carefully prepared, and put up in a glass jar, and offered it to

the person in charge.

I was treated with marked discourtesy, and I should never advise a gentlewoman to present herself or her wares at this "Woman's Exchange," unless she is prepared to receive the same ungraciousness, with no encourage-

ment whatever.

In fact, I have joined the ranks of the pessimists in regard to these "Exchanges," for I personally know wives and daughters of wealthy men, who obtain through these agencies, a market for their fancy and art work, and give the proceeds to their favorite charity.

Will some one please define this sort of charity? It certainly is not that of the Holy Dictionary, where it "seeketh not her own"

and "is kind."

I am still looking and praying for work, and this is why I write to you, dear Home-MAKER, and inclose with my letter my subscription for the year. I have only been able to buy you month by month, as I could save my pennies, but the kind spirit of your pages, and the sound of help for those who are tired of the struggle, make me wish to belong to your family.

A. R. C.

Washington, D. C.

O THE EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:-I am a regular reader of your Home-Maker, and wish to ask this favor.

Should "M. C. S." not desire the situation offered by your correspondent "A. M. F. would you kindly send me the address mentioned in your last Home-Maker under "Correspondence."

I came on here two weeks since to try and get a position to help a widowed sister, and a brother helpless through disease—to live.

I am willing to do anything in my power, and can turn my hand to almost anything-That I will not do. excepting teaching. have a small income myself, but not sufficient to assist these dear ones, too feeble to help themselves.

I am thoroughly versed in housekeeping and an experienced traveller in my own

Should "A. M. F." know of country. another position of trust for one in need, I would gladly respond.

Very respectfully,

F. A. L.

O THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:-I have been a constant subscriber to your magazine, and noticing the kind attention that M. C. S. has received, venture to address you on the subject of doing something for one's support.

I am a young married woman with one Reverses in our circumstances make it desirable for me to do something towards

the family support.

I am a fairly good housewife, but I am

sorry to say that is all.

I would be glad to do shopping in New York for people from out of town, if I could manage to start it properly, or to make myself useful, although not as a housekeeper.

I am not efficient enough to teach, and wish to find something to do by which we

can still keep our home.

Can any one suggest a means by which I can make money?

EAR EDITOR:-Please be so kind as to tell me how to treat, and if possible cure a bunion.

In fact, I want to know if such are really curable, even if one has to submit to heroic measures to do so.

Also, if you would be willing to give the

address af a reliable chiropodist.

I would esteem it a great kindness, as I am situated away in the back-woods, and unable to find out anything on a subject so apparently trifling, yet extremely painful to those afflicted.

Reply to,

Yemassee.

The best chiropodists have decided that bunions are rarely cured, but they may be greatly relieved by proper treatment. If you will send your address to this office, the address of a good chiropodist will be mailed Eds. Home-Maker. to you.

CREAMED LOBSTER.

(Printed by Request.)

Meat of one lobster, or a can of preserved lobster or crab; one cup of creamy milk (all cream is best); two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour; pepper, cayenne, and salt; half a cup of bread crumbs.

Strain off the lobster liquor, if you use the canned fish; cut the meat into small dice with a sharp knife, season, and set aside while you heat the milk or cream in a farina kettle, dropping in a tiny bit of soda.

When it is hot, stir in the butter cut up in a tablespoonful of flour, and as it begins to

thicken, the lobster.

Have ready buttered silver, or china, or earthen scallop shells; fill with the mixture, stew fine, dry crumbs on top, and brown in a quick oven.

Send around sliced lemon and crackers

with the shells.

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L'ANGELUS.

E DITOR of Home-Maker.—The fever heat that has been raised by this renowned work has, I think, been reached, at least it is to be hoped so. Have the readers of this magazine who have seen L'Angelus ever visited the numerous public exhibitions or the studios of any of our American artists, and compared the works of our own artists with this particular picture?

Did you ever study a Bierstadt, or Moran, or Hart, and a score of artists that could be mentioned, and not find just as perfect atmos-

pheric effect as seen in L'Angelus?

In Moran's "Chasm of the Colorado," is one of the grandest specimens of atmosphere peculiar to that section. In William Hart's new picture "Last Gleam," the composition is without flaw. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" cannot be surpassed, and proves that Nature has been thoroughly studied by the eminent master.

It seems that the more this picture is seen and commented on the less it is lauded, and it makes one turn to art as represented by

American production.

Newark, N. J. Charles B. Campbell.

A KITCHEN IN MINIATURE.

E DITOR of Home-maker.—Will you please inform me where the book

"What One can do with a Chafing Dish," by H. L. S.—reviewed in your magazine—can be procured and also the price of the same.

Yours,

A. W. C.

Answer.

The manual and the agate-iron chafing-dish, with accompanying utensils, may be obtained by application to Lalance & Gros-jean, 19 Cliff Street, New York City. Price of book, 50 cents, of chafing-dish and the vessels which go to make up the tempting outfit, \$5. Several letters containing the same inquiry as above have been received at this office. The editors are glad of the opportunity to give information that will enable housewives to procure book and cooking apparatus. The latter comprises, besides the chafing-dish and lamp, five vessels, and is a furnished kitchen in miniature.

CŒLEB'S QUERIES.

To the Editor of the Home-maker.— Knowing the eminent position of your magazine among housekeepers, and those who wish to become bright American homemakers, I desire to ask in all seriousness, a few questions.

1. Has not personal participation in culinary arts become abhorred by a large majori-

ty of our American girls?

2. Does not this apply particularly to the

girls of our large cities?

3. Is it as economical for young couples of modest means to keep a servant, as to conduct affairs (excepting drudgery), by their own hands?

4. Is it really wrong, or in bad taste, for a young wife of good social standing, to perform her own housework, (excepting drudgery)?

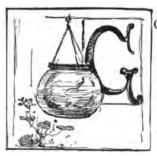
Some brief opinion by your readers, and from the editor especially would be much

appreciated by an

Ambitious Young Business Man.



OUR FISH-BOWL



OLD and silverfish have always prime been favorites with those who are fond of pets. They are prettv. quiet, and will stand short commons with a meekness

which is gratifying to a forgetful proprietor. But, in spite of their sleek and shining charms, the wriggly monotony of their manners is apt to pall on a constant observer, and, moreover, the "dear gazelle" and the "tender flower" are not to be compared to them for fragility. Never set your heart and its affections upon a particularly brilliant and sprightly gold-fish, or you will be sure to find it the next morning floating, stiff and stark, on the surface of the water, its upturned side looking as dull as a yearold imitation gold breastpin.

So, my stalwart reader (a gentle one will be likely to abandon this article, with a shiver, before reading many lines further), if you take an interest in the odd ways of the lower orders of creation, and want to have real fun out of a fish-bowl, I advise you to stock it

after this fashion:

Take a little scoop-net with a long handle, or a corn-popper, made of wire and minus a top, and a small covered tin bucket to bring your captives home in, and go to the nearest pond, stream, or even puddle, and dip up what you can. Do not discard any living thing that comes up, for the most unpromising looking animalculæ may develop into a subject of much amusement and interest. You will not have time to get tired of an aquarium thus populated, for the principle of natural selection will have full sway there, and before long the smaller and weaker inmates will have disappeared down the throats of the larger and stronger ones, and you will

have to take your net or your corn-popper and scoop up a fresh supply. But in the meantime you will have seen a number of queer performances in your little colony that will amply repay you for your trouble, and each time the bowl is replenished there will surely be several new varieties of "varmint" among your captives to keep up your interest. Let me tell you about a few of the residents in our fish-bowl.

The biggest thing, literally and figuratively, in a congregation consisting otherwise of minnows, tadpoles, snails, tiny frogs, and numerous but nameless wrigglers, was a big, fat, hideous spider. Though water was his favorite element, he was obliged to come up to the surface for an occasional breath of air, and was fond of sitting upon a small piece of board which floated in the bowl for his accommodation. While he was in this position, we had full opportunity of recognizing his homeliness. He covered a nearly circular space, about two inches in diameter. was hairy and black, with a few white lines about his sides. His countenance was grim and horrible; on his forehead he had eight eyes, of which four were arranged in a curved line, the biggest ones in the middle and the smallest at the ends, while the other four, all of a lesser size, formed a straight row lower down. Beneath this fine collection of optical conveniences was a formidable mouth. armed with a stout set of grinders, and ornamented at the corners by a large pair of nip-

Altogether the fellow was as unpleasant a neighbor as ever fell to the lot of small fry. He would sit upon his board, on the lookout with all of his eight eyes, and if any unlucky creature swam near him he would dive after it, quick as a flash. But soon he learned to obtain his meals with less exertion. innocent little green frogs took a liking to his board, and would come sociably, by the half-dozen, to sit with him upon it. then this inhospitable monster would open



ing out the meat, after which the hard shell

was added to the pile of legs.

Our spider had one peculiarity which subjected him to considerable annoyance. hated to be fanned, or blown at, or to have the air about him disturbed in any way, and when this was done, he would pop off the top of his board, and sit on the bottom of it in an exactly reversed position, body down, legs up, protected by the surrounding water. Now, when we discovered this idiosyncracy of his, of course we blew at him very often; indeed, it soon became a regular rule with us to "blow the spider," whenever we passed him, as the operation could hardly delay the hastiest errand. So our monster shared the lot of other mortal things, and had not an altogether happy time of it.

After the spider went the way of all flesh, our affections were transferred to a very different-looking creature. This was a thing about three inches in length, his body having the thickness of an ordinary knitting-needle, and his long neck that of a pin. head resembled that of a "Praying Mantis" in its goggle eyes, but in place of a mouth, he had a sort of beak. Six, long, attenuated legs joined his body about mid-way, and immediately behind his head two equally long and slim arms projected feebly into space. This fragile creature seemed to have just about enough strength to hold himself together, and it was wonderful to all observers that he managed to sink his light carcass in the water at all. His movements were all of the languid, vacillating type, as if, poor thing, he sadly needed a guide and protector, and above all, a good provider. But this frail creature had a way of sidling aimlessly up to small denizens of the fish-bowl, and throwing about them those fragile arms whose ends had an inward bend, and then, let those unfortunates struggle as they would, they were drawn within reach of that long, sharp beak, and their lives and their juices sucked out together. If any victim happened to be particularly tough, the gentle captor would jam him up against the side of the bowl, and the beak would speedily bore an entrance into a vital part. Small snails were a favorite article of diet with him, and one day, he got a little empty shell cocked facetiously on the side of his head, and went about with it for some time, his feeble, uncertain gait and this unusual adornment giving him the air of a rakish inebriate.

One beautiful morning, the fish-bowl was standing near a window, and the shutters being thrown open, the full blaze of the sunlight poured in. It seemed to attract our slim friend, and he rose to the surface of the water and basked in the glowing rays. Then, greatly to our surprise, he unfolded a pair of gauzy wings we had never dreamed of his possessing, and soared away into the blue empyrean. We regretted his loss, but I am afraid our grief was not shared by the community he had quitted.

Doubtless you think these voracious creatures met with undeserved success in their blood-thirsty careers, so I will tell you of some failures in the same line.

One day a fortunate scoop into a marsh secured us three beauties, olive-green lizards, with small, bright-red spots upon their backs. They were about three inches long, and graceful, active, little creatures, so tame as to allow themselves to be handled freely, and decidedly the most ornamental inmates of our fish-bowl. They had fine appetites, too, and gobbled up their smaller neighbors with much relish, smacking their mouths with evident enjoyment after each

gulp.

Towards the fall of the year, it became no longer easy or pleasant to go dabbling in damp places for reinforcements, so our aquarian population began to diminish. At length, natural or violent deaths had befallen every creature in the bowl, except the three lizards, and one little thing bearing a strong resemblance to a well-known household nuisance, -the chinch. The lizards continued as spry and hungry as ever, and had to be fed on flies, and we wondered why one of them did not make a meal of the little chinch, who was always paddling about very actively, and could not fail to attract their notice. day we threw in a fly, and before the lizards saw him, the little chinch sailed up, and fastening on his side, commenced sucking Then up came one of the juice out of him. the lizards, and made a bite at the fly, but only succeeded in nipping off the chinch, and swallowing him. Lizards do not care for two mouthfuls in rapid succession, so this one turned away, apparently well-satisfied, and smacking his lips, swam slowly But he had hardly made around the bowl. one circuit, when he stopped short. of spasm convulsed him, and, with a violent heave and shudder, he sent the little chinch flying out of his mouth. We dubbed the latter "Jonah," on the spot. Like his prototype, he was none the worse for wear, for he made straight for the dead fly and began to suck him as energetically as though he had never been interrupted. The lizard, however,

did not come off so well. He descended to the bottom of the bowl, and striking an attitude, proceeded to faint away. He sat upon his tail, and then sank slowly backward, his head upon one side and his fore-feet feebly waving, until he lay with his white stomach upward, apparently quite dead. But he revived after awhile, and soon seemed all right again.

Presently, another lizard attacked the fly, and swallowed him down with Ionah still adhering to his side. Before a minute had elapsed, the fly was violently thrust into sight again, Jonah placidly sucking away in the same spot, having somehow contrived to make himself sufficiently disagreeable in the lizard's vitals, without being obliged to discontinue his own meal. And the unfortunate lizard went down to the bottom of the bowl, and fainted away as the first one had

After that we found that the lizards, -stupid things they must be, never to learn wisdom even by experience, -made a practice of swallowing Jonah whenever their appetites

pricked them, and always with the same re-We calculated that from first to last, our Jonah must have been swallowed about a hundred times, But the pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to be broken, and so, just as we were fearing that so many fainting-fits might undermine the constitutions of our dear lizards, one of them must have managed to keep Jonah down long enough to digest him a little, for the latter was found dead at the bottom of the bowl. But in death, as in life, he was found not to be nutritious, and consequently had to be scooped up and flung away, instead of ministering to the needs of some fellow-creature, as a properly constructed bug should do.

We fear that our lizards may not survive the winter's cold. If they do, however, I think the first warm day next spring will see them supplied with so many companions that, should they love them never so well, they will not soon be reduced to the necessity of ruining the tone of their stomachs

with another "Jonah."

Louisa H. Bruce.

A PINK BED CHAMBER.



WAS staying with some dear friends, not long ago, and was so charmed with the pretty bedchamber which was the special property of the daughter of the house, that I think I will tell

some of the other nice girls I know all about

No one ever enters it without saying something in praise of it, and yet it is very simple. The walls and ceiling are a lovely rose-pink, the woodwork stained and varnished—a There is a recess, dark, rich brown, formed by the taking off of a large closet from the square of the room, and here stands

a table with a convenient drawer in it, and large enough to hold comfortably a pretty china set, white, with pink carnations scattered over the ground in a graceful design. Above this dressing table hangs "The Mistletoe Girl," a lovely-colored lithograph, which came one Christmas with a magazine, and which, with its exquisite tints of pink and russet and bronze-green, attracts the eye at once, and one wonders at the beauty of the simple thing.

In this corner, too, there is a bracket; its three shelves filled with little odds and ends of china, photographs, and other precious keepsakes; and near it hangs a group, composed of the Graduating Class of '84—to which Margaret belonged. Beneath this picture stands a little table, with books, a vase of flowers, and an old and well-beloved writing desk, once her mother's. The bedstead, bureau, and davenport are of cherry, with brass ornaments, and of artistic design. The chairs are willow, and odd in

shape.

There are two windows, looking East and South. From that which admits the morning sunlight there is a view over the tops of the houses of the town, of the "Gap" at Harper's Ferry—where the Potomac and the Shenandoah meet and mingle, and where Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia crowd in with their mountains, and overshadow the ugly little village. Through the south window there is to be seen a noble sweep of mountain range—the Blue Ridge, a view of which one never wearies, for it is never the same for an hour. Beside this window is a low chair.

Around the room are various pictures; one, "Morning," an engraving after Greuze, of a charming child's head so pure and innocent it seems like a little guardian angel. On the door is pinned the picture of "Juliet," the moonlight one—which Margaret declares grows on her—and it is pretty!

The draperies of this pink chamber are simple Madras, but the color and design are both out of the common, being queer stragling sea-weedy looking things of olive on a pinkish-copperish ground. The mantel has a drapery of the same, caught high on one side. Here stands a tall vase of French china, exquisitely decorated with flowers, in natural colors—a wedding present to Margaret's mother, thirty years ago, and now one of the most valued possessions of its present In the vase are several cat-tails, presented by the little boy of the family, who every year goes to the marsh, away up the railroad and brings home a supply. gives some to the city people, who like to take home country trophies in the Fall, and he has torchlight processions, burning the cat-tails well soaked in oil.

Here too, are the various presents given by the children at Christmas, and much prized by the elder sister. A whole family of white elephants, a troop of dogs, from a bull-dog to a tiny spaniel, little bisque boys, all of whom are named, and who are spoken of in the family with much affection and respect, as though they were real friends.

A girl's room is a very attractive place, even if it is not a pretty pink nest like this one, for one sees so much of the realness of the girl who owns it. She shows her tone. tastes and fancies if she has the sole ordering of her sanctum, and that is what she should have, if it is at all possible. Now, this pink chamber, with its pictures, and simple ornaments, its "German favors" stuck all about the frame of the looking glass, and hanging here and there under the pictures; its pile of German and French books on the table; its other pile of well-thumbed geography, history, and others, speaking of a not-overclean little boy, its Bible and devotional books, in a place to themselves; does it not tell very plainly what manner of girl it is who makes her home within its rosy walls?

She loves pretty, dainty things—she loves to dance; she is a student; she teaches her small brother; and above all, she reads her Bible and loves to do it. She is young, she is happy, but she is not frivolous. This is the story the pink chamber tells me, and it is true.

And not only is it a bower for its fair young mistress, but when the house-mother, tired and weary, feels that she must get away, far from the constant calls and demands upon her, or else break down—her girl bears her off in triumph, and closing the door upon the tired mother, declares that only over her prostrate body shall any one disturb her. And so the pink chamber becomes a haven of rest, as well as a "thing of beauty." Happy is the girl who owns such a delightful spot—all her own—and there are few who cannot do so, if they will.

Maria Pendleton Kennedy.



EDITED BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

FANCY WORK AS A SOLACE.—A SIDEBOARD SCARF ON SATIN JEAN.—AMBER BEAD LAMP SHADE.—PHOTOGRAPH PORTFOLIO.—VARIOUS TERMS USED IN CROCHETING.

"Into each life some rain must fall, and some days must be dark and dreary," and knowing these stern, though poetically expressed facts, one must provide some work to solace the days when, either literally or figuratively, the sun hides his radiant face. The power of a partly mechanical, and yet interesting occupation to turn sad thoughts into a pleasanter channel is well-known, and one of the best agents of diversion is fancy work. "I sewed my sad thoughts into the roses on the footstool I send you, but the work was a pleasure to me," wrote a beautiful, afflicted princess more than a hundred years ago, and more than one royal prisoner

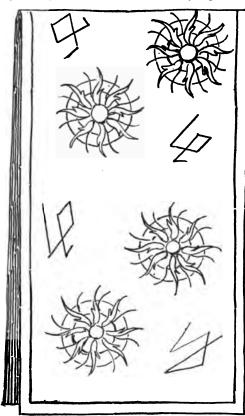


Fig. 1.

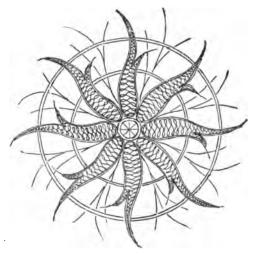


Fig. 2.

has solaced her sad hours by embroidering or lace-making.

There can hardly be too great a multiplication of sideboard covers, or scarfs, among a housekeeper's possessions, and there is a quaintness in the decoration upon this one that makes it more attractive than some more The material is buff satin elaborate ones. jean; the length and width is to be in conformity to the sideboard top. An inch wide hem is turned on sides and ends. Two rows of cat-st.tching, just above the hem, is an improvement that can be added if the worker pleases. If put on, one row should be done with light yellow silk, much the shade of the material of the scarf, and the other with gold color. All the work on the scarf is done with these two shades. The angular designs are worked with gold color in Kensington The three rings in the pattern, shown more distinctly in figure two, are done with the same color in the same stitch. mainder of the pattern is worked with the light yellow silk. The long ray-like figures are filled with cat-stitching.

No one, according to the present idea, can

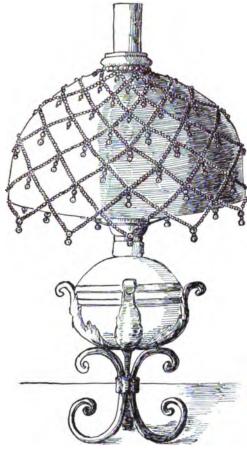


Fig. 3.

have too many lamps or too many shades. In many cases the change of appearance created by a new shade makes an old and familiar lamp seem like a new acquisition. This bead shade has been spoken of before in these articles, but the illustration will show the worker how easy it is to make. Two sizes of beads will be made, and the festoons as they come down must have more beads added to accommodate the shape of the glass or porcelain shade beneath.

Clear amber beads are to be used, and the size is a matter of taste. The artist has indicated small ones, but a more showy shade is made by using beads as large as a small pea, and of course using fewer in each festoon. People who remember the fancy bead baskets which used to be suspended to chandeliers with a freight of autumn treasures, will know how a shade will look when made of large beads, as the glass bowl that served to shape the basket was covered in the same

way. Fine wire or thick silk may be used to string the beads in the form shown.

The little pendants are made by threading large and small beads, and attaching them to the intersections with needle and thread.

The design in Fig. 4 is for the outside of a photograph holder, made with an inch wide ribbon sewed lengthwise to both sides to form a back, and ribbon strings to tie the covers together on the other side. Half a dozen pictures can lie between the covers and the book or portfolio is a pretty ornament among the table books. The material is gray linen, with the sun done with gold paint, and the conventional designs in the corners embroidered with purple silk in outline stitch, with the spaces touched with gold The small scroll pattern and the lettering may be worked with purple that is nearly black, The covers may be stiffened with cardboard interlining and lined with violet or colored satin.

TERMS IN USE FOR CROCHET WORK.

So many questions have been asked about crochet terms that I have thought best to give the explanation here, where it may be more generally noticed, than it might be in the Advice Column.

Single Stitch.—Put the needle through a stitch, draw the thread through the stitch and the loop or the needle together.

Double Crochet.—Put the needle through

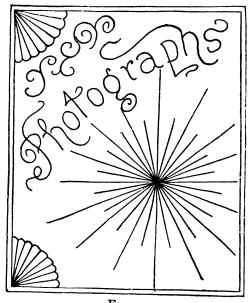


Fig. 4.

a stitch of the previous row, put the thread around the hook and draw through both

loops together.

Treble (or long crochet). — Put thread over the hook, put the hook through a stitch below and draw a loop through. Three loops will be on the hook, turn the thread around the hook and draw through two loops, put the thread over again and draw through next two loops.

Half Treble.—Put thread around the hook, the hook through a loop of previous row, draw through, put thread again over the hook and draw through all the three loops

together.

Double Treble.—Put thread twice over the hook, put hook through stitch of row below, put thread over hook and draw through the stitch, put thread over the hook, draw through two loops, put thread over again and draw through two loops, left on needle. This is the stitch that in old times was called high post crochet.

Double Crochet.—Put thread over the hook, then put the hook through stitch beneath and turn the thread around the hook and draw it through two loops, then put thread over again and draw it through two last loops.

VERY PRETAY CROCHETED EDGING.

To make the lace use fine spool cotton if for aprons, towels, or underclothes. If for flannel use either silk or zephyr wool.



Make a chain of 8, then 6 D. C. with chain of 1 between the 3; make chain of 4 and join in 1st stitch of chain. Turn.

Make chain of 3, 12 D. C. in chain of 4, then 6 D. C. with one chain between each, in scallop of last row; 1 D. C. in last scallop of last row. Turn,

Make chain of 3, 6 D. C. with I chain between 3, in centre of scallop of former row, make 12 D. C. in top stitch of every

D. C. of last row. Turn.

Make chain of 3, and put 12 D. C. with one chain between each, in top stitch of every D. C. of last row, and 6 D. C. with 1 chain between, 3 in centre of scallop of previous row, 1 D. C. in last stitch of scallop of previous row. Turn.

Make chain of 3, 6 D. C. with 1 chain between 3; in centre of scallop of previous row make 12 D. C. with chain of 2 between, on top of every D. C. of last row. Turn.

Make chain of 3, and 1 D. C. in 1st opening, then chain of 2 and 2 D. C. 3rd opening, and 2 chain and 2 D. C. in 3rd opening, repeat in every other opening until 6 scallops are made, make 6 D. C. with 1 between in scallop of former row, 1 D. C. in last stitch of former scallop. Turn.

last stitch of former scallop. Turn.

Make chain of 3, put 6 D. C. with 2 chain between 3 in centre of every scallop

all across. Turn.

Make chain of 2, then 8 D. C. with 2 between 4, for 6 scallops, then 6 D. C. with 1 chain between 3 in last scallop, make 1 D. C. in last stitch of last scallop. Turn.

Make chain of 3 and 6 D. C. with 1 chain between 3 in centre of last scallop, put 10 D. C. with 2 chain between all across. Turn.

Make 2 chain and 12 D. C. with 2 chain and 12 D. C. with 2 chain between 6 in centre of every scallop for 6 scallops, then 6 D. C. with one chain between in last scallop, 1 D. C. in last stitch of last scallop. Turn;

Make 3 chain, then 6 D. C. with 1 chain between 3 in last scallop, and begin next scallop by chain of 4 and fasten in centre of 2d scallop, 12 D. C. in chain of 4, scallop of 6 D. C. with chain of 1 between 3, turn and proceed as before.

ADVICE COLUMN.

- E. T. Summerton.—Your question was answered long ago by mail, and I was greatly surprised to have you repeat the inquiry. The Woman's Exchange entirely refuses to conduct the disposal of your art work, raffling being opposed to their plan of business.
- M. C. P.—By writing to any fancy work shop you can buy a pamphlet on embroidery and drawn work. I do not know of any that give complete details, but you will gain something from them. Your other question has been answered by mail.
- E. T.—Netting would be very difficult to learn from a book. Perhaps you could get a single lesson from a friend. Then you

may gain something from printed directions. You can buy fishing net at hardware shops.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Have the old paper taken from the walls before the new is put on.

Mrs. Deane.—Transferring white embroidered figures from old muslin to new, is an art once very popular. In the days of

fine French needle-work, preserving the finely wrought figures was very desirable. It hardly pays to transfer the machine embroidery of the present age.

WILL the correspondent who wishes to dispose of her blue and white bed spreads send her address to Mrs. M. C. Hungerford, Stamford, Conn.



MRS. BASSETT'S BAREFOOTED BABIES.

MRS. BASSETT had spent the first five years of her married life in England, and when she returned to her native town, she brought, together with the twins and a baby girl, a great many novel ideas.

The twins were three years old, fine, sturdy little fellows, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, straight-limbed and vigorous as young athletes. The Bassetts were "well-to-do" and it was therefore a matter of great surprise to the village in general, and to the young mothers in particular, to see the infant Bassetts running about from morning till night sans shoes and stockings.

It was soon ascertained that the baby girl who was just beginning to walk was also destitute of these two articles of attire, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had serious thoughts of calling upon Mrs. Bassett and remonstrating in a body, with that derelict matron.

But it was the general opininon that if Mrs. Bassett chose to be unconventional, she had reasons of her own for her conduct which might be worthy of consideration, and it was finally decided that a committee of two—ladies of an inquiring turn of mind—should visit the Bassett household and furnish forthwith to the committee at large, a report of the various heresies which had been put into active practice.

Mrs. Bassett received her visitors cordially and smiled pleasantly when informed of the nature of their call.

"I am very willing to talk about my

barefooted babies," she said, frankly, "for, to tell the truth, I am rather proud of them. When the twins were babies," she continued, seating herself in a low chair, "they were treated, I suppose, very much like other children. They lived out of doors a great deal and were healthy and strong, but soon after they began to walk I noticed in them a decided tendency to 'toe in.' I was horrified, for if there is one thing I detest, it is a bow-legged man, and here were my little men of a year and a half actually setting out on the crooked journey of the nursery jingle.

"My friends all said that most children were bow-legged at first, and that would all come right of itself in the course of time.

"I waited with considerable impatience, but saw no signs of improvement. Finally I consulted a doctor and asked him if I must put the two pairs of legs in irons.

"'Irons! shouted the doctor. Fiddlesticks! Take off their shoes and stockings. Their muscles have probably been cramped and weakened already, and irons will only increase the trouble. Off with their shoes."

"'But won't they take cold?' I ventured humbly to inquire. 'Cold!' he said. 'Why should they?' You don't keep their hands tied up, do you? If your house is fairly comfortable and they are active and vigorous, their feet will be as warm as their hands. At first, perhaps, they had better wear shoes out of doors, but in a short time, they can dispense with them even then, except, of course, in severe weather.'

ASLEEP. 523

"I was not altogether convinced, but I thought the experiment worth trying. Another suggestion which the Doctor gave me I have also found a most useful one. He advised me to let the boys walk up hill, and when they could not be out-of-doors, to have an inclined plane arranged in the house for them to practice on. In the effort to walk up a steep incline one naturally throws the feet outward.

"'Let your boys try it for a while at any rate," said my good Doctor. "Don't cramp their feet, and I will wager that nature will give them as straight legs and as firm muscles

as anybody need wish for."

"I have followed my wise Doctor's advice—the results you can see for yourself," added the young mother, proudly, as her two barefooted boys came running into the room.

"But your baby, does she actually go barefoot, too?" asked one of the visitors. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Bassett

"She has never worn a shoe in her life. When she goes out for an airing, she wears warm woolen socks, for until she can walk, she cannot, of course, take sufficient exercise to keep her feet warm. But in the house she is as bare-footed as the boys. She is

just beginning to get on her feet and her little bare toes are almost as useful to her as fingers. They have saved her many a fall."

One of the members of the committee was the wife of the largest boot and shoe dealer in the town and she sat aghast. "But do you never intend to have your children wear shoes?" she asked.

"Oh yes, when I feel quite sure that the muscles of their feet and ankles are strong enough to endure them, but the moment they begin to indulge in that hateful abomination of toeing in, off they come again, until the difficulty is remedied."

At this point in the conversation the baby came toddling in, and as she made urgent demands upon her mother's attention the

visitors left.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children decided not to interfere with Mrs. Bassett, and one of the committee, at least, became such a firm believer in the wisdom and good sense of her ideas that already several small boys have been made happy by being allowed to follow the example of the bare-footed babies.

Annette Hills.

ASLEEP.

A BABY BALLAD.

Little baby lies asleep
In a dream of glory!
By the light upon her face,
By the smile that I can trace,
Half I guess the story
That the angels tell
To my baby Belle.

Wide they ope the pearly gates,
Letting heaven's splendor
Float adown before her eyes—
Half a mem'ry, half surprise—
While, with voices tender,
New delights they tell
To my baby Belle.

And they bring her for her mates, .
Cherub children holy,
While an angel fair and tall,
Purest, sweetest one of all,
Kisses, bending lowly,
Brow, like pearly shell,
Of my baby Belle.

Whispers, how they loving wait, Close beside her ever; How her place is kept above By the One whose name is Love, Who forgetteth never, Who delights to dwell With my baby Belle.

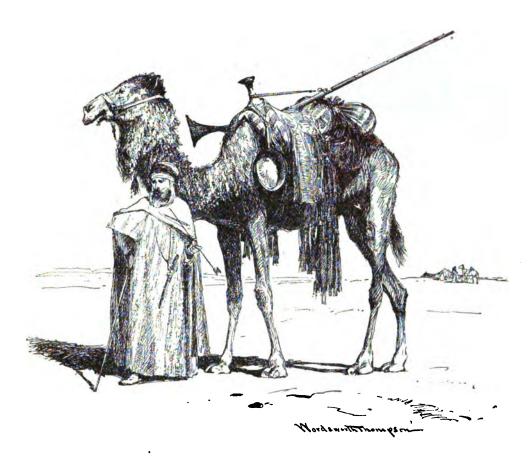
Tell her how her gardens fair,
Grow each morning fairer;
And the cherub children bring
Palms and lilies blossoming;
But of treasures rarer
Tenderly they tell
To my baby Belle.



Tell her of a crown that waits
Jewels for its setting,
Of a wondrous harp of gold
That her hands shall one day hold,
Weariness forgetting;
This, and more they tell
To my baby Belle.

Little baby, fast asleep,
In a dream of glory,
By the golden glow that slips
Over brow and cheek and lips,
Do I guess the story
That the angels tell
To my baby Belle?

Mary Earle Hardy.



HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

IN THE ORIENT.

The first impression made upon the mind of the artistic traveler upon arriving in the Orient, is the glare of light and the distinctly pronounced shadows cast by all objects.

The next peculiarity of the country is the intense blueness of the sky, to which great depth is given by the innumerable white walls and domes which are clearly defined against it; then comes the wonderful picturesqueness of life and costume, and the eye is soon charmed and the mind absorbed by color, form, atmosphere, light and shade and all the other conditions which go to make up what is known to artists as material for pictures.

The sands of Africa, the Arab tents, the Egyptian and Moorish architecture, together with the various phases of out-of-door life to be found in the East, would, in my estimation afford better and more instructive studies. to beginners (after completing an academic course), than anything in nature to be found in other countries, for the reasons that there the conditions of a picture are more clearly defined, the lights are broader, the shadows are distinctly marked and the reflections clear and easily explained. There is also far less complication in detail, and little or no marked change from day to day. are easily procured at a trifling cost, and the uninterrupted sunlight offers great advantages.

Altogether, if a young artist has the taste and inclination, Moroco, Algeria, Egypt, and Asia Minor present chances for study and the acquirement of knowledge that are

to be found nowhere else.

Wordsworth Thompson.



GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

I T was the pleasantest room in the big, old-fashioned house, of course; with its east window looking on the street, and the south windows into an old-fashioned garden, wherein crocuses, violets, hyacinths, tulips, and lilies of the valley blossomed through March and April, to be succeeded by sweet peas, mignonette and roses, white, pink, and red. In June tall white lilies stood in stately rows, while purple wistaria and a great luxuriant Baltimore Belle rose ran riot over the outer walls, mingling their fragrance with the faint odor of the white India matting on the floor.

In winter the open fire welcomed you as soon as you opened the door. The furnace might do well enough for the rest of the household, but Grandmother knew too well the comfort of a fire on the hearth to give hers So the flames danced merrily on the big brass andirons in which we used to gaze at our faces, reflected so mysteriously changed. And what a place that broad hearth was for cracking nuts from Grandmother's supply! Running the length of the mantel was the mirror in its gilt frame, surmounted by peacock feathers. On the mantel were the tall silver candlesticks, for though Grandmother did accept gas, she would never be without her cherished candles—and what is prettier than the soft wax lights? A clock inlaid with pearl had marked the flight of time for more vears than I can tell.

Beside these there was a quaint, oddly-shaped opalline scent-bottle. It had been long empty before my recollection, but there still issued from it a delicate, clinging perfume, unlike any other I have ever known. I used to fancy this odor a spirit or ghost of flowers from some unknown land. Through some freak of association this cloudy, starry bottle is so connected in my mind with Holmes's Wind Clouds and Star Drifts that one always suggests the other.

Dimity curtains, with ball fringe, draped

the windows and the high "four-post" bed stead. On the wall hung three hunting scenes brought from England some time during the last century. Over the bureau hung the portrait of Grandfather's mother, in a high-crowned mull cap, with lace frill, her dark waving hair and brilliant blue eyes, with their long black fringes, reappearing today in her sunny-tempered little great-grand-daughter.

Then that old secretary—combination of bureau and desk. What a mine of wealth it was for my imagination! The lower drawers did not interest me much. I did not care for mere clothes; but the beautiful rich color of the mahogany was a source of admiration, and when, one day, with a ready promise "not to touch," I was lifted into a chair and saw the mysterious front let down, disclosing numerous little drawers and pigeonholes, I was speechless with delight.

One drawer held bits of jewelry, each with a story of its own. A little gold necklace had belonged to the baby who

> "Stayed a little while to play, Then went home unweary."

A bracelet set with sapphires and pearls, given to a bride by a husband, who died in six short weeks after their wedding; an ivory miniature of the young French girl whose tragic story I learned long after. There is no hint of coming tragedy in that lovely face, with its rosebud mouth, laughing eyes and fair hair wreathed with pearls.

Another compartment held old love-letters with their stately phrases, a bit of Grandmother's wedding-gown, and a collection of profile portraits of her family. In another was a paper publishing an account of Washington's funeral services, and, carefully wrapped up, a lock of Washington's hair, set in gold and crystal, and handed down from one generation to another.

The last drawer held an old muster roll,

ragged as the "regimentals of the old Continentals" whose names it bore. Two of our ancestors were at Valley Forge with Washington, and, child as I was, I thrilled with delightful awe at the sight of their names on the old yellow paper. A few notes of "Continental" money were with it, and one was given me for my very own.

For years and years I never felt sure that I had seen the whole of that secretary. I had a strong suspicion that somewhere in that interior was a secret drawer containing—well, I was never quite certain just what, but something rich and wonderful, surely!

I must not forget the cabinet, with the funny little camphor bottle, the Arnica, the long-necked bottle of "lily-leaf liquor," for childish hurts. Currant wine and black-berry cordial were brought out of this for our delectation. I wonder whether nectar and ambrosia would taste much more delicious to me now than they did then!

The gun-rack held the old musket Grandfather carried in the War of 1812; above it, the sword of the soldier boy who fell in the battle of South Mountain. Over these—the sole concession Grandmother would make to the modern rage for such decoration—a Lafayette dish. It is a long meat dish, blue and white, with a view of the welcome of Lafayette in New York harbor on the occasion of his visit in 1824. Grandfather was present at his reception in Baltimore and we never tired of hearing him tell about it.

By the window in summer, and the fire in winter stood the highb-acked rocking chair, with Grandmother in it. She was small, never strong, but with an unceasing energy, al-

ways dressed in black, with Quaker-like simplicity; white cap and kerchief, and was much given to black silk aprons. There she sat and knitted. A small wooden rocker, and two little splint chairs, painted green, served two generations of children. I loved better to curl upon the rug before the fire, when we begged for the oft-told tale of how Grandfather went to fight the British. "Why did you let him go?" little Helen would ask. Then Grandmother would explain that it was before she knew him, and he was only a boy. At this we would look at each other and at her in silent wonder that she could remember before she knew Grand-papa.

Then we would plan for the future, and Fred would bravely declare he would be a Helen would plead, almost in soldier. tears, while I, though insisting that of course he must go if his country needed him, would yet comfort her by the assurance that it was very unlikely there would be another war in our day. Fred would agree to be a surgeon while awaiting the call of arms: Helen would marry her father, and I would keep a bookstore! My idea was that this would give me unlimited opportunities for reading. And now the future is the present. has married—not her father, but "Another," Fred is winning his spurs as a surgeon, instead of on the battlefield, but my bookstore is still in the blue distance!

The fire is out on the hearth; the armchair, the old secretary—all the belongings are scattered—Grandmother has gone to her new home in one of the many mansions, and Grandmother's room is only a memory.

H. T. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

YOU ask in the January Home-Maker if the
stratagem of Rose was justifiable. I
think that on impulse the answer would be
"Yes!" and sober second-thought would
but confirm it.

Cold indeed is the heart and strictly drawn the lines of veracity, when we must refuse to help, even at the expense of a little deception, to infuse a little heart-sunshine into the life of one near and dear to us. Our little ones are deceived by our caresses even when our heads, hearts and bodies ache, and our lips frame sentences calculated to keep the smile on their faces at a cost known only to ourselves.

In our greetings after service in the church lobby there is the kind inquiry after health and the expression of pleasure or sympathy, even though we may use it to a mere acquaintance.

We try to be lady-like before the world

that we may feel a consciousness of having

violated no rules of etiquette.

No one calls us "unchristian" for this, and were our conversation to be "Yea, yea" and "Nay, nay," we would lose our friends. our chances of helping others acceptably, the sympathy of the church and outside world, and our own feeling that we had done what we could to make the world better because we lived in it.

The "Roses" who, prompted by love, gladden the heart and make smooth the pathway to where the boatman stands ready to ferry across the freed soul, have done much to entitle them to the "well done. good and faithful servant, enter thou-" we are striving to deserve.

Continue such stories, and keep the Home-Maker in the place it has earned—our homes and hearts. Mrs. E. L. V. M.

ROSE LEAVES FROM GRANDMOTHER'S JAR.—No. 2.



RANDMOTHER became a Christian under the ministry of that eminent New England divine, Dr. Emmons. Often has she pictured to us children the oldfashioned meeting house, its

high pulpit, sounding-board and square box pews. Clustered around Grandma's chair, absorbed in her word-pictures, we could almost see Dr Emmons, dressed as became the fashion of that day-knee-breeches and low shoes with silver buckles. We could see the boys sitting in the galleries, under the watchful eye of the tithing-man, who, with his wand tipped with the tail of a hare, was wont to tap mischief and inattention unaware.

With our tuning-fork improvised on the spot, we would sing Old Hundred in long metre, with devout zeal and much noise; always agreeing with Grandma that her way of singing in meeting was a grand, good way.

"When I was a girl," Grandma would say, "Sunday in my father's house began at six o'clock Saturday afternoon and ended at the same time Sunday afternoon, and during that time father's ten children were not expected to even smile. miles we rode to church. There were no fires in the meeting-house, but we were warm with our foot-stoves and home-spun clothing."

How pleasant seemed the Sunday nooning, from Grandma's lips, when she told how, in the company of her mother, she ate her lunch or walked in the grave-yard. Then for another two hours she listened to the doctrinal sermon and watched the dropping of the sand in the hour-glass. Sometimes, she would picture that Sunday in harvest-time when the tired farmers became oblivious to their surroundings and lost their dignity in a noisy slumber.

The austere Dr. Emmons made a sudden stop in his sermon of judgment and wrath to come, and in a loud voice, declared that he was tired of preaching to the walls of the meeting-house, and, quietly taking his large three-cornered hat in his hand, he walked with a dignified, stately bearing, down from his high stand and out into the hot sunshine. Dismayed and bewildered, his congregation sat as if paralyzed with astonishment, and watched him until he disappeared from their now fully awakened vision.

This sudden ending to the fifthly (head) division, was very pleasing to Grandma, for she had worn for the first time a busk, and her pride was fast losing itself in weariness of flesh. With a sigh of relief she hastened to hide her busk under the seat of the

family vehicle.

Grandma's busk was made of wood by the village carpenter. It was worn to improve the form, and, when crabbed age is disposed to cavil at the degeneracy of modern times, with its accompaniments of folly and frivolity, my memory recalls Grandma and her wooden busk.

Jessamine Holland.



SPRING FASHIONS.



LTHOUGH the "Winds of March" howl and shriek, doing all in their power to convince the world that winter is still atits height, devotees of Fashion sniff

scornfully at the elements and, triumphantly pointing to new and striking styles in spring gowns, exclaim —"The time of the singing of birds has come!"

The novel toilets for dinner and reception are bewildering in beauty and price. Brocades and plain or "shot" velvets or mousseline de soie, and white-and-gold brocade form a combination that will empty the average purse with the neatness and dispatch of a holiday pickpocket. A costume which is a study in colors, has a train and bodice of white brocade, woven with gold, a front drapery of pale palm green, mousseline de chison, and a soft pink sash fastening at the left side.

Dress fronts have for foundations net, tulle and mousseline, wrought with beads of every conceivable hue and inlaid with sprays of rhinestones.

The accompanying trimmings are of silver or gold netting, embroidered with pearls. The price of this trimming alone ranges from ten to forty dollars per yard.

Young girls are fortunate in that Fashion decrees that their gowns shall be plain in design. They may be entirely of brocade or of far more suitable fabrics, such as embroidered mull, gauze, crepe de chine and silk tulle, but the dresses must be severely simple.

Many calling and church gowns are so made as to have the effect of being all in one piece, so that the wearer is often asked by puzzled husbands or brothers, how she "gets into that thing." One of these cloth costumes is of ashes of roses hue, with finishings of violet velvet, and trimmings of Alaska Sable. Another is violet, combined with several shades of golden brown, and trimmed with mink.

The leading spring colors are brown, in all shades, Eiffel red, castor, violet, heliotrope, ashes of roses, faded rose, steel-blue and grey. In selecting any of these colors, many of which are so trying to the complexion, a woman should be very careful to study her own peculiar style, and select only what is becoming to her. Too many people wear what is fashionable, without regard to personal appearance.

Furs will appear very late this season, indeed, with light costumes fur capes will be worn during the spring and early summer. At this rate we will soon be copying the ridiculous fashion of our English cousins, who may be seen in August wearing muslin dresses and seal skin jackets.

House gowns are of simple silks or wools combined often with crêpe de chine. One of ashes of roses crêpe cloth has a vine worked in gold down the panels of the skirt and the left side of the waist. The right side of this bodice is draped with the palest blue crêpe de chine, of which material the skirt drapery and long sleeves are composed. Another house gown, opening over a petticoat of pink crêpe, is of biscuit color edged with gold and embroidered with pink roses. The crêpe is laid in folds about the throat and the sleeves (also of crêpe), are formed of double puffs separated by gold cord.

Very gorgeous trimmings in silver and gold are of Moorish, Greek and Roman designs. A few months ago women groaned over having to pay such exorbitant prices for jet trimmings, but certainly the passementerie now so much in vogue is quite as expensive and not so beautiful. It has the advantage of being lighter in weight than the jet, and for this

reason is sometimes to be preferred, especi-

ally on walking dresses.

Many turn away from the costly fabrics displayed this season and look for something more reasonable in price, and better suited to their surroundings. There are those who do not care to spend much money on the spring and summer outfit, but who want something pretty and serviceable for the seaside or mountain cottage, for country walks and drives and for traveling. This sensible class of people may revel just now in silk or wool challies, mulls, surahs, India silks, dainty Scotch plaid ginghams and soft serges.

Hats are very large, except for the theatre, where the small flower toque is worn.

The latest Paris veiling is of fine tulle with few dots; enough, however, to injure the eyes and reap a harvest for the oculist.

For information received thanks are due Madame A. Barnes, 57 W. Twenty-second Street, and Lord & Taylor, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR FASHION DEPARTMENT:

Will it be asking too much of the Home-MAKER to answer a question or two? Do you think high-necked gowns with short sleeves bad form for informal evening affairs? There are many times when I am glad to have my arms bare but want my neck covered. It is a Southern fashion which I like to retain. And are gold armlets too conspicuous ornaments for full dress? I have a pair of narrow Egyptian bands which fit my arms just below the shoulder, and which I am very fond of wearing.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Annette M.

Answer.

Highnecked gowns with short sleeves are not bad form, but they are not fashionable. If you wish to have the arm show, you might wear full elbow sleeves which would be pretty and à la mode. Even then it would be prettier to have the dress cut open a little at the neck, and, if you do not wish to expose the throat, have the opening filled with soft, creamy lace.

Your armlets could be worn at the top of your glove, which, of course, you would wear with full dress. They would, however,

look better worn as bracelets.

FASHION EDITOR:

In case of the death of an acquaintance one whom you have known but slightly would it be considered proper to send one's card to the bereaved?

A. Constant Reader.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Answer.

It would certainly be quite proper to send your card, although a short, kind note seems to convey more sympathy.

S. E. J. Colorado:—Your query was answered by personal letter.





BITS OF GREENERY.



HE window garden can not afford to lack them, since thence come half its charm and all its restfulness. One of the simplest, as well as the prettiest, is the grass-ball. To

make it, wind a softish ball of coarse slacktwisted cotton, about four inches through. Unless the thread is very coarse, and soft, catch bits of raw cotton under the last layer of it, sew the end down firmly, and tack to a dark green cord long enough to reach within a foot of your window box. the ball in clean soap-suds, then roll in fine grass-seed until thoroughly coated, and lay in a warm, dark, moist place until the seed have sprouted. Then hang in the light, being careful to water very gently, two or three times a day until the rootlets are well established. After that, soak thoroughly every morning, and once a week give a dose of liquid manure.

A pretty variation is to wind the cotton about a small sweet potato—a yellow yam is best,—and let the tubes sprout before putting on the seed. Break off all but one shoot, and let that trail—or climb the supporting cord, as best suits your window, and you get an astonishing amount of beauty from that homely source.

If you find an oriole's pendant nest in your summer rambles, cut off the supporting branch along with it, and bring home in triumph. Then, when your plants are in place, set the bough so that its fine tracery shall show against the clear pane; strengthen the nest with a strand or two of fine wire, put in the bottom a little cotton, and on that, a handful of rich earth, packed carefully about a small sprouting root of madeira

vine. Let but two shoots, at most, grow, and give plenty of water daily, with a douche of soap-seeds once a week, and a teaspoonful of ammonia in a pint of water once a fortnight. Upon that regimen the vine will grow and thrive—will run all over the bare branch, climb to the cornice and drop back in the most graceful festoons of wax-green leaves, to be followed in April with white scented blossoms.

For a window screen there is nothing better than a Manranda lattice. The vine grows readily from seed or cuttings, is quite as handsome as smilax, with a profusion of delicate purple flowers. Set half a dozen strong plants of it in your window box, to which nail a frame of light cleats, just the size of your lower sash. Fasten stout screws in it, about a foot apart, leaving the heads far enough out to hold the trellis wire, which should be of copper, and passed back and forth to form a lattice of diamond panes. As the vines grow, train them over the wires, taking care that they do not clamber up and around other things. If carefully handled, such a screen can be kept green and beautiful for several years, as new vines will grow up to take the place of dried or withered

Much the same arrangement will answer for Kenilworth ivy—with, however, the drawback, that it rarely lasts one season through. The vine is so rampant a grower that it is apt to become root-bound, and lose its leaves at the end of a few months.

A cluster of "cypress gourds" is oddly pretty, and will not only bear but rejoice in a very warm window. Take eight or ten of the small orange gourds, being careful to choose firm, and well ripened ones, cut a small bit from the top of each, make a gimlet hole in the bottom, and fill with rich earth, in which you drop a seed or two of white and red cypress vine. Pass a stout twine twice through the top of each gourd, and arrange them in a cluster, at one side of

your window. The seeds will not sprout for several weeks unless you have previously soaked them in hot water. Leave but one plant to a gourd,—and as the vines develop, train them in the way they should go—which to the mind of the writer is in a rope of feathery living green, up to the cornice, where it wilf fall naturally into an arch.

A unique bit of greenery is the crow's nest. In the beginning, put some crotched branches together tripod-wise, then weave in mossy and lichen-y sticks, curved twigs, and the long thorns of the locust as nearly in crow-fashion as you can manage. Next, take seven goose or turkey eggs, blow out the contents, make a little hole at the large end, and one an inch across at the upper one. Fill each shell with rich loam, and plant in it a slip of tea-plant, ivy, wandering Jew—green and variegated madeira vine or sweet potato, or any other creeper at hand. Put a layer of moss in the crows nest, lay the eggs upon it, taking care to let the breaks show as little as possible, water freely, and in two months you will have a symphony in green, of pretty well every shade under the sun.

You can keep mistletoe green and beautiful, the winter through, by leaving it fast where it grew, cutting the oak bough off short either side of the parasite, and burying both the cut ends in good leaf mould. Of course it must be watered daily, but not too

much.

If you have a sunless window, by all means fill it with ferns, not delicate hothouse beauties, but the green, hardy things that laugh at you from road and hillside, along bluffs and on the edges of each little runnel. Go a-hunting for them, when frosts and leaves begin to fall. Dig them up tenderly, taking care not to bruise, or tear the new fronds, coiled in a woolly ball at the

crown. Take home with you a good bit of the soil they grow in, also little stones, and sticks, and acorns, bits of mossy bark and gnarled knots, from the spring windfalls of Dig clumps of hepatica, too, out timber. of the rock-clefts, and fairy anemone tubers, from spots marked in spring. You will not need costly receptacles. Of course you may spend as much as you please, but with a shallow wooden box and a stove-pan past its usefulness you may get quite as good If the pan is not hole-y enough, make it so with a big nail, then put in a layer of small pebbles, and on that leaf-mould Don't be afraid of crowding, and fern roots. pack them in, along the edges, in the center, the corners. Fit moss over and around them, then stick through it, here and there, clumps of hepatica, disposing the broad leaves to advantage among the fern. Drop acorns and mossy pebbles irregularly over all, and plant the prettiest fern of all in the plot to serve as center-piece. Then tack twigs and vines slantwise over the outside of your box—which should be just a little larger than the pan—put bits of lath at bottom for the pan to rest on, water copiously, set for two days in the cellar, then put in the window, and turn once a week.

The fortunate folks who rejoice in asparagus beds and open fire-places, have in summer opportunities for decoration quite beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. They should cut masses of the green billowy plumes, crowd the fire place with them, and set against them on a bit of dull blue, a tall jar holding a sheaf of scarlet, or blood-red gladiolü. If there is a mirror or picture over the mantel, put bottles of water back of it, and into them the ends of sprays of the scarlet trumpet vine, letting the flower-clusters droop, till they mingle with and are softened

by the green.

M. C. Williams.

OUR HOMEMADE WINTER GARDEN.

THERE were three of us, blue-eyed, golden haired Birdie, six years old, and laughing, dimpled three-year-old, who went by the name of "Mamma's Angel." In some things there was little perceptible difference in our eyes, and oh, how we did long for greenness and bloom in our windows during the long winter that was bearing down upon us!

Just up the street one block, and around the corner, at the first turn to the right—how well we all knew the way!—was a little brown cottage, whose windows were one tracery of flowers and vine, and when we took our little daily ramble, we always followed the same course, "one block up, then turn to the right," and there we gazed and gazed, and, by and by, walked slowly back, peep ing all the time at those delightful windows. One in particular took us captive. In this

window was a mystery of vines, flowers, a spray of water through the greenness, and a glimpse of a gilded

cage.
One day a carpenter came in to fix a door, and somehow the whole story came out. The desire of our three united lives was a nameless thing that sat in a window and looked beautiful.

"I made that there thing, myself," this oracle of the compass and mitre said, straightening himself up to the full extent of his six feet two, "an' ef ye'd like one on 'em,—fountains called—I'll take they're some of them matched boards I see in the shed, an' make one for ye. asked fifteen dollars fur that there one, but I'll make you one, 'havin the lumber, so, fur five."

Birdie clapped her hands and cried, "Oh, do! do!" The Angel hopped about on one foot and shouted, "Yeth, leth, thay lethts, mamma!"

I knew some one ought to sustain the dignity of the family, so I sedately ran over in my mind the month's expenses, and finding they had been extremely low, I nodded gravely, and said,

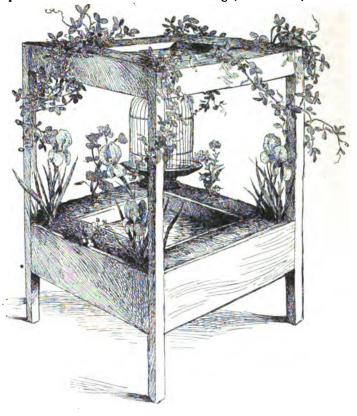
"Very well, that lumber was a little that was left over, and you may make the—the—fountsin? did you say?"

fountain? did you say?"

"Yas, that ere's called a fountain. There's a reservoier on top—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" chorused the little ones.
"Yas, a reservoier back of that top cornish, holds over two buckets of water. Then the pipe leads down by one of the posts, and there's a pipe that comes up in the center, to throw up the water. Got a thumb-screw to shut it off when you like."

"Where does it go, the water, after it



comes up in the coot little showers?" Birdie

"Oh. jes falls down into the lower reservoier—zinc, painted blue—an' ye can keep gold-fish, and soft shelled turtles, an' all sech in there."

The children ran off, wild with delight, leaving me to calculate expense, and decide that this venture, though seeming extravagance, would, however, pay for itself over

and over in pleasure.

A few days later the "fountain," came home, and we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of filling it. First let me explain the "build" of this window garden. strong, slim posts, set on castors. Just as high up these as to be even with our windowsill—for the carpenter had measured our window and fashioned it accordingly-was firmly fastened on an oblong box, having an outer space six inches wide for holding plants, and inside of this an open space, also zinc lined, and this latter painted blue, with the fountain in center. This would hold three or more pails of water. At the top of the posts, about five and one half feet from the floor, was another similar, though smaller arrangement, except that instead of a fountain in the center, there was the opening leading down into the pipe.

We spread a layer of charcoal and bits of broken flowerpots on the bottom of the spaces for plants, set only drooping plants and vines in the upper space, and set all our pet geraniums and carnations about the lower basin, with strong German ivies about

the posts.

In the aquarium we put all the pretty pebbles and bits of spar that we could find, with a miniature castle in one corner built up with quaintly shaped bits of black-jack; gilded the empty bird cage, and hung it on a hook screwed into the bottom of the upper tank, directly above the fountain. Then we filled the upper tank with water, and ran across the street to say to Mrs. Green that we would now accept that yellow female canary that she had urged us to take the previous week.

On a golden morning in the glorious October weather, we all started out for something to stock our aquarium. First we purchased a gold-fish for twenty-five cents; a "cunning"—so the children said—soft-shelled turtle for ten cents; and three little silvery-sided minnows for a nickel. On the way home a friend gave us a great root of the aquatic plant commonly called "umbrella plant."

Three gay and festive thistle blossoms could not have gone home lighter than did we with our treasures, and soon we had

them settled in their new home.

Then we stood back and surveyed our work. Very pretty, indeed, it looked to us, and what a constant joy it was through all the following winter, words would fail to wholly express.

Every morning the children ran to see the fish, and search for the "tuttle," who had a trick of hiding, and throwing the babies into a terrible state of fright, then reappearing again just as they had given him up for lost.

During the next summer, we raised a handsome "singer," and bought a pretty new cage, and added new plants to those already blossoming in this odd "plant stand," out on the shady north porch.

Our "fountain" became a very attractive feature of our little home, and we smiled as we noticed pedestrians watching our window as in the old times we had watched the window of that other house "up one block and around the corner to the right."

Maude Meredith.



(The Garden of Armida. By Anne Sheldon Coombs. Cassell & Company, New York).

This, No 38 of Cassell's popular Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction, has had no predecessor that surpassed it in sprightliness and originality. The one serious defect of the book is upon its head. The Garden of Armida, however well-known to the student of belles lettres, is terra incognita to so many story-readers that the title does not attract the general public. Once past the gate, perusal is sheer pleasure. It is one of the few novels of the season to be read with pencil in hand. Without cynicism, the author is clear-sighted, shrewd and epigrammatic. Her analysis of such characters as Rhoda's and Merriam's proves rare analytical power. Regy, Mrs. Winter and Di Loria are commoner types, but quite as wellsketched.

It is refreshing in a day of blasé pessimism, to meet with such a bold utterance as this:

"He had been very active in those forms of inquiry which men describe as 'seeing life,' as if the only way of gaining an adequate idea of the vast scheme of human existence lay in forming an intimate acquaintance with all the morbid vices that disfigure it. He forgot, as wiser men had forgotten before him, that, for the thousand crimes practised daily in public or in secret in a great city, a million humble virtues flourish in the shade and feed the growing moral life of man; that the numbers filling the jails, reformatories, and asylums, even could these include the greater number still at large who should be so restrained, would bear an incalculable disproportion to the great mass living lives both decent and sane, not sinless indeed, but struggling away from sin, and loving the light better than darkness.'

Here is a passage that commends itself to the intellectual palate and reminds one of Charlotte Bronté.

"Fancy a horse-dealer in the solemn galleries of the Vatican, in the midst of that glorious company of stern marbles. Or, if you find the comparision too severe, and sympathize with the natural ennui of a man of the world in the presence of other worldliness, let your imagination dwell on the picture of a deaf broker at a symphony concert. Merriam is a poet, it is true, but poets collectively present as many diversities of characters as would be found in lawyers, en masse, save that there are always so many more lawyers than poets."

The story is well-put together, graphic and interesting, and the whole book so far above the average of modern fiction that it must find a grateful reception among those who like to be recreated with bright, wholesome literature

(The Beechwood Tragedy. A Tale of the Chickahominy. By M. J. Haw. J. W. Randolph & English, Richmond, Virginia.)

The imprint of this old and highly-respectable house is seldom seen upon a work of fiction, but is everywhere a guarantee of moral and intellectual work. The modest "Tale" now offered to the world is, the preface tells us, the expansion and elaboration of a short story, issued in a Southern Weekly While the hand of the amateur is in 1863. visible in the managment of the closing chapters, and a taste for the labored romance of a century ago in the conversational portions, notably the love-scenes, the work has merits that redeem these blemishes. who recollects ante bellum days, the pictures of Old Virginia life are replete with interest; there is freshness of spirit in the deep sympathy manifested by the author in his dramatis personæ, and these are living men and women, not puppets, mustered by an impartial director. The tragedy, if somewhat revolting in certain realistic accesories, is skillfully introduced and wrought up; the awful truths of the legitimate harvest of sin, and the certain ingathering of the evil crop are clear and forcible.

White Marie. By Will. N. Harben. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

It is in questionable taste to bring up, at this late day, problems that were settled long ago by the destruction of slavery. This story reads like one written twenty years since, and deals with some of the aspects of slaveholding in Georgia. The familiar figures of the old planter, the brutal overseer, the beautiful slave-girl, the infatuated young master, are all here. One marvels what the writer thought to accomplish by thus raking up dead-and-gone issues.

The Lost Inca. By the Inca-Pancho-Azollo. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

A curious book of adventure, of which the scene is laid in Peru. The story is told in the style of many of Jules Verne's books. The aids of the most advanced science are brought to bear upon the problems of war, the highest civilization is displayed in the heart of Peru, and the superiority of the Quichuan religion over Christianity is maintained. An interesting story, although a trifle too diffuse,

BEAUTIFUL RESORTS.

The season of the year is rapidly approaching when the tourist and seeker after summer resorts begin to study the maps, and endeavor to decide where they will go. They would do well to remember that the Northwestern section of this country offers inducements and attractions that are not surpassed at Saratoga, or at any of the old established places. Lakes Minnetonka, Harriet, Calhoun, and many others within easy distance of Minneapolis and St. Paul, the wonderful twin cities, would amply repay a visit. All of the points of attraction as well as the fishing and hunting gronnds in the Northwest are reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad. This line with its perfect equipments and furnishings, splendid road bed and track, is second to none. It makes the fastest time between Chicago and St. Paul, and is always on time; is the only line running the celebrated compartment Ulame Boudoir Cars, which for beauty and comfort are not surpassed by any in use. In making out your list of places to visit in the season of "90" remember the Northwest Summer resorts, and go there, via.: the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad.

NIAGARA FALLS.

In the summer of 1888, Mr. Charles Graham, of New York, one of the finest aquarellists in the country, produced a water-color of Niagara Falls, remarkable in its accuracy of drawing, in its marvelous coloring, in its masterly handling of tones and effects, all of which have been perfectly reproduced. As the point of view of this picture is near the Michigan Central's station at Falls View, and represents its vestibuled limited train at that point in the foreground, it obtained possession of the water-color and the copies made therefrom. The latter are printed in color, 151-2 by 22 inches, upon paper 22 1-4 by 28 inches in size, and when framed cannot be distinguished from a genuine water-color save by an expert.

Save by an expert.

They bear no advertising, save what is involved in the title, "MICHIGAN CENTRAL TRAIN PASSING NIAGARA FALLS." A limited number of them will be furnished to the public at Fifty Cents each, which is very much below their commercial or artistic value. They will be securely sent by mail upon a pasteboard roll, without extra charge, but not more than two copies will be sent to any one address.

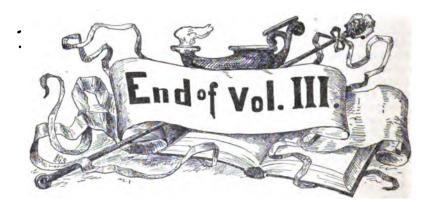
Address, with postal note or postal money order for the amount, O. W. Ruggles, Gen'l Pass, and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

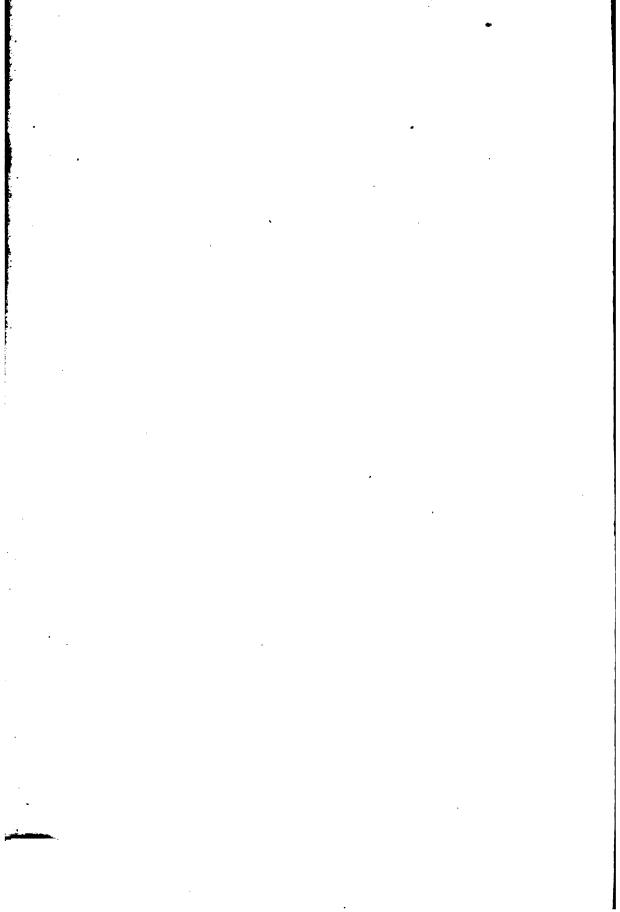
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.



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